THE NEW YALE SONG-BOOK

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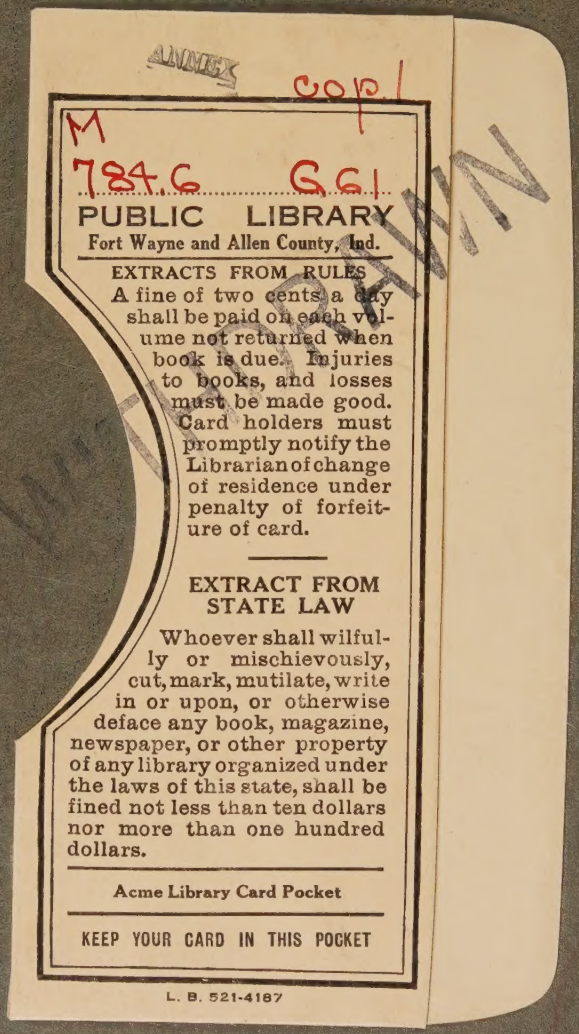
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23 Apr '45			
3 Nov '45			
2 Jul '47			
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PACH BROS.

THE NEW
YALE SONG-BOOK

A COLLECTION OF SONGS

IN USE BY

THE GLEE CLUB
AND STUDENTS OF YALE UNIVERSITY

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

G. FRANK GOODALE
MUSICAL DIRECTOR OF THE YALE GLEE CLUB

Price
Paper, $1.00, net; Cloth, $2.00, net

G. SCHIRMER
NEW YORK · BOSTON

INDEXED

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THIS VOLUME
IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO THE
YALE UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB
AND TO
THE STUDENTS AND ALUMNI
OF THE UNIVERSITY

SEP 19

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The songs presented in this volume include not only those dear to former generations of Yale men, but also those sung on the campus during the last ten years, and many used by the Glee Club. Twenty-two of these songs have never before been published.

The editor wishes to thank Mr. Elmore McN. Bostwick, President of the Yale Glee Club of '16, for his assistance in many of the song arrangements ; and Mrs. Thomas G. Shepard, for her kindness in allowing us to use the compositions and arrangements of the late Thomas G. Shepard, who for thirty-one years was the Musical Director of the Yale Glee Club.

THE NEW YALE SONG-BOOK

MOTHER OF MEN.*

Melody in 2nd Tenor.

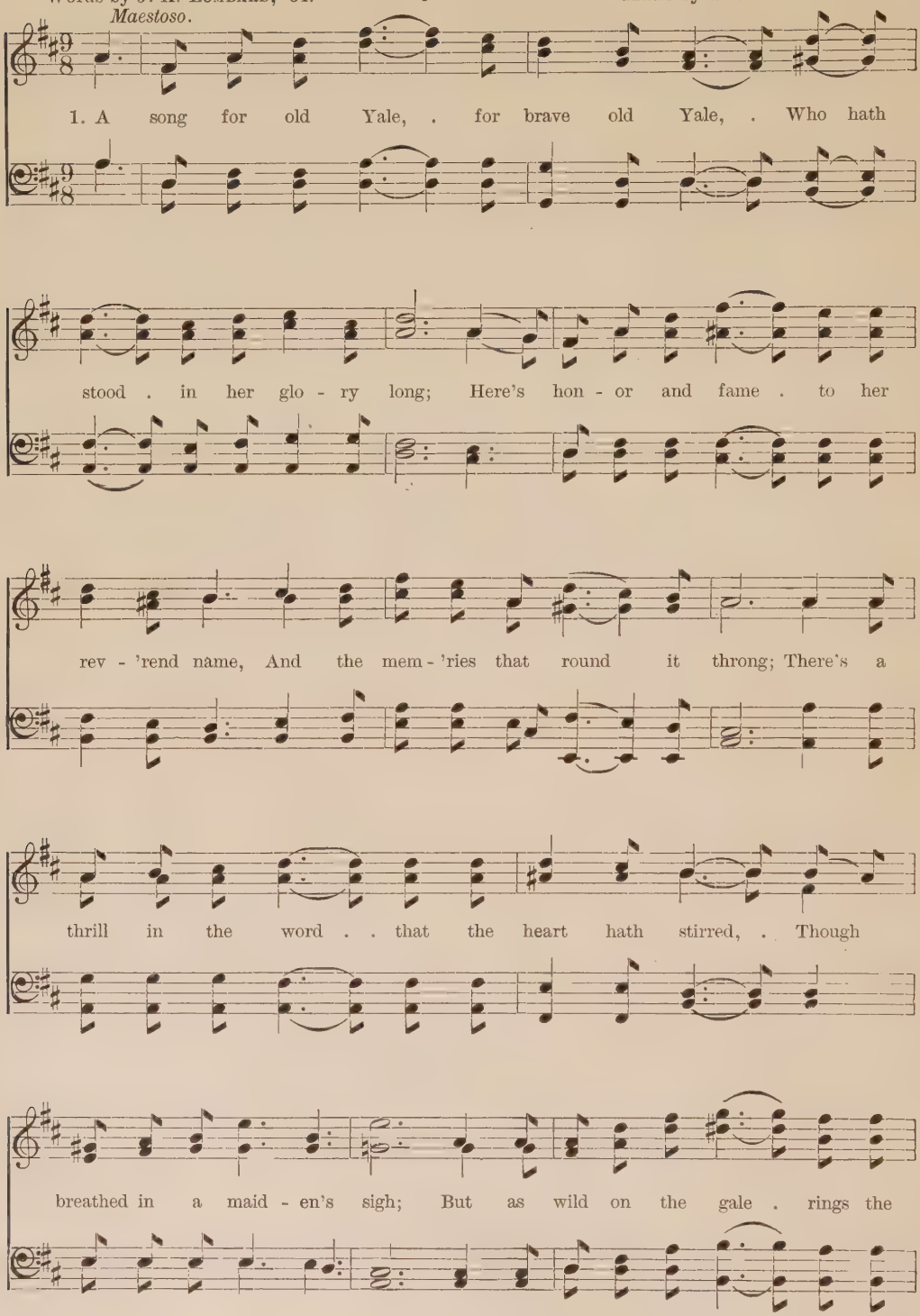
Words by Brian Hooker, '02. Music by Seth Bingham, '04.

f
sf
1. Moth - er of Men, grown strong in giv - ing, Hon - or to them thy lights have
2. Spir - it of Youth, a - live, un - chang - ing, Un - der whose feet the years are
led ; — Rich in the toil of thou - sands liv - ing, Proud of the deeds of thou-sands
cast — Heir to an age - less em - pire, rang - ing O-ver the fu - ture and the
liv - ing, Proud of the
rang - ing O - ver the
dead. We who have felt thy pow'r and known thee, We in whose work thy gifts a -
past ; Thee, whom our fa - thers loved be - fore us, Thee, whom our sons un - born shall
a -
shall
cresc.
sfz
vail, . High in our hearts en-shrined, en-throne thee, Moth-er of Men, Old Yale.
hail, . Praise we to - day in stur - dy cho - rus, Moth-er of Men, Old Yale.
cresc.
vail, High in our hearts en - shrined, en - throne thee,
hail, Praise we to - day in stur - dy cho - rus,
sfz

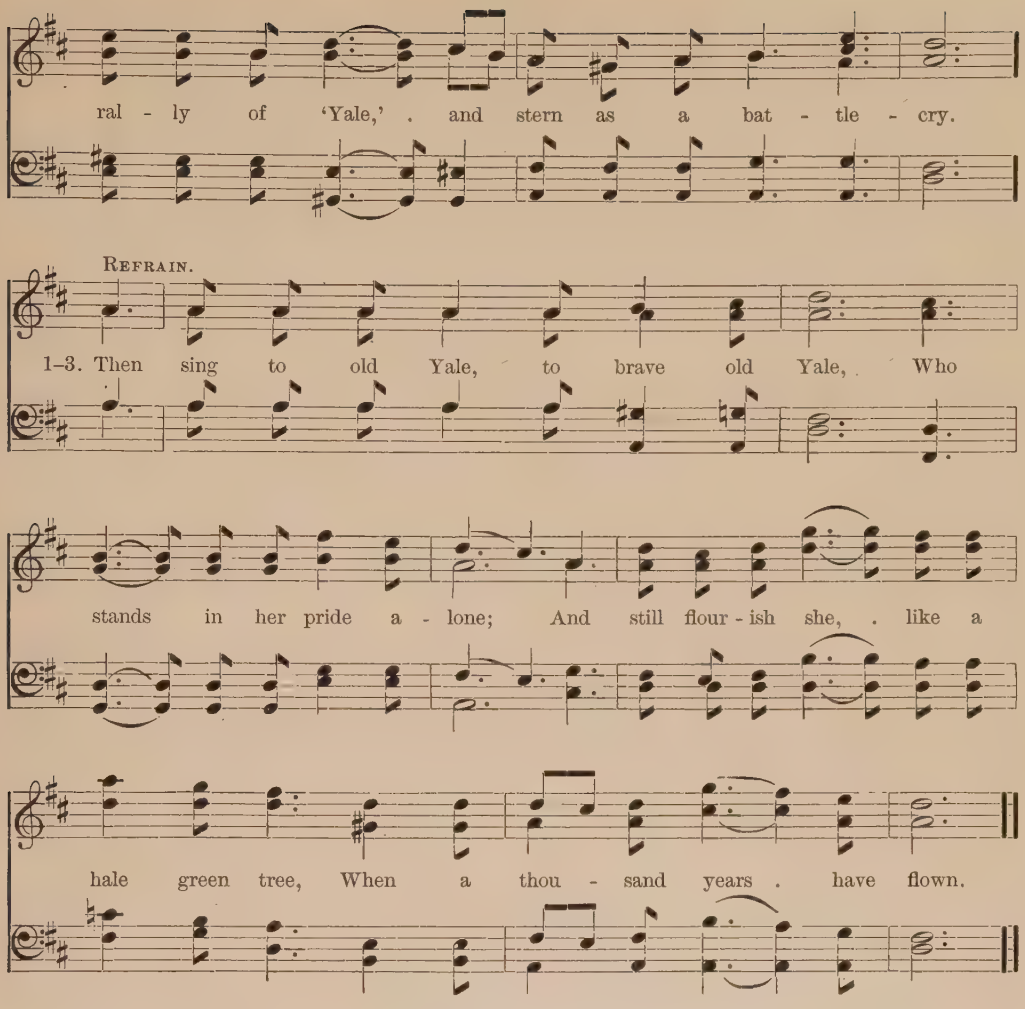
*By special permission.

ALMA MATER.

Words by J. K. LOMBARD, '54. Melody in 1st Tenor. Music by THOS. G. SHEPARD.


Maestoso.
1. A song for old Yale, . for brave old Yale, . Who hath .
stood . in her glo - ry long; Here's hon - or and fame . to her
rev - 'rend name, And the mem - 'ries that round it throng; There's a
thrill in the word . . that the heart hath stirred, . Though
breathed in a maid - en's sigh; But as wild on the gale . rings the

Copyright, 1893, THOS. G. SHEPHARD.

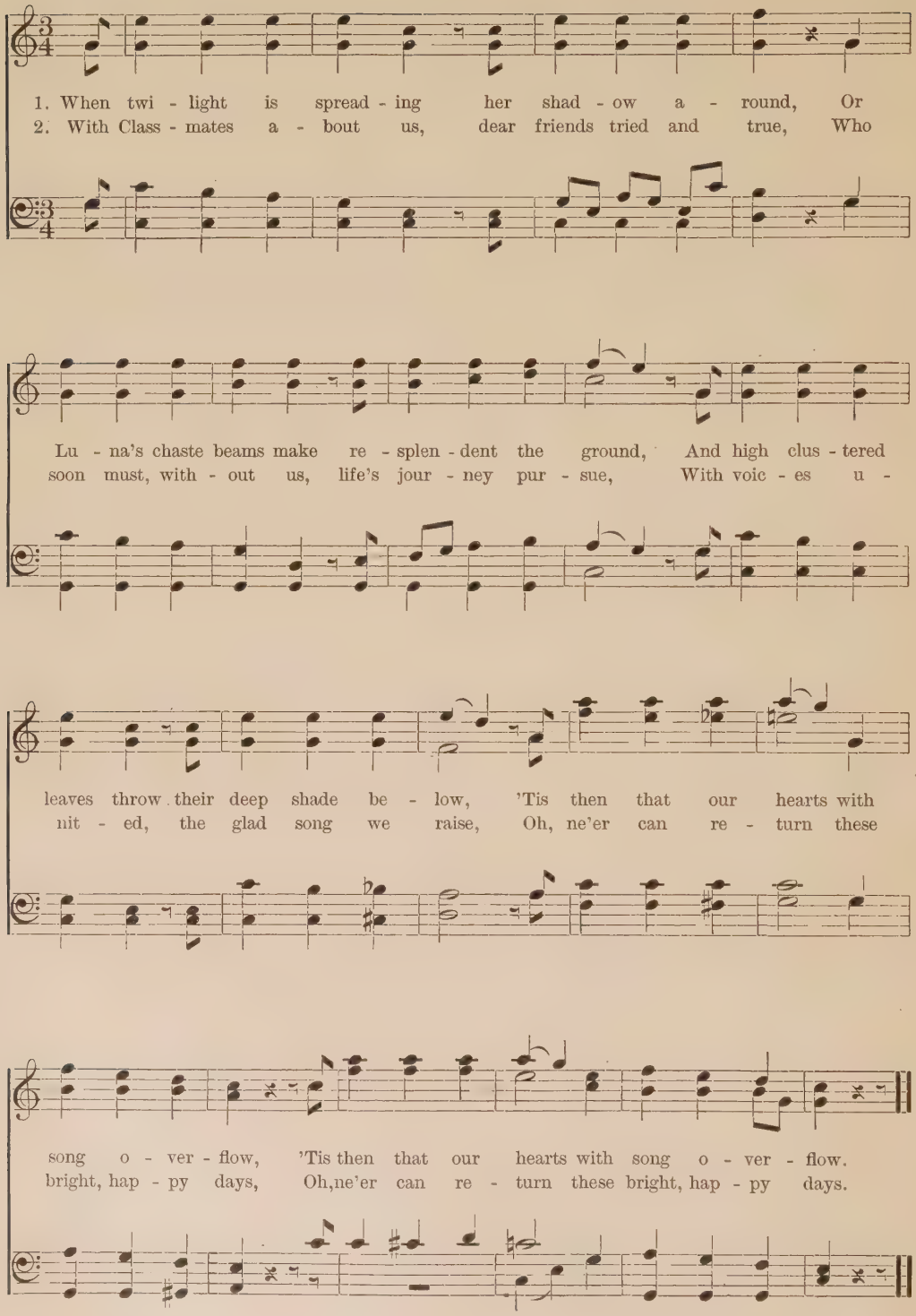

ral - ly of 'Yale,' . and stern as a bat - tle - cry.
Refrain.
1–3. Then sing to old Yale, to brave old Yale, Who
stands in her pride a - lone; And still flour - ish she, . like a
hale green tree, When a thou - sand years . have flown.

2 In days of old when our fathers bold
To the hills and the forests came,
At their altar-fires kindled high desires
In a pure and holy flame;
'Mid the towering wood like a stripling stood,
Now so hearty and strong and hale,
Where for ages shall stand as the pride of the land
And guardian of liberty—Yale.
Then sing to old Yale, etc.

3 In soft Southern climes and Arctic rimes,
By river and vale and dell,
Where wanderers roam and man finds home
There her myriad offspring dwell;
And the chorus of praise her sons all raise
Comes sounding from hill and vale,
"Till life's sun is set we will never forget,
But honor and love old Yale."
Then sing to old Yale, etc.

TWILIGHT.

Words by F. B. Kellogg, '83. Music by Thomas Koschat.


1. When twi - light is spread - ing her shad - ow a - round, Or
2. With Class - mates a - bout us, dear friends tried and true, Who
Lu - na's chaste beams make re - splen - dent the ground, And high clus - tered
soon must, with - out us, life's jour - ney pur - sue, With voic - es u -
leaves throw their deep shade be - low, 'Tis then that our hearts with
nit - ed, the glad song we raise, Oh, ne'er can re - turn these
song o - ver - flow, 'Tis then that our hearts with song o - ver - flow.
bright, hap - py days, Oh,ne'er can re - turn these bright, hap - py days.

THE POPE.

Melody in 2ND TENOR.

1. The Pope he leads a jol - ly life, jol - ly life, He's
He drinks the best of
free from ev - 'ry care and strife, care and strife, He drinks the best of Rhen - ish
He drinks the best of
Rhen - ish wine,
wine, . . . I would the Pope's gay life were mine! He drinks the
Rhen - ish wine,
He drinks the best of Rhen - ish wine,
best of Rhen - ish wine, . . I would the Pope's gay life were mine!
He drinks the best of Rhen - ish wine,

2 But he don't lead a jolly life;
He has no maid or blooming wife,
He has no son to raise his hope —
Oh no! I would not be the Pope.

3 The Sultan better pleases me;
His life is full of jollity,
His wives are many as he will —
I fain the Sultan's throne would fill.

4 But still he is a wretched man,
He must obey the Alkoran,
He dare not drink one drop of wine;
I would not change his lot for mine.

5 So, when my sweetheart kisses me,
I'll think that I'd the Sultan be;
And when my Rhenish wine I tope,
Oh, then I'll think that I'm the Pope.

SWANEE RIVER.

Harmonized by THOS. G. SHEPARD. Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

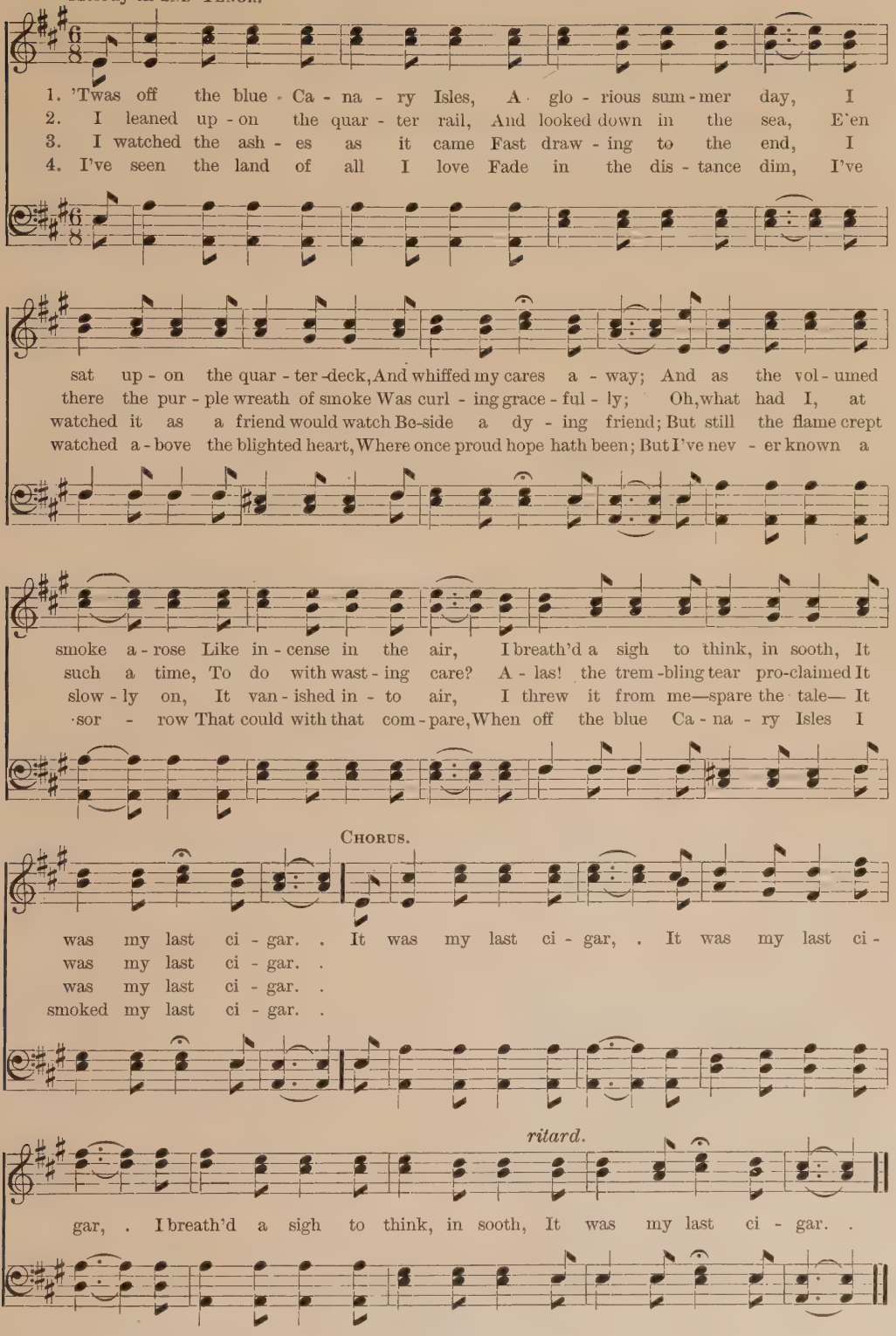
1. 'Way down up - on the Swa - nee riv - er, Far, far a - way, There's where my heart is
2. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, One that I love, Still sad - ly to my
turn - ing ev - er, There's where the old folks stay; All up and down the whole cre-a - tion,
mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove. When shall I see the bees a - hum - ming,
Sad - ly I roam, Still long-ing for the old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at
All round the comb? When shall I hear the ban - jo thrumming, Down in my good old .
home. All the world am dark and drear - y, ev - 'ry - where I roam,
home? All the world am dark and drear - y, ev - 'ry - where I roam,
O, dark - eys, how my heart grows wear - y, Far from the old folks at home.

Melody and words by permission of Mrs. S. C. FOSTER.

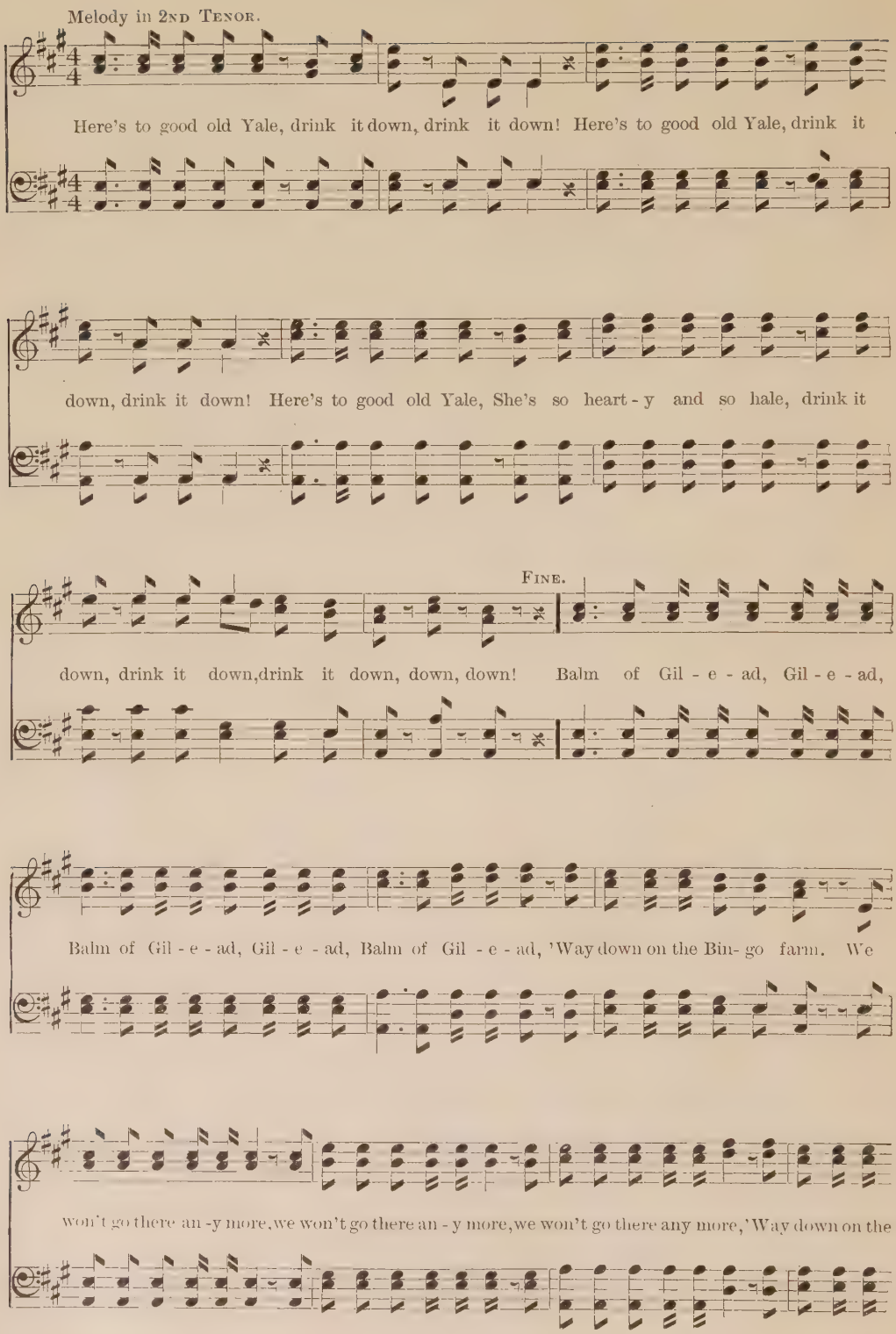
THE OLD CAMPUS

LAST CIGAR.

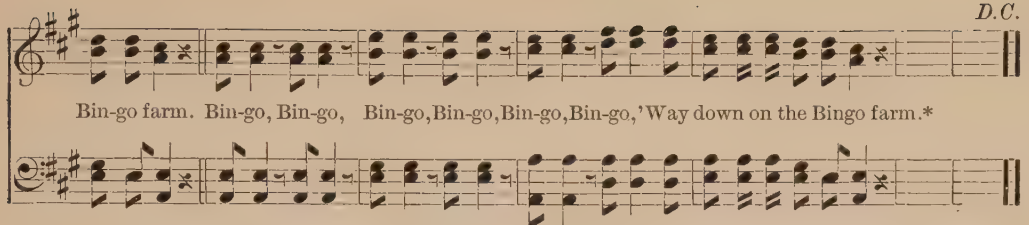
Melody in 2ND TENOR.


1. 'Twas off the blue - Ca - na - ry Isles, A glo - rious sum - mer day, I
2. I leaned up - on the quar - ter rail, And looked down in the sea, E'en
3. I watched the ash - es as it came Fast draw - ing to the end, I
4. I've seen the land of all I love Fade in the dis - tance dim, I've
sat up - on the quar - ter - deck, And whiffed my cares a - way; And as the vol - umed
there the pur - ple wreath of smoke Was curl - ing grace - ful - ly; Oh, what had I, at
watched it as a friend would watch Be - side a dy - ing friend; But still the flame crept
watched a - bove the blighted heart, Where once proud hope hath been; But I've nev - er known a
smoke a - rose Like in - cense in the air, I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It
such a time, To do with wast - ing care? A - las! the trem - bling tear pro - claimed It
slow - ly on, It van - ished in - to air, I threw it from me—spare the tale— It
sor - row That could with that com - pare, When off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles I
CHORUS.
was my last ci - gar. . It was my last ci - gar, . It was my last ci -
was my last ci - gar. .
was my last ci - gar. .
smoked my last ci - gar. .
ritard.
gar, . I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar. .

BINGO.


Melody in 2ND TENOR.
Here's to good old Yale, drink it down, drink it down! Here's to good old Yale, drink it
down, drink it down! Here's to good old Yale, She's so heart-y and so hale, drink it
FINE.
down, drink it down,drink it down, down, down! Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad,
Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad, Balm of Gil-e-ad, 'Way down on the Bin-go farm. We
won't go there an-y more,we won't go there an-y more,we won't go there any more,'Way down on the

D.C.



*(*Spoken.*) B-I-N-G-O, my poor Fresh !

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR.

Melody in 2nd Tenor.

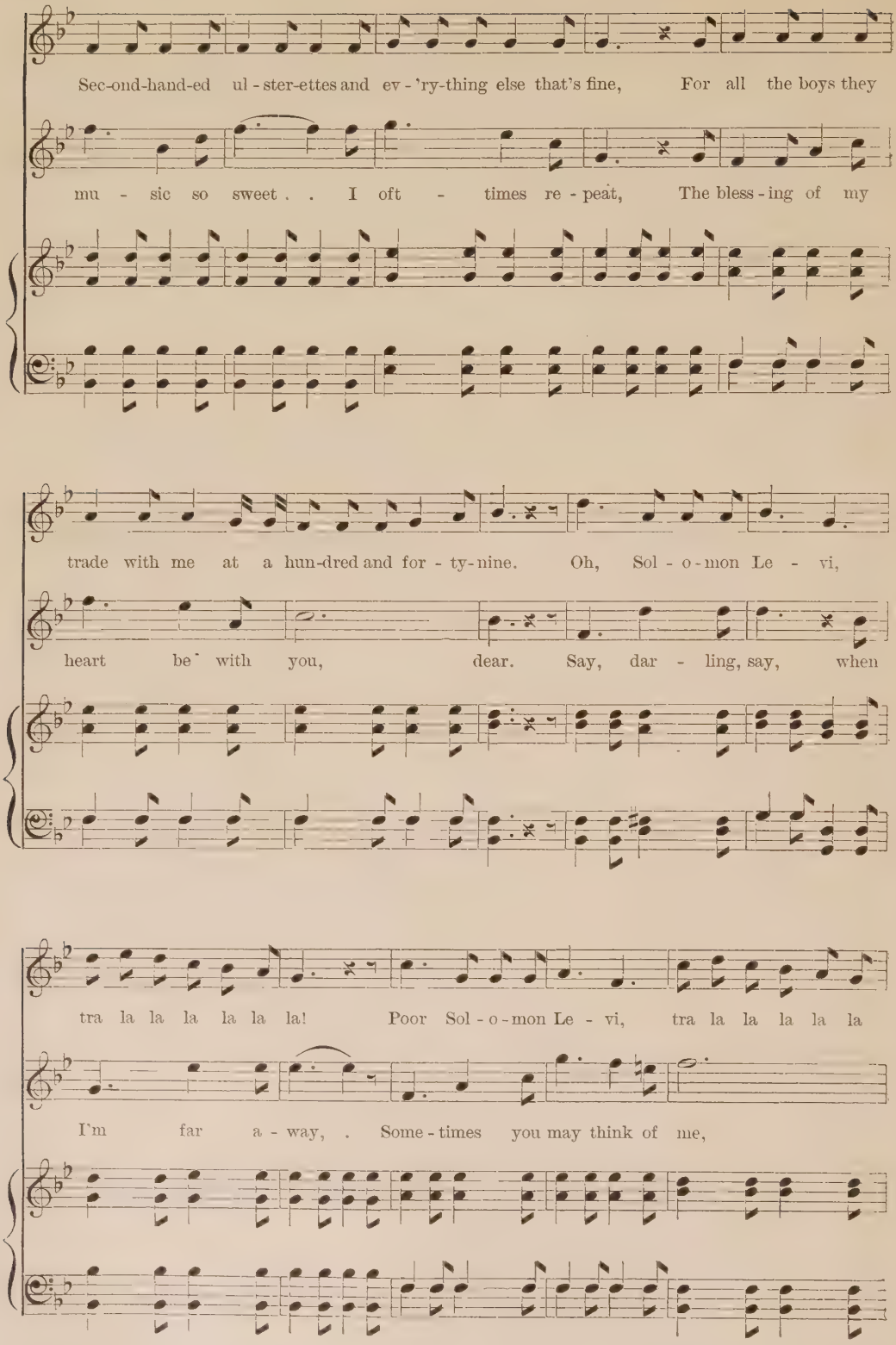
Slow. mp
1. Shall I, wast - ing in de - spair, Die be - cause a wo - man's fair?
2. Shall a wo - man's vir - tues move Me to per - ish for her love?
3. Great or good, or kind, or fair, I will ne'er the more de - spair;
cres - - cen - do.
f
Or make pale my cheeks with care, 'Cause an - oth - er's ros - y are?
Or her well de - serv - ings known Make me quite for - get mine own?
If she love me, this be - lieve,— I will die ere she shall grieve.
Faster.
f
ritard.
Be she fair - er than the day, Or the flow'r - y meads in May,
Be she with that good - ness blest Which may mer - it name of best,
If she slight me when I woo, I can scorn and let her go ;
a tempo.
ritard.
If she be not so to me, What care I how fair she be?
If she be not such to me, What care I how good she be?
For if she be not for me, What care I for whom she be?

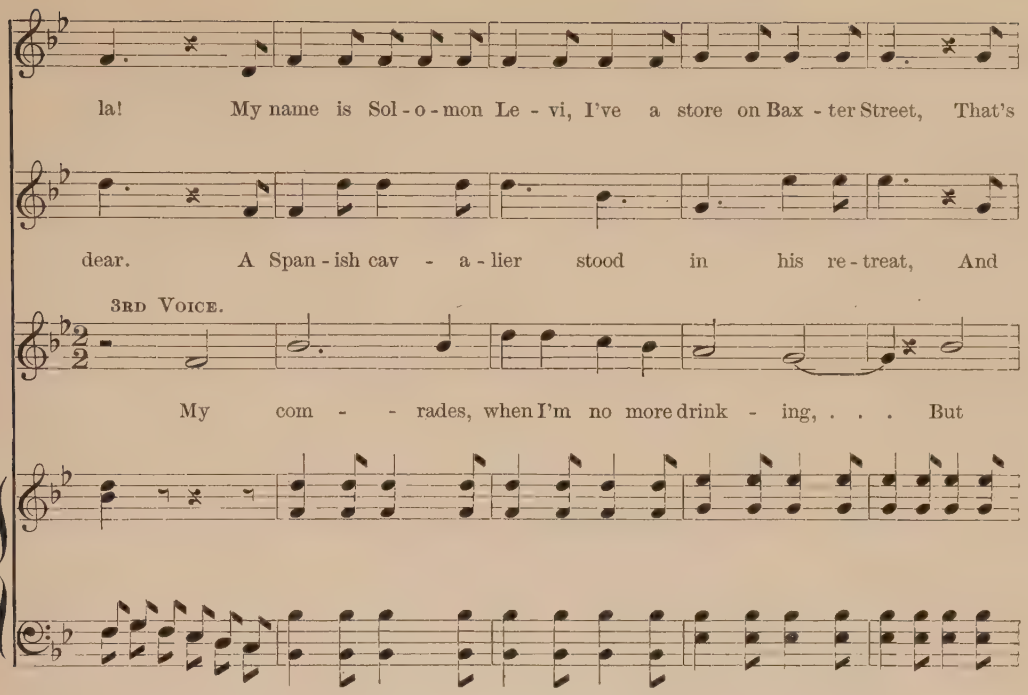
A VOCAL ROUGH-HOUSE.

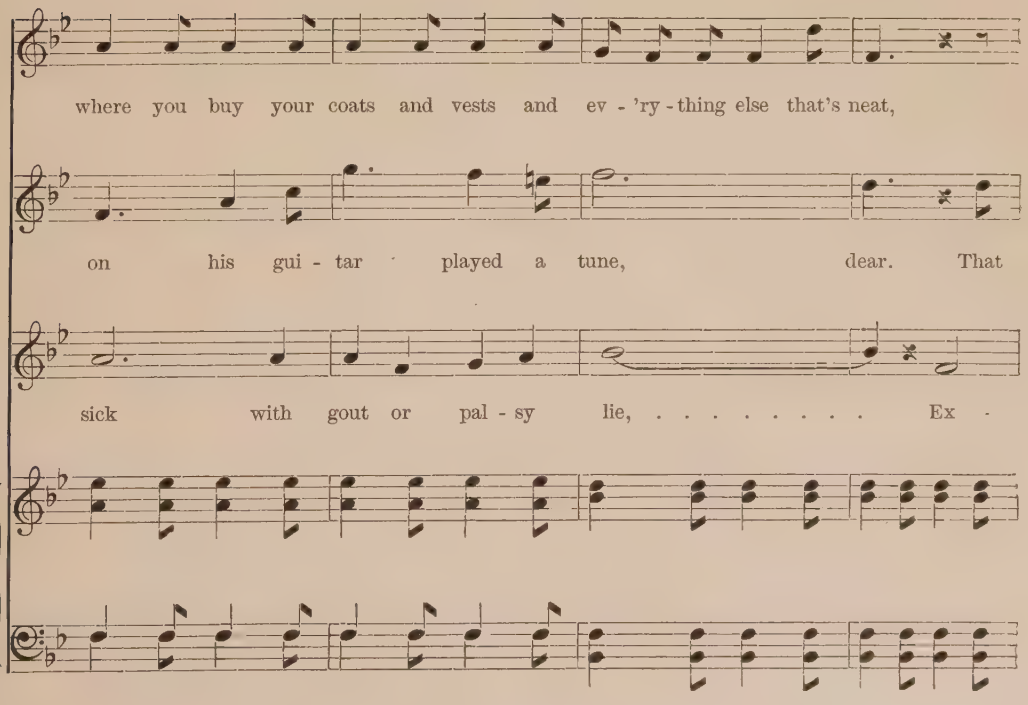
Arranged by J. M. Howard, 1909.

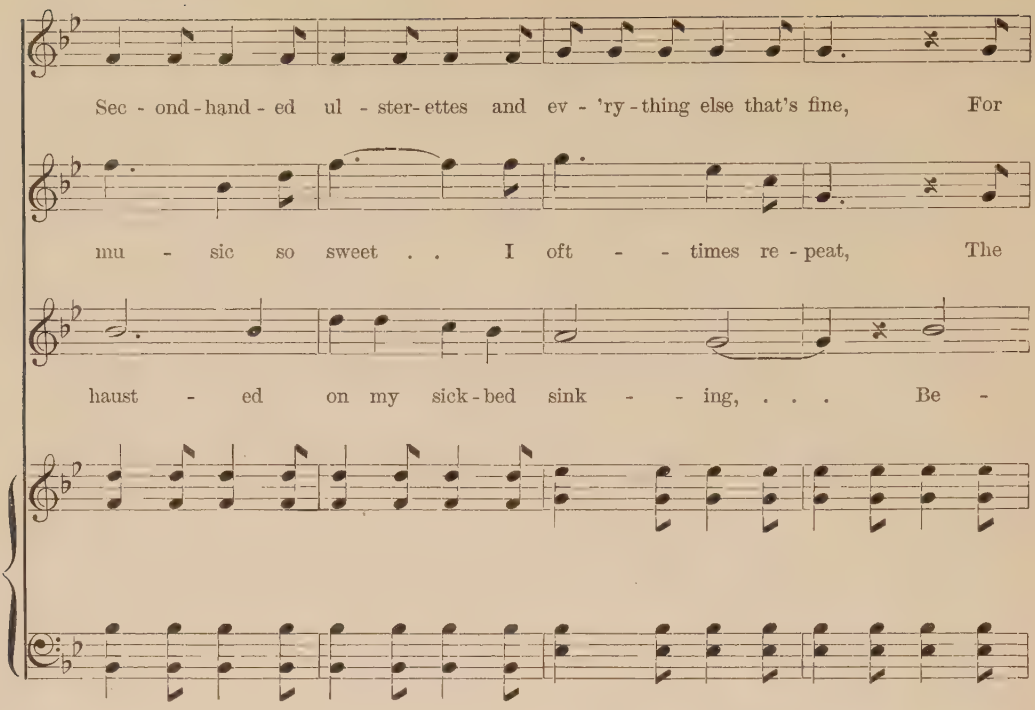
1st Voice.
Oh, my name is Sol - o - mon Le - vi, I've a store on Bax - ter
Chorus.
Street, That's where you buy your coats and vests and ev - 'ry-thing else that's neat.
Sec - ond-hand - ed ul - ster-ettes and ev - 'ry - thing else that's fine, For all the boys they
trade with me at a hun - dred and for - ty- nine. Oh, Sol - o - mon Le - vi,

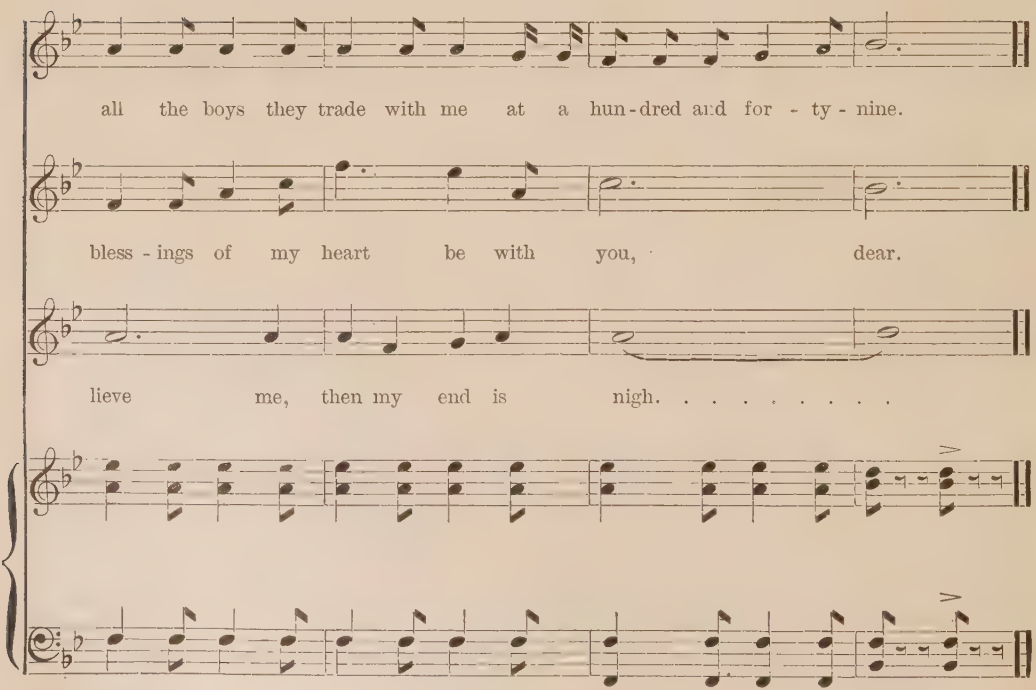
tra la la la la la la! Poor Sol - o-mon Le - vi, tra la la la la la
la ! My name is Sol - o - mon Le - vi, I've a store on Bax - ter
2ND VOICE.
A Span - ish cav - a - lier stood in his re -
Street, That's where you buy your coats and vests and ev - 'ry-thing else that's neat,
treat, And on his gui - tar played a tune, dear, That


Sec-ond-hand-ed ul - ster-ettes and ev - 'ry-thing else that's fine, For all the boys they
mu - sic so sweet . . I oft - times re - peat, The bless - ing of my
trade with me at a hun-dred and for - ty-nine. Oh, Sol - o - mon Le - vi,
heart be with you, dear. Say, dar - ling, say, when
tra la la la la la la! Poor Sol - o - mon Le - vi, tra la la la la la
I'm far a - way, . Some - times you may think of me,


la! My name is Sol - o - mon Le - vi, I've a store on Bax - ter Street, That's
dear. A Span - ish cav - a - lier stood in his re - treat, And
3rd Voice.
My com - - rades, when I'm no more drink - ing, . . . But


where you buy your coats and vests and ev - 'ry - thing else that's neat,
on his gui - tar played a tune, dear. That
sick with gout or pal - sy lie, ... Ex -


Sec - ond - hand - ed ul - ster - ettes and ev - 'ry - thing else that's fine, For
mu - sic so sweet . . I oft - - times re - peat, The
haust - ed on my sick - bed sink - - ing, . . . Be -


all the boys they trade with me at a hun - dred and for - ty - nine.
bless - ings of my heart be with you, dear.
lieve me, then my end is nigh. . . . . .

DEAR OLD YALE.

Melody in 1st Tenor.

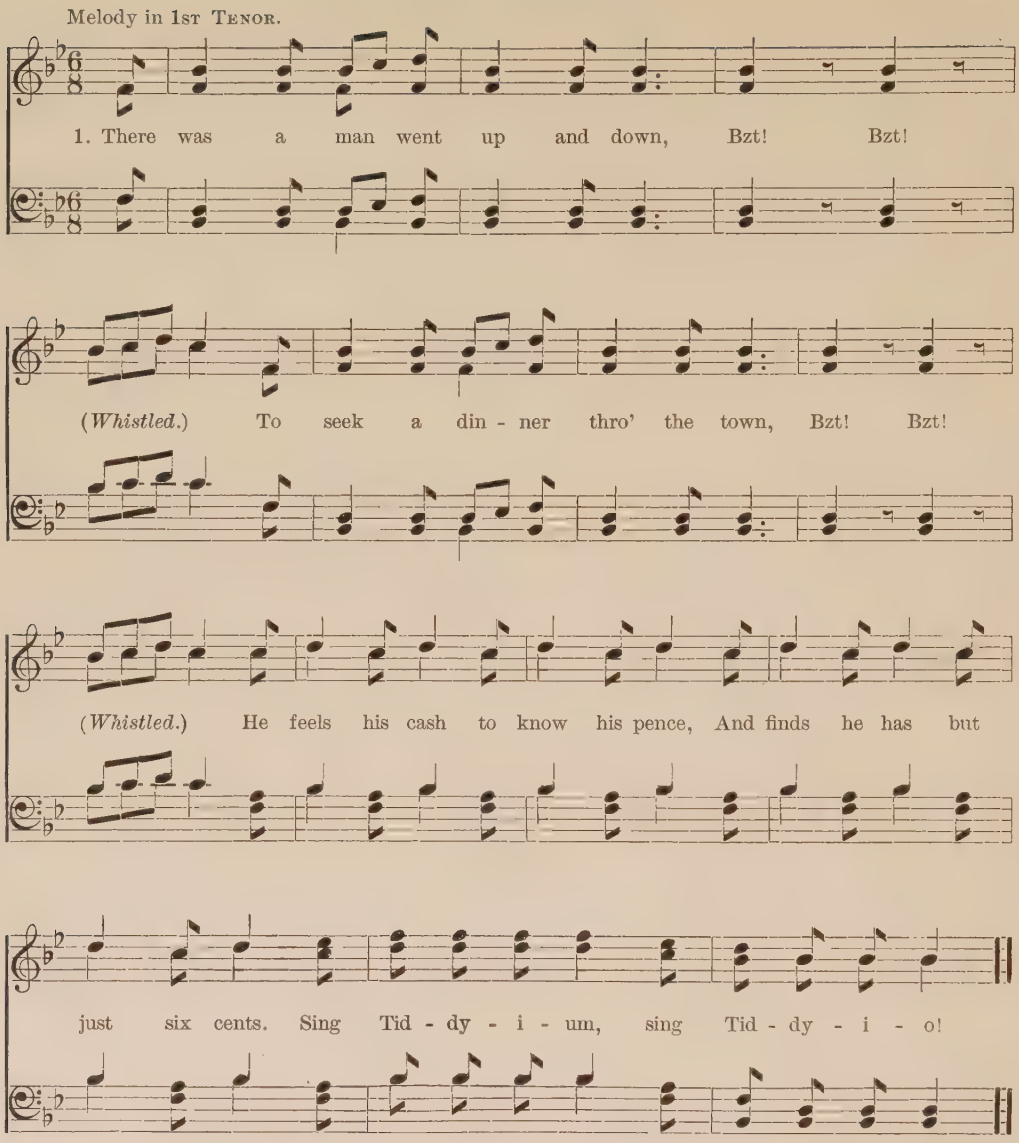
Words by H. S. Durand, '81. Music by Carl Wilhelm.

1. Bright col - lege years, with plea - sure rife, The short - est, glad - dest years of life; How
swift - ly are ye glid - ing by! Oh, why doth time so quick - ly fly? The
sea - sons come, the sea- sons go, The earth is green, or white with snow, But time and
To break, to break the friend-ships
change shall nought a - vail, To break the friend - ships formed at Yale.

2 We all must leave this college home,
About the stormy world to roam ;
But though the mighty ocean's tide
Should us from dear old Yale divide,
As round the oak the ivy twines
The clinging tendrils of its vines,
So are our hearts close bound to Yale
By ties of love that ne'er shall fail.

3 In after-life, should troubles rise
To cloud the blue of sunny skies,
How bright will seem, thro' memory's haze,
The happy, golden, bygone days !
Oh, let us strive that ever we
May let these words our watch-cry be,
Where'er upon life's sea we sail :
" For God, for Country, and for Yale !"

BZT! BZT!


Melody in 1st Tenor.
1. There was a man went up and down, Bzt! Bzt!
(Whistled.) To seek a din - ner thro' the town, Bzt! Bzt!
(Whistled.) He feels his cash to know his pence, And finds he has but
just six cents. Sing Tid - dy - i - um, sing Tid - dy - i - o!

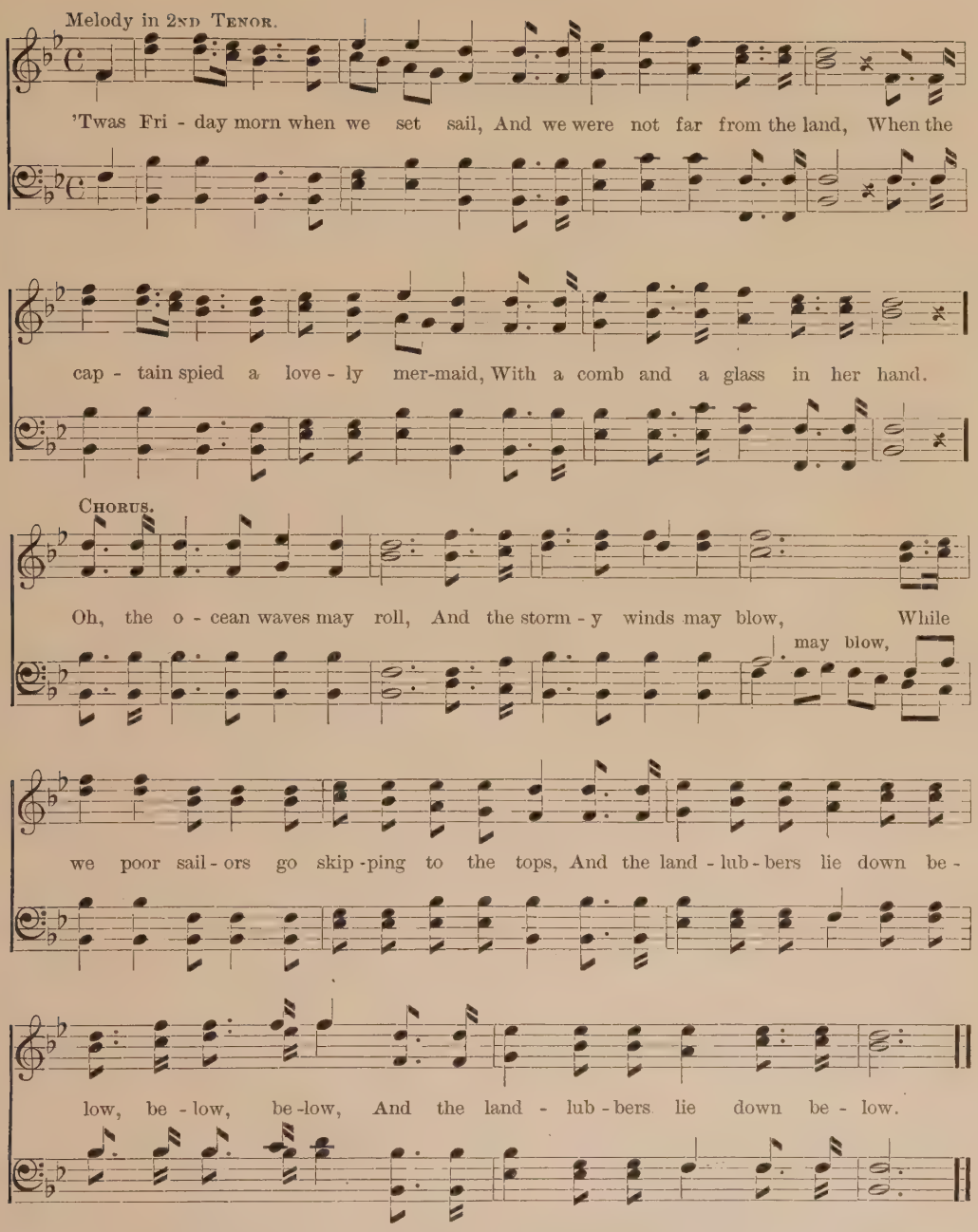
2 He finds at last, a right cheap place,
And enters in with modest grace;
The bill of fare he searches through,
To see what his six cents will do.

3 The cheapest viand of them all,
Is twelve-and-a-half cents for two fish-balls;
The waiter he to him doth call,
And gently whispers, (*Spoken*) "One fish-ball."

4 The guest then says, quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."
The waiter roars it through the hall—
"We don't give bread with one fish-ball."

THE OLD CAMPUS IN THE EARLY 'NINETIES

THE MERMAID.

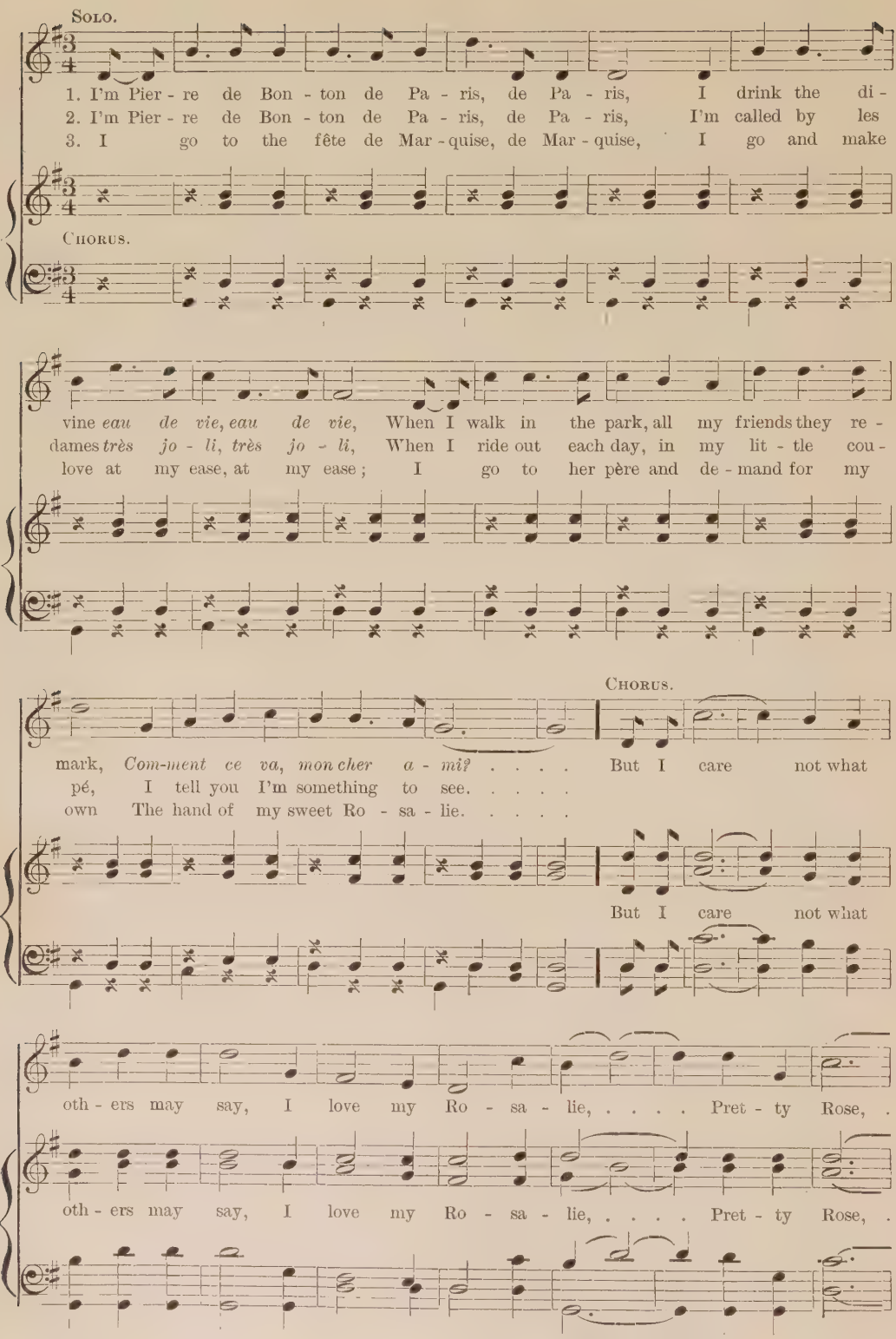

Melody in 2ND TENOR.
'Twas Fri - day morn when we set sail, And we were not far from the land, When the
cap - tain spied a love - ly mer-maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand.
CHORUS.
Oh, the o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may blow, While
may blow,
we poor sail - ors go skip - ping to the tops, And the land - lub - bers lie down be -
low, be - low, be - low, And the land - lub - bers lie down be - low.

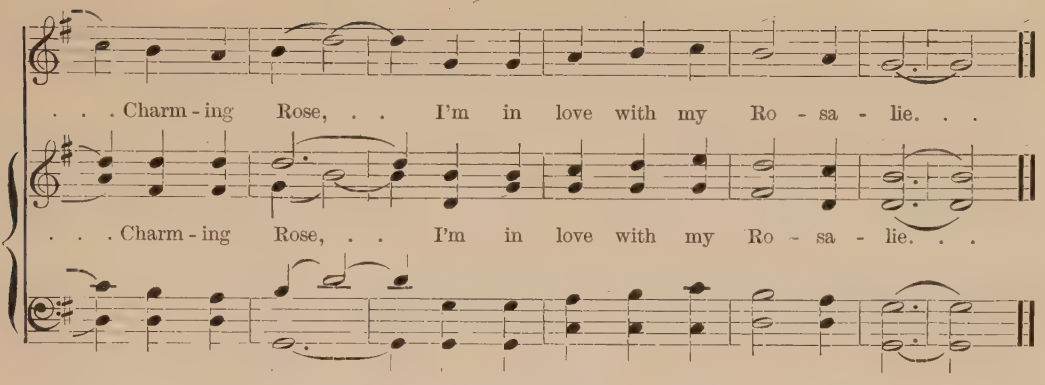
2 Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken man was he ;
"I have married a wife in Salem town,
And to-night she a widow will be." — CHO.

3 Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship,
And a red-hot cook was he ;
"I care much more for my kettles and my pots,
Than I do for the depths of the sea." — CHO.

4 Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she,
Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the depths of the sea. — CHO.

ROSALIE.


Solo.
1. I'm Pier - re de Bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I drink the di -
2. I'm Pier - re de Bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I'm called by les
3. I go to the fête de Mar - quise, de Mar - quise, I go and make
Chorus.
vine eau de vie, eau de vie, When I walk in the park, all my friends they re -
dames très jo - li, très jo - li, When I ride out each day, in my lit - tle cou -
love at my ease, at my ease; I go to her père and de - mand for my
Chorus.
mark, Com-ment ce va, mon cher a - mi? . . . . But I care not what
pé, I tell you I'm something to see. . . . .
own The hand of my sweet Ro - sa - lie. . . . .
But I care not what
oth - ers may say, I love my Ro - sa - lie, ... Pret - ty Rose, .
oth - ers may say, I love my Ro - sa - lie, ... Pret - ty Rose, .



THE OLD BRICK ROW.

Words by D. H. Buel, '83. Music by Thos. G. Shepard.

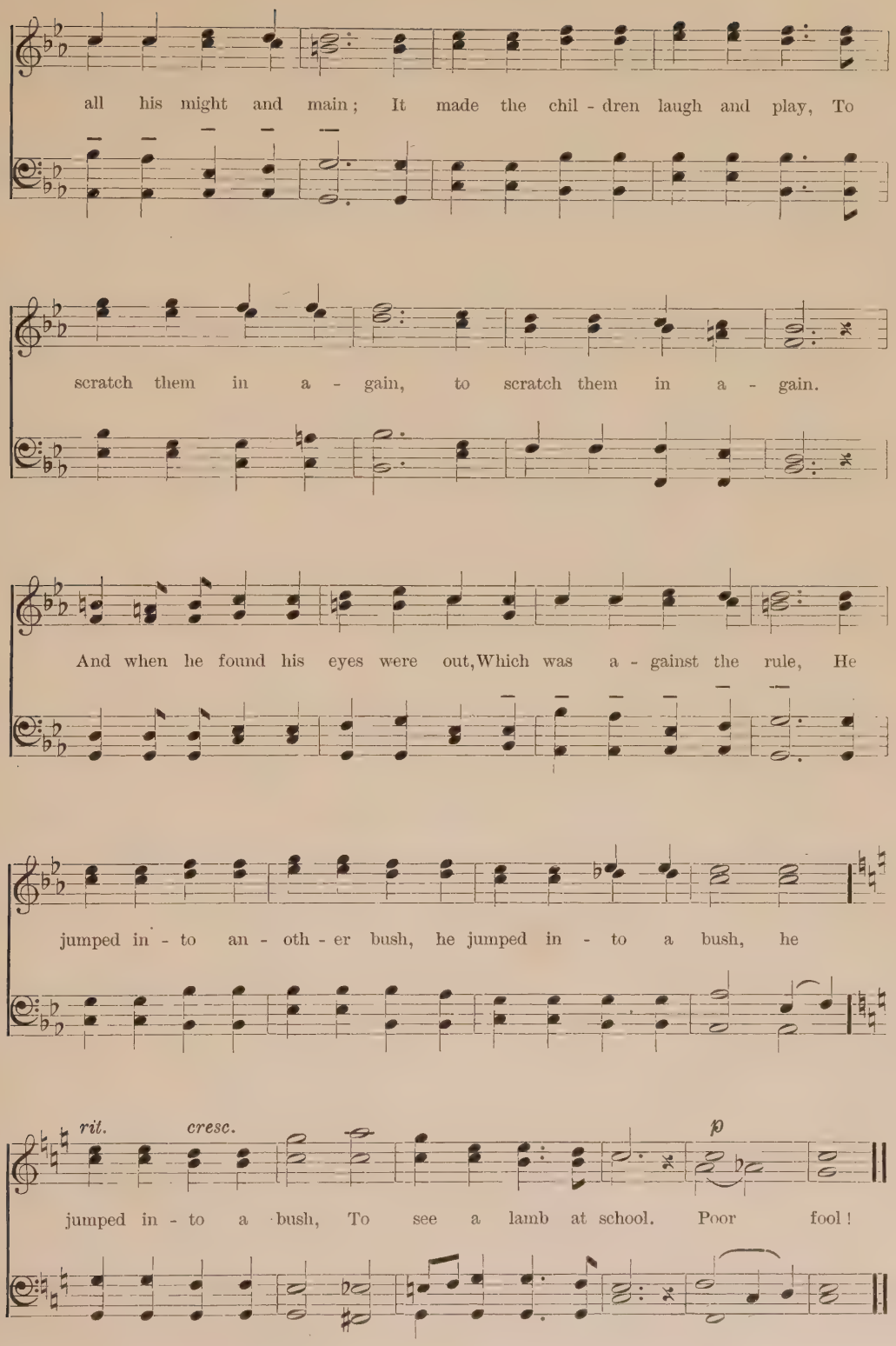
Adapted for male voices, from the opera "Penikeese." By permission.

Melody in 1st Tenor.
1. These build - ings old, this old brick row, In day-light seem in sor - ry
2. A - mid these leaf - em - bow - ered glades, The loy - al breast with joy doth
plight; But with what splen- dor do they glow, When touched by ma - gic
heave, While wan - d'ring 'neath these clas - sic shades, At beau - teous star - ry
night. A grand ca - the - dral arch the elms A - bove the glis- t'ning cam - pus
eve. The grand - est mar - vel of de - sign, By day-time, may the eye de -
weave, And mu - sic from the el - fin realms . Is ev - er heard at eve.
light, But nev - er, nev - er can out - shine . . The old brick row at night.

MARY'S WISE LITTLE LAMB

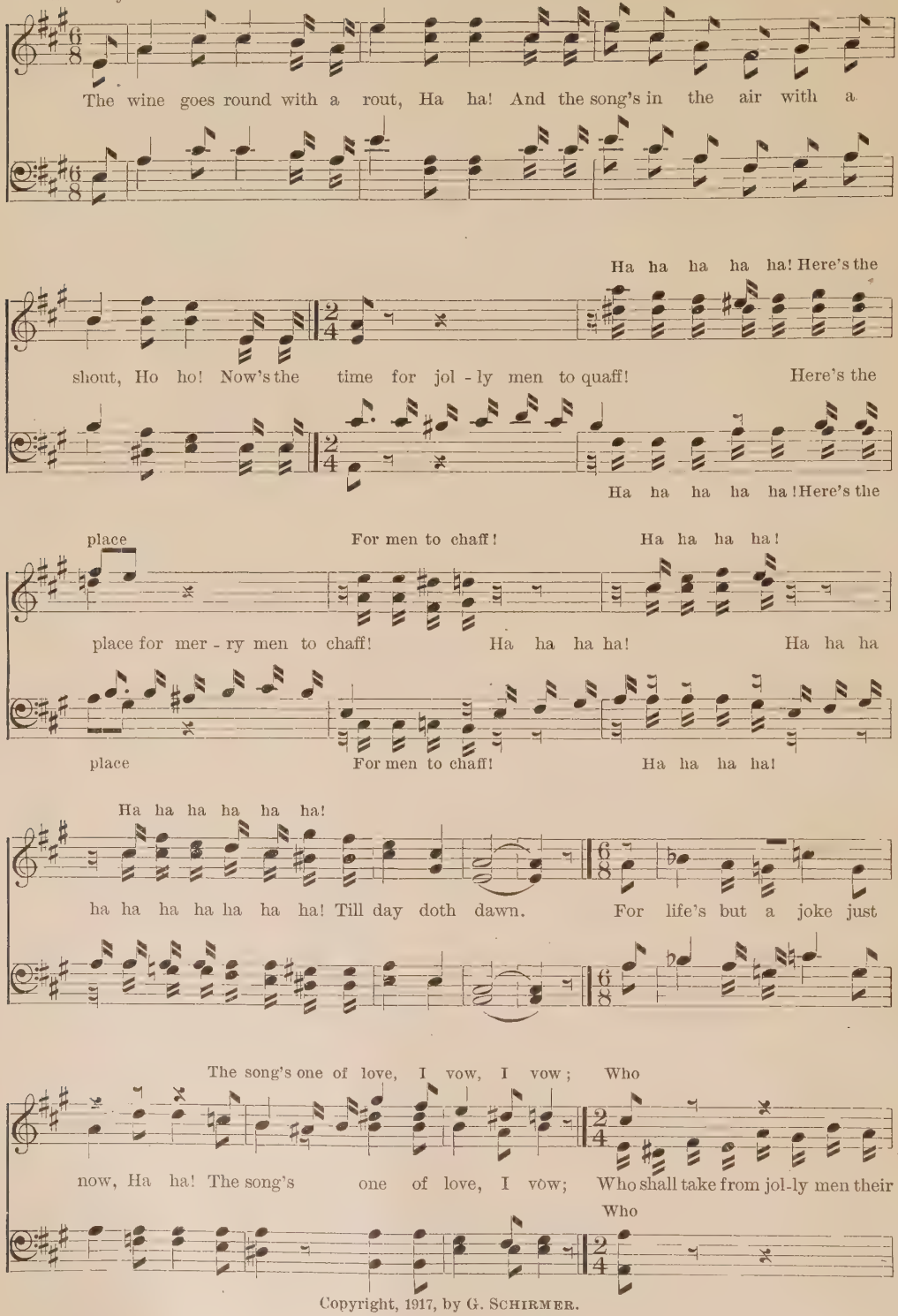
JAMES M. HOWARD, 1909

Melody in 1st TENOR.
Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb,
Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, And he was won - drous wise.
Ev - 'ry-where that Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went,
. Ev - 'ry-where that Ma - ry went, He scratch'd out both his eyes, he
ril.
a tempo.
scratch'd out both his eyes. He fol - low'd her to school one day, With

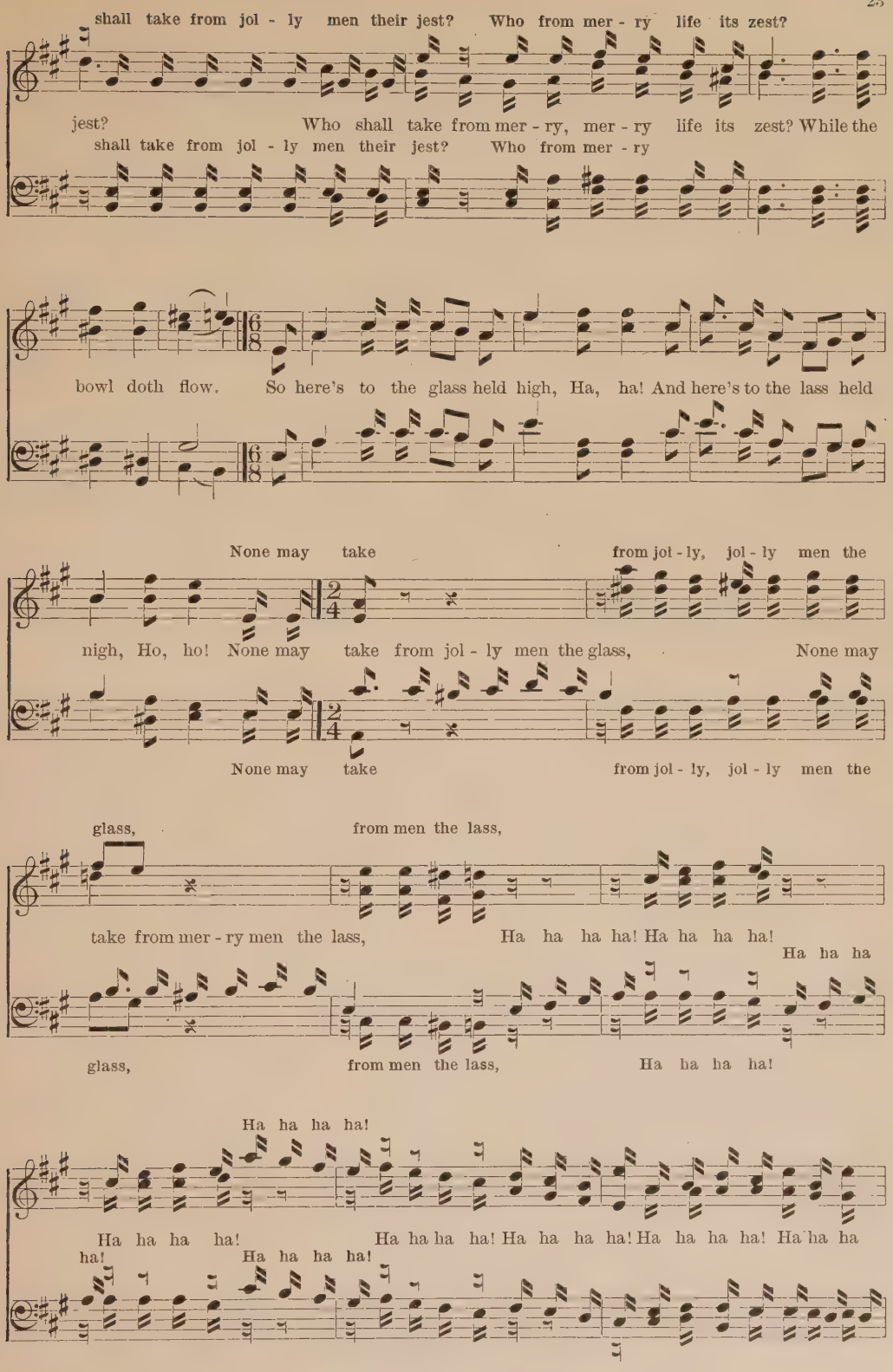

all his might and main; It made the chil - dren laugh and play, To
scratch them in a - gain, to scratch them in a - gain.
And when he found his eyes were out, Which was a - gainst the rule, He
jumped in - to an - oth - er bush, he jumped in - to a bush, he
rit.
cresc.
p
jumped in - to a bush, To see a lamb at school. Poor fool!

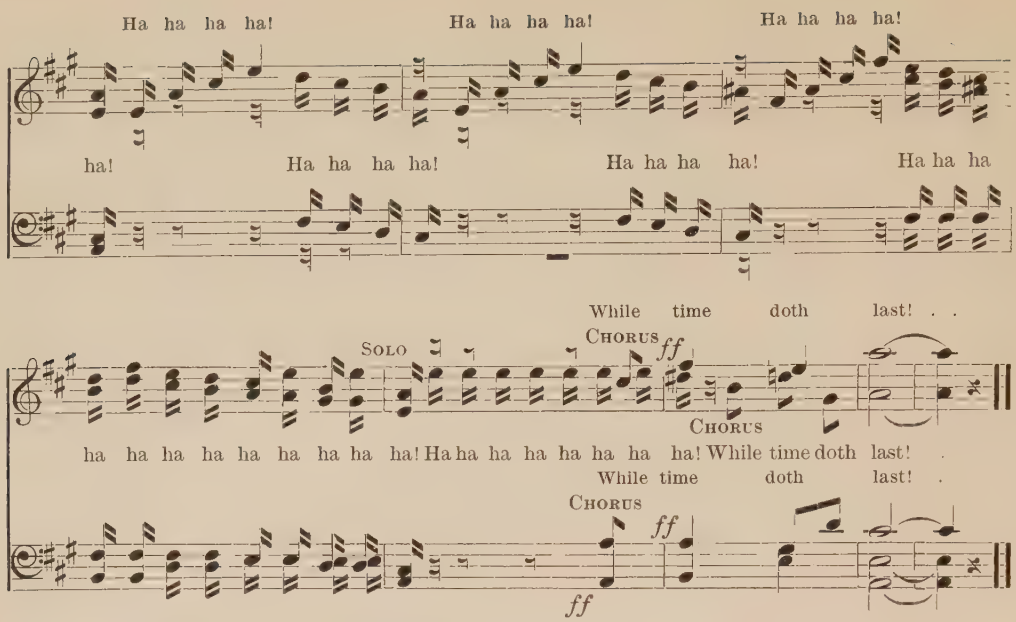
LAUGHING SONG.

Words by HARRY C. MESERVE. G. FRANK GOODALE, '89 S.

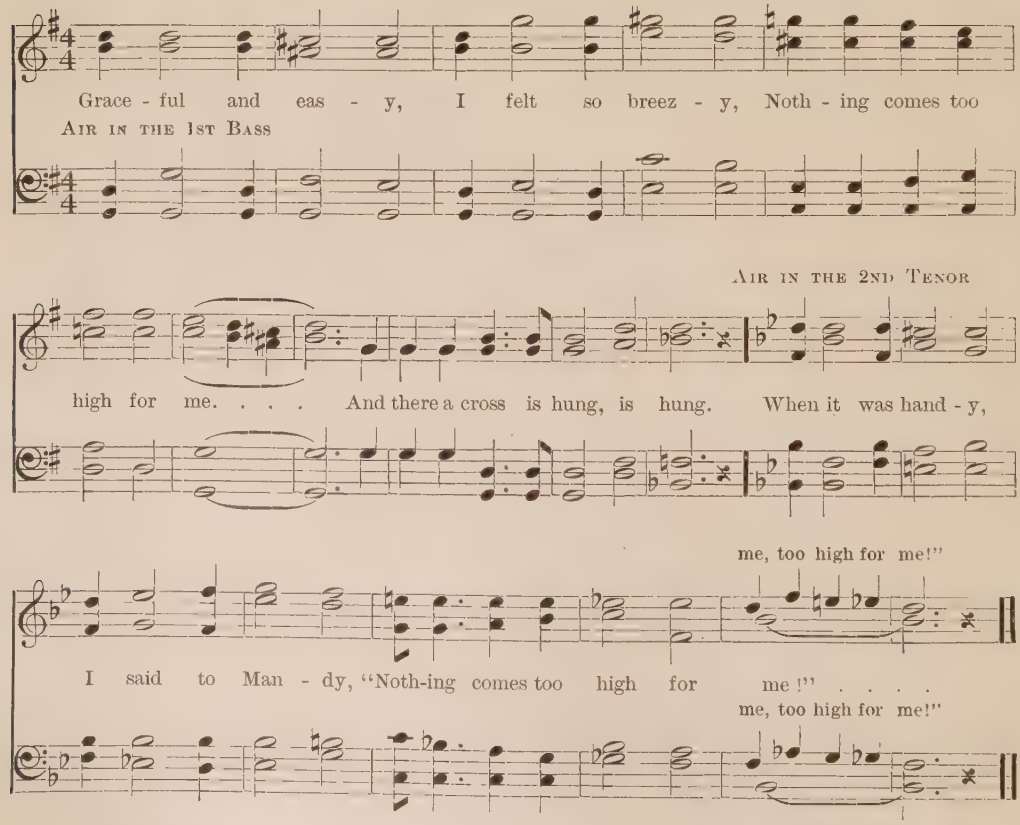

The wine goes round with a rout, Ha ha! And the song's in the air with a
Ha ha ha ha ha! Here's the
shout, Ho ho! Now's the time for jol - ly men to quaff! Here's the
Ha ha ha ha ha! Here's the
place For men to chaff! Ha ha ha ha!
place for mer - ry men to chaff! Ha ha ha ha! Ha ha ha
place For men to chaff! Ha ha ha ha!
Ha ha ha ha ha ha!
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Till day doth dawn. For life's but a joke just
The song's one of love, I vow, I vow; Who
now, Ha ha! The song's one of love, I vow; Who shall take from jol-ly men their
Who

Copyright, 1917, by G. SCHIRMER.

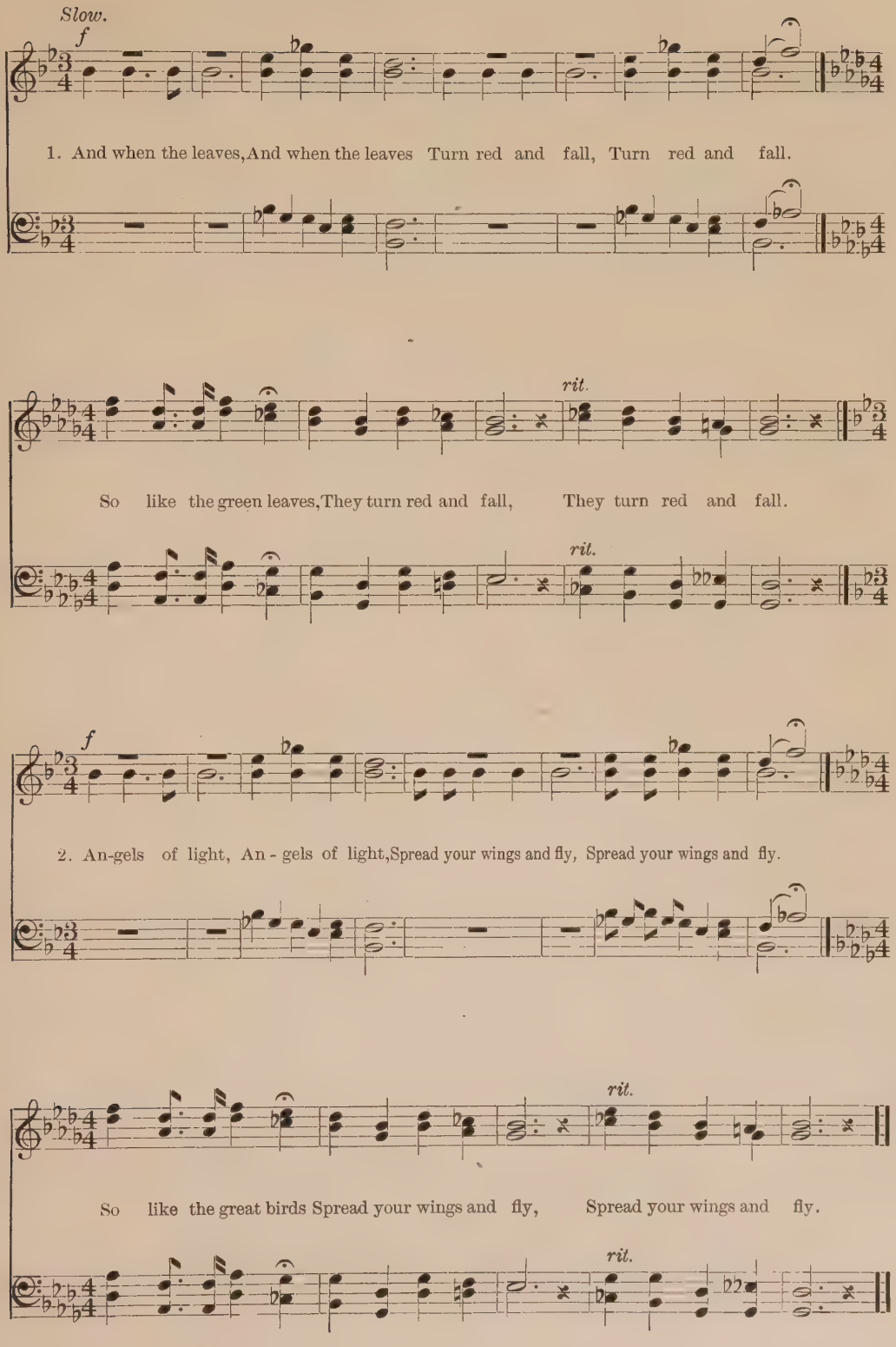

shall take from jol - ly men their jest? Who from mer - ry life its zest?
jest? Who shall take from mer - ry, mer - ry life its zest? While the
shall take from jol - ly men their jest? Who from mer - ry
bowl doth flow. So here's to the glass held high, Ha, ha! And here's to the lass held
None may take from jol - ly, jol - ly men the
nigh, Ho, ho! None may take from jol - ly men the glass, None may
None may take from jol - ly, jol - ly men the
glass, from men the lass,
take from mer - ry men the lass, Ha ha ha ha! Ha ha ha ha!
Ha ha ha
glass, from men the lass, Ha ha ha ha!
Ha ha ha ha!
Ha ha ha ha! Ha ha ha ha! Ha ha ha ha! Ha ha ha ha! Ha ha ha
ha! Ha ha ha ha!



GRACEFUL AND EASY

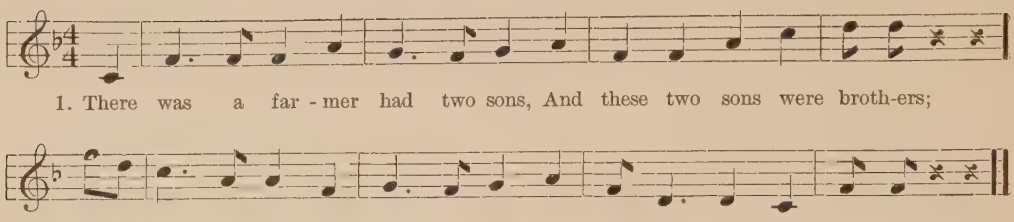

Grace - ful and eas - y, I felt so breez - y, Noth - ing comes too
Air in the 1st Bass
Air in the 2nd Tenor
high for me. . . . And there a cross is hung, is hung. When it was hand - y,
me, too high for me!"
I said to Man - dy, "Noth-ing comes too high for me!" . . . .
me, too high for me!"

AND WHEN THE LEAVES.


Slow.
f
1. And when the leaves, And when the leaves Turn red and fall, Turn red and fall.
rit.
So like the green leaves, They turn red and fall, They turn red and fall.
rit.
f
2. An-gels of light, An - gels of light, Spread your wings and fly, Spread your wings and fly.
rit.
So like the great birds Spread your wings and fly, Spread your wings and fly.
rit.

BOHUNKUS.

Tune, "Auld Lang Syne."



2 Now, these two boys had suits of clothes,
And they were made for Sunday,
Bohunkus wore his every day,
Josephus his on Monday.

3 Now, these two boys to the theatre went,
Whenever they saw fit,
Bohunkus in the gallery sat,
Josephus in the pit.

4 Now, these two boys are dead and gone,
Long may their ashes rest!
Bohunkus of the cholera died,
Josephus, by request.

5 Now, these two boys their story told,
And they did tell it well.
Bohunkus he to heaven went,
Josephus went to——Sing-sing.

NEW VERSION.

By D. H. Buel, '83.

1 There were two boys that were two sons,
And each son was a twin,
Bohunkus had his father's smile,
Josephus had his grin.

2 Now, these two boys to college went,
For reasons quite specific,
Bohunkus academic was,
Josephus, scientific.

3 Now, these two boys abroad did go,
Before their course was ended,
Bohunkus he was asked to go,
Josephus was suspended.

4 Now, these two boys to get upon
The Glee Club did aspire,
Bohunkus sang as high as Q,
Josephus, somewhat higher.

5 Now, this Glee Club did travel West,
"Make money," was its motto.
Bohunkus sang the solos to
Josephus' obligato.

6 Now, these two boys to "Patience" went,
And in the gallery sat,
Bohunkus held himself like this, (*posture*).
Josephus, just like that, (*posture*).

7 Now, these two boys to the theatre went,
When they were in Vienna,
Bohunkus he to heaven went,
Josephus to Gehenna.

Note.— It is customary for the leader to "line off" the words, two lines at a time, always ending with "Sing."

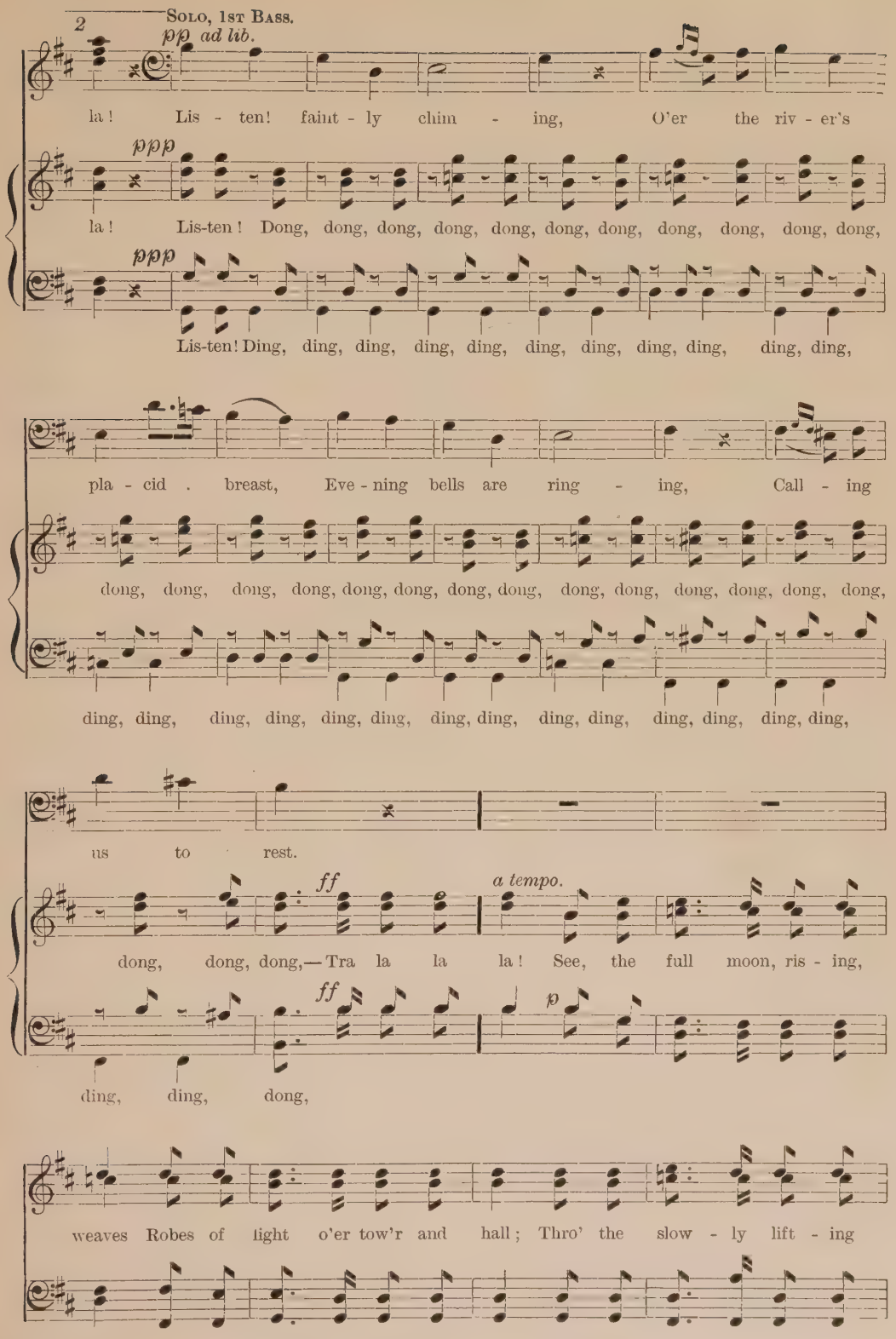
ADEE BOATHOUSE

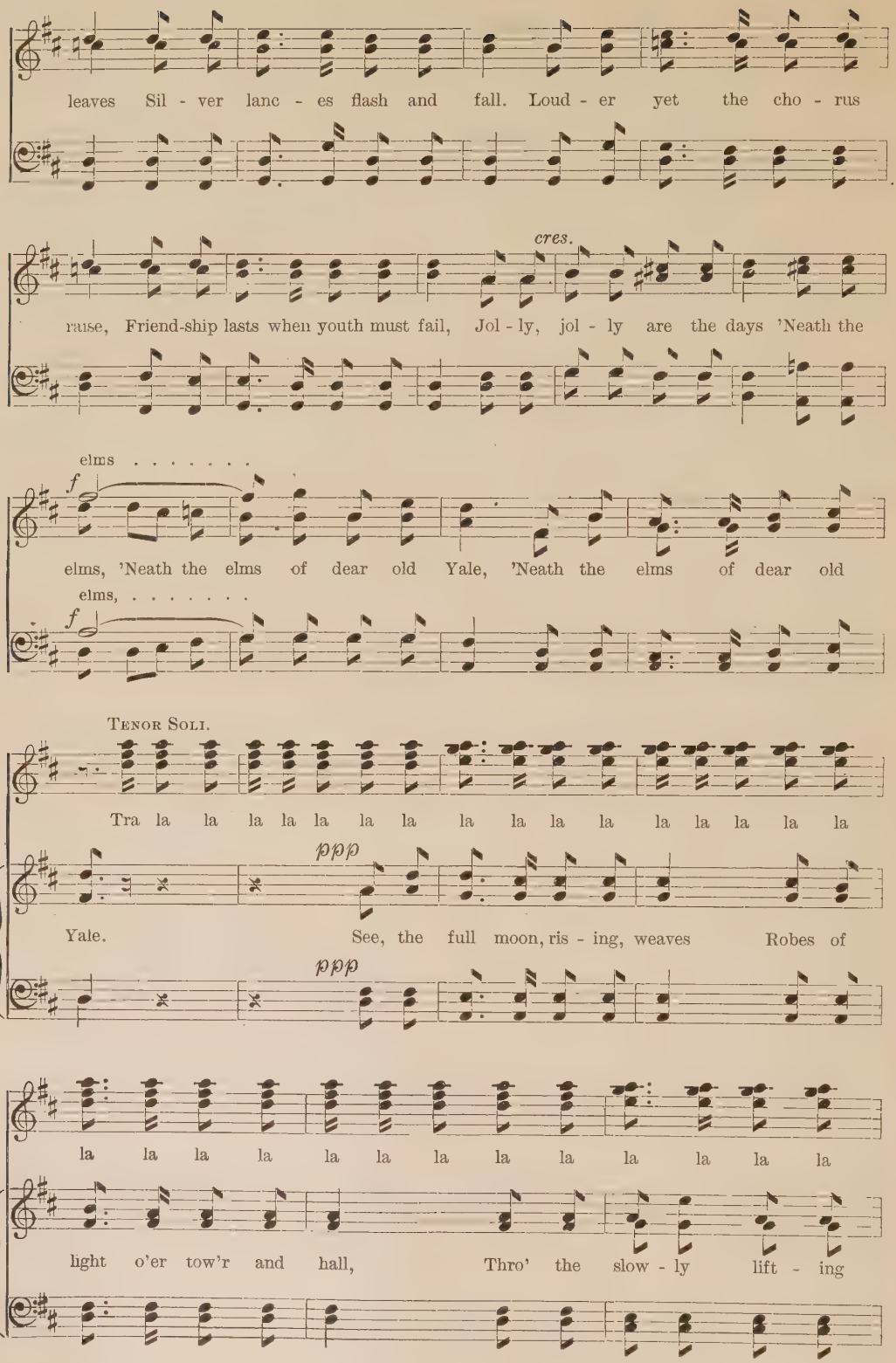
'NEATH THE ELMS.

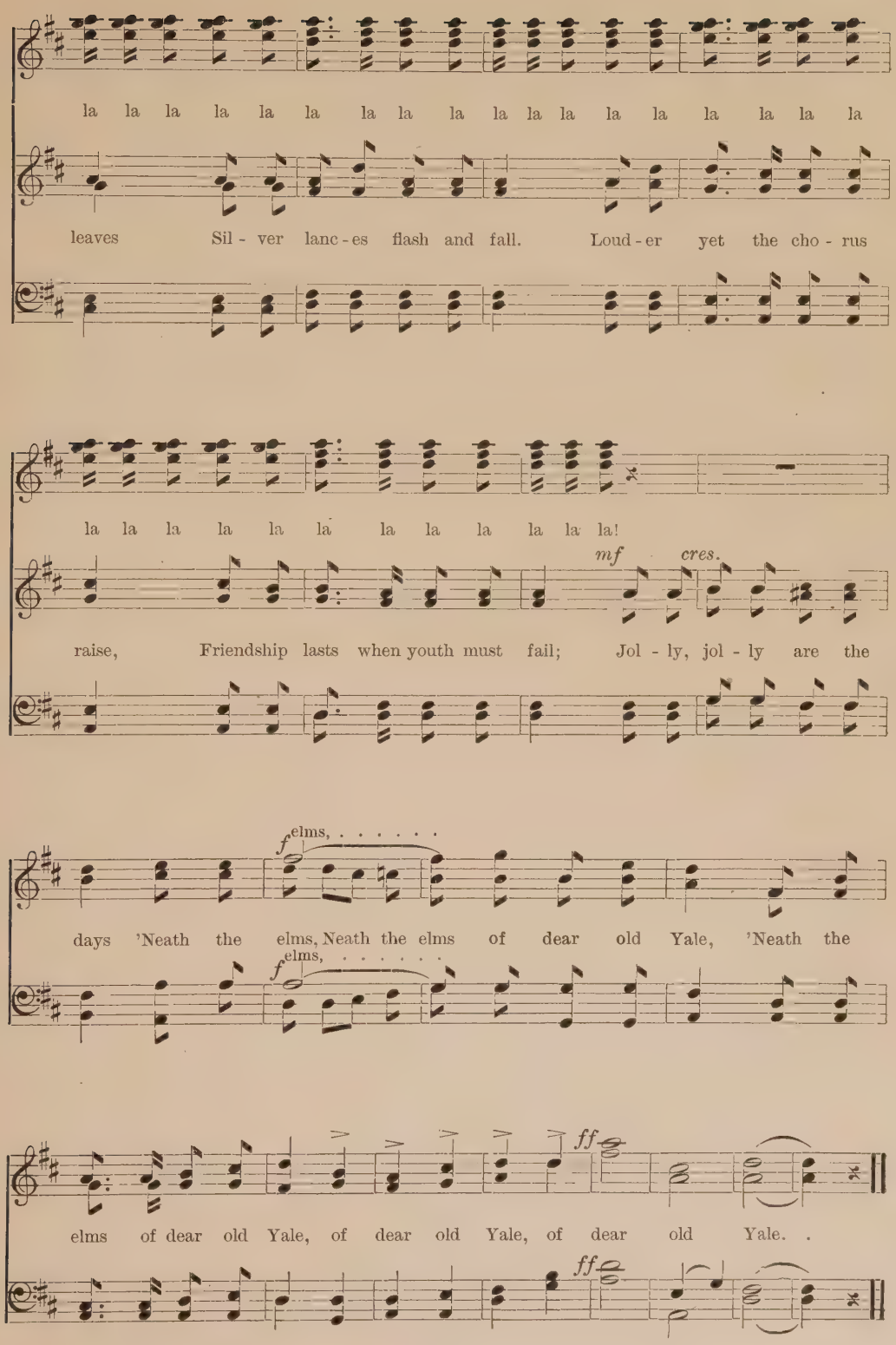
Words by H. Baldwin. Arr. by Gustave J. Stoeckel, Mus. D.

1. Winds of night a - round us sigh - - - - - -
2. Stars of night in si - lence yearn - - - - - -
pp
1. Winds of night a - round us sigh - ing, In the elm - trees mur - mur
2. Stars of night in si - lence yearn - ing, Pure and soft as maid - en's
pp
1. Winds of night a - round us sigh - - - - - -
2. Stars of night in si - lence yearn - - - - - -
ing,
ing,
low, In the elm - trees mur - mur low, In the elm - trees mur - mur
eyes, Pure and soft as maid - en's eyes, Pure and soft as maid - en's
ing,
ing,
Let no rud - er sounds re - ply - - - - -
Sweet the hour when your re - - turn - - - - -
low, Let no rud - er sounds re - ply - ing Break our hap - py voic - es'
eyes, Sweet the hour when your re - turn - ing Bids our mer - ry songs a -
Let no rud - er sounds re - ply - - - - -
Sweet the hour when your re - - turn - - - - -
ing Break our hap - py voic - es' flow— Tra la la la!
ing Bids our mer - ry songs a - rise— Tra la la la!
pp
flow, Break our hap - py, hap - py voic - es' flow— Tra la la la!
rise, Bids our mer - ry, mer - ry songs a - rise— Tra la la la!
pp
ing Break our hap - py voic - es' flow— Tra la la la!
ing Bids our mer - ry songs a - rise— Tra la la la!

Soli.
Tra la la la, Tra la la
1st and 2nd Tenor.
'Tis a jol - ly life we lead, Care and trou - ble we de -
1st and 2nd Bass.
la.
fy; Let the short-lived hours speed, Run - ning smooth-ly, quick - ly by; Till the
Tra la la la, Tra la la la,
dark-ness fades a - way, And the morn - ing light we hail, We will sing with cheer-ful hearts Songs of
I V
Tra la la la!
home, ...
home, songs of home, and of Yale, and of dear old Yale, Tra la la la!
home, ...

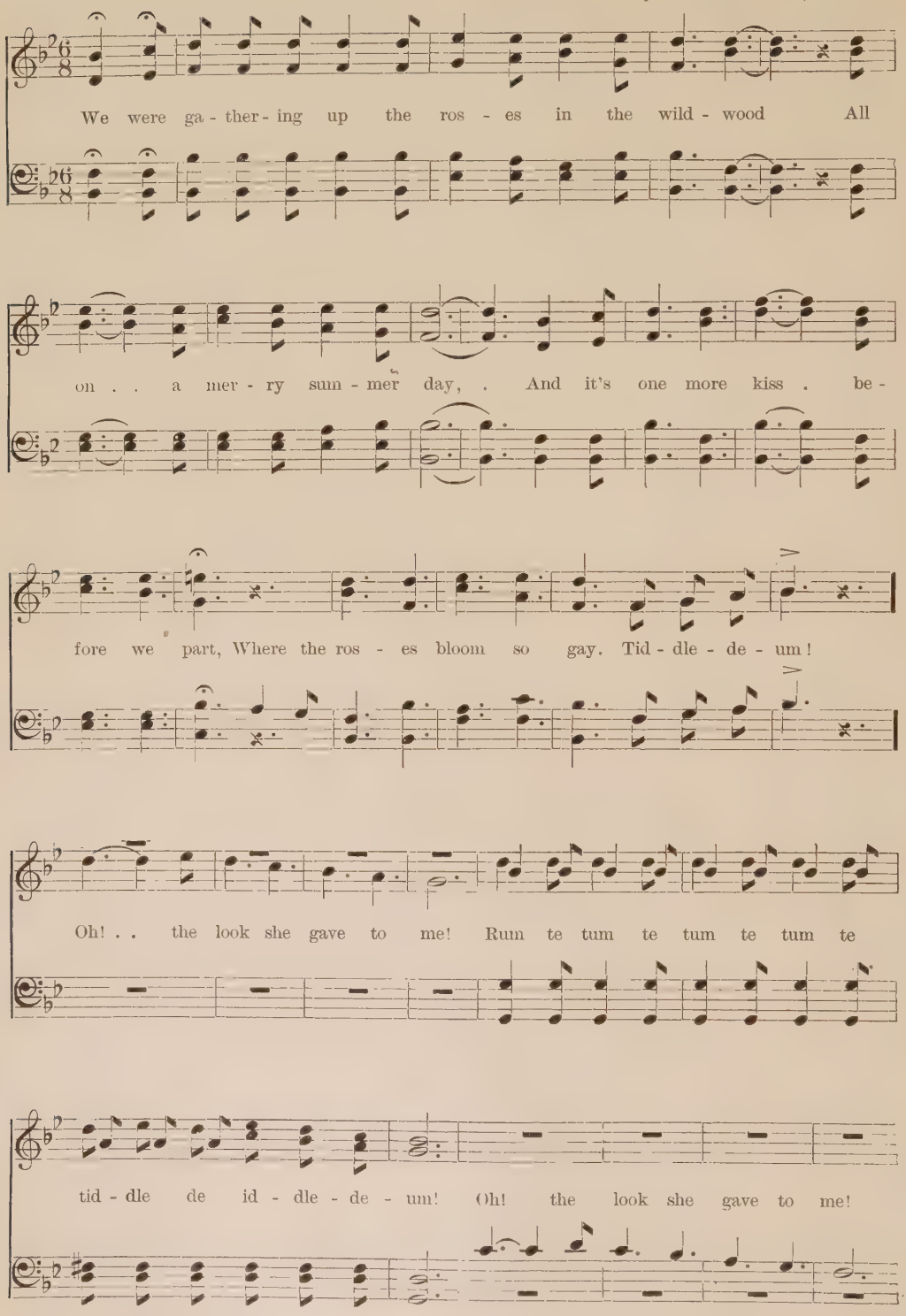

2
Solo, 1st Bass.
pp ad lib.
la! Lis - ten! faint - ly chim - ing, O'er the riv - er's
ppp
la! Lis-ten! Dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong,
ppp
Lis-ten! Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding,
pla - cid . breast, Eve - ning bells are ring - ing, Call - ing
dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong,
ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding,
us to rest.
ff
a tempo.
dong, dong, dong,— Tra la la la! See, the full moon, ris - ing,
ff
p
ding, ding, dong,
weaves Robes of light o'er tow'r and hall; Thro' the slow - ly lift - ing

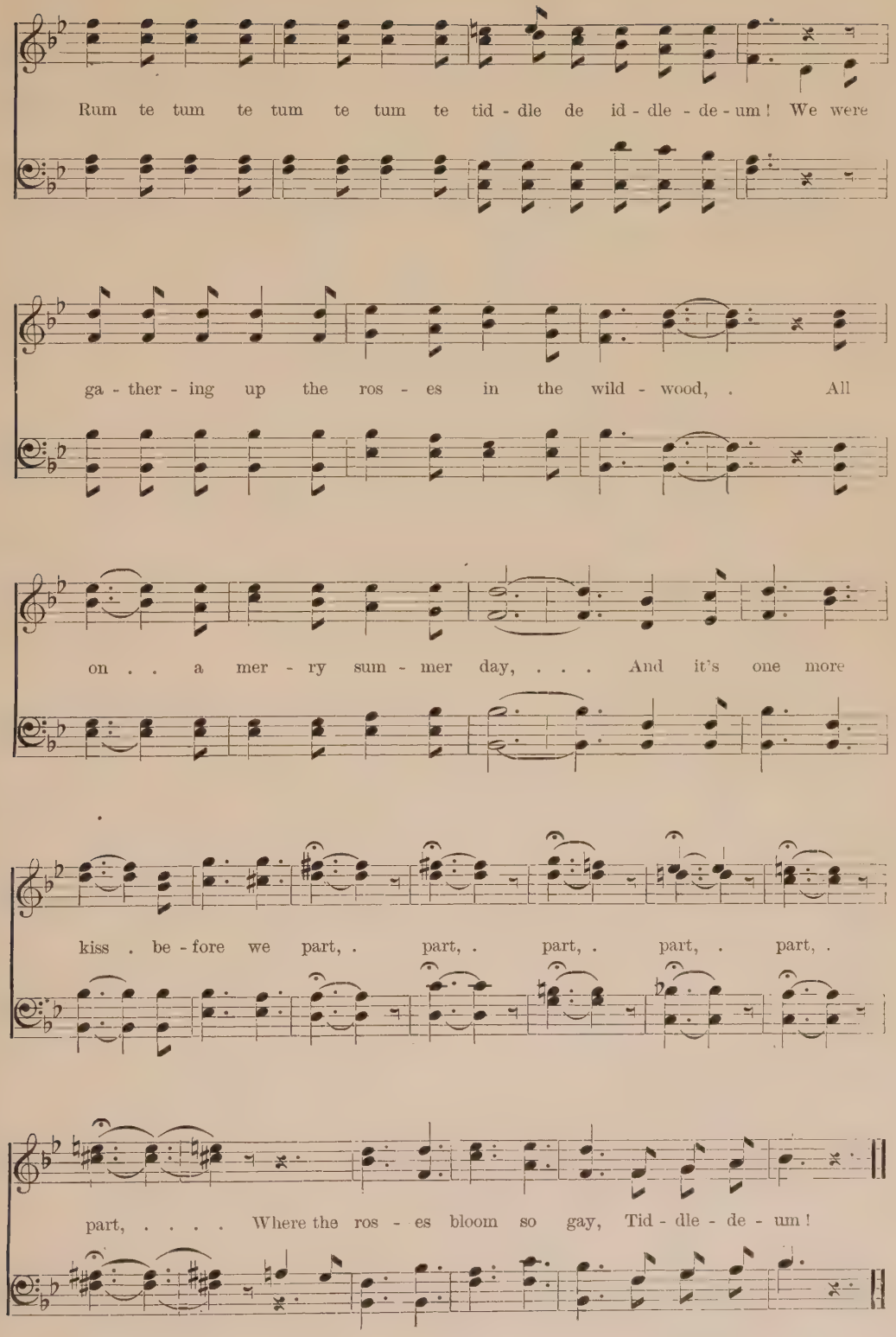

leaves Sil - ver lanc - es flash and fall. Loud - er yet the cho - rus
cres.
raise, Friend-ship lasts when youth must fail, Jol - ly, jol - ly are the days 'Neath the
elms . . . . . .
f
elms, 'Neath the elms of dear old Yale, 'Neath the elms of dear old
elms, ...
f
Tenor Soli.
Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
ppp
Yale. See, the full moon, ris - ing, weaves Robes of
ppp
la la la la la la la la la la la la la
light o'er tow'r and hall, Thro' the slow - ly lift - ing


la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
leaves Sil - ver lanc - es flash and fall. Loud - er yet the cho - rus
la la la la la la la la la la la la!
mf cres.
raise, Friendship lasts when youth must fail; Jol - ly, jol - ly are the
f elms, ...
days 'Neath the elms, Neath the elms of dear old Yale, 'Neath the
f elms, ...
ff
elms of dear old Yale, of dear old Yale, of dear old Yale. .
ff

WE WERE GATHERING UP THE ROSES.

Words and Music by E. M. Bostwick, 1916.


We were ga - ther - ing up the ros - es in the wild - wood All
on . . a mer - ry sum - mer day, . And it's one more kiss . be -
fore we part, Where the ros - es bloom so gay. Tid - dle - de - um!
Oh! . . the look she gave to me! Rum te tum te tum te tum te
tid - dle de id - dle - de - um! Oh! the look she gave to me!


Rum te tum te tum te tum te tid - dle de id - dle - de - um! We were
ga - ther - ing up the ros - es in the wild - wood, . All
on . . a mer - ry sum - mer day, . . . And it's one more
kiss . be - fore we part, . part, . part, . part, . part, .
part, ... Where the ros - es bloom so gay, Tid - dle - de - um!

BULL-DOG.

Moderato.
Solo. 1st Tenor.
1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank! Oh! the
Solo. 2d Bass.
And the bull-frog in the pool!
bull-dog on the bank!
ritard.
And the bull-frog in the pool!
attacca Chorus.
Più allegro.
Chorus.
Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, And the bull-frog in the pool; The
Chorus.
bull-dog call'd the bull-frog A green old wa-ter fool. Sing-ing tra la
la la la la, . . Sing-ing tra la la la la la, . . Sing-ing

2 Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
And the snapper caught his paw,
The pollywog died a laughing
To see him wag his jaw. CHORUS.

3 Says the monkey to the owl,
"Oh, what'll you have to drink?"
"Since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink." CHORUS.

4 Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool;
She fished him out with a ten-foot pole,
And sent him off to school. CHORUS.

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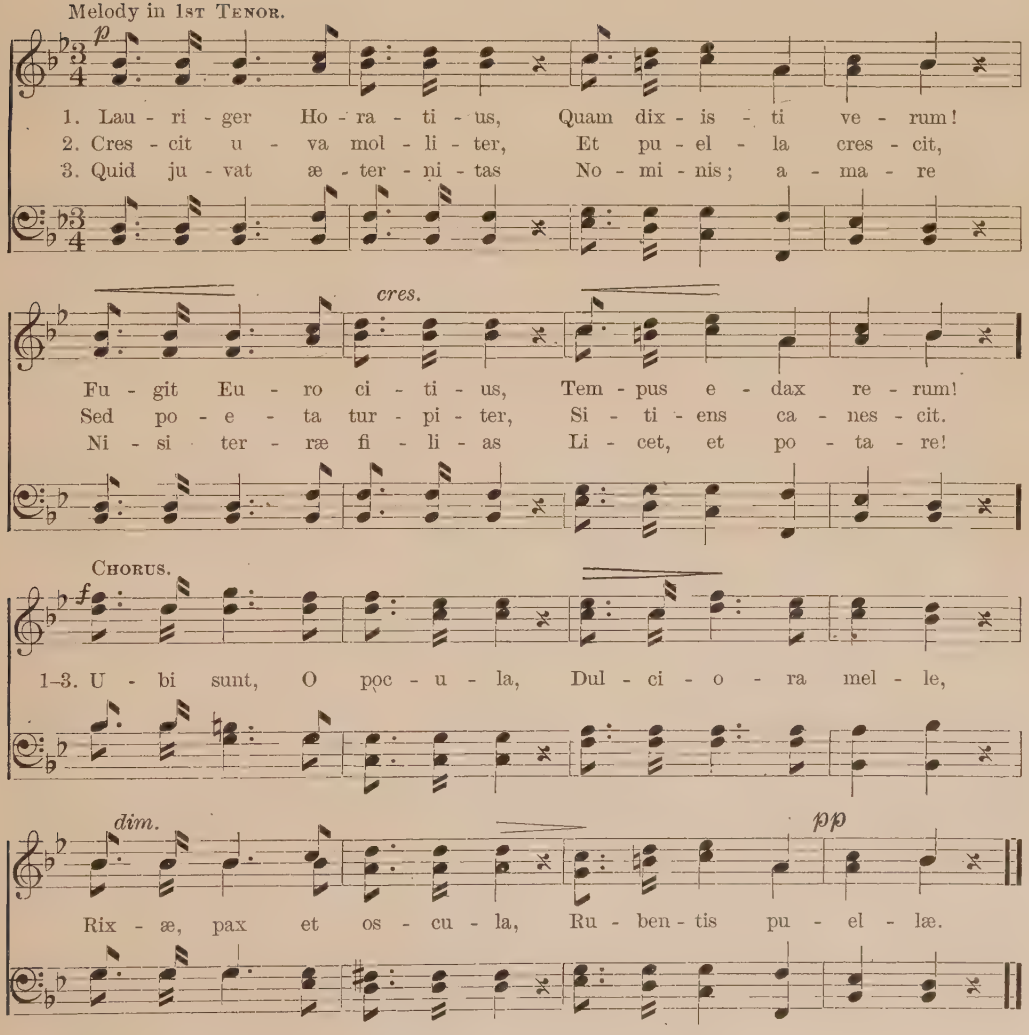
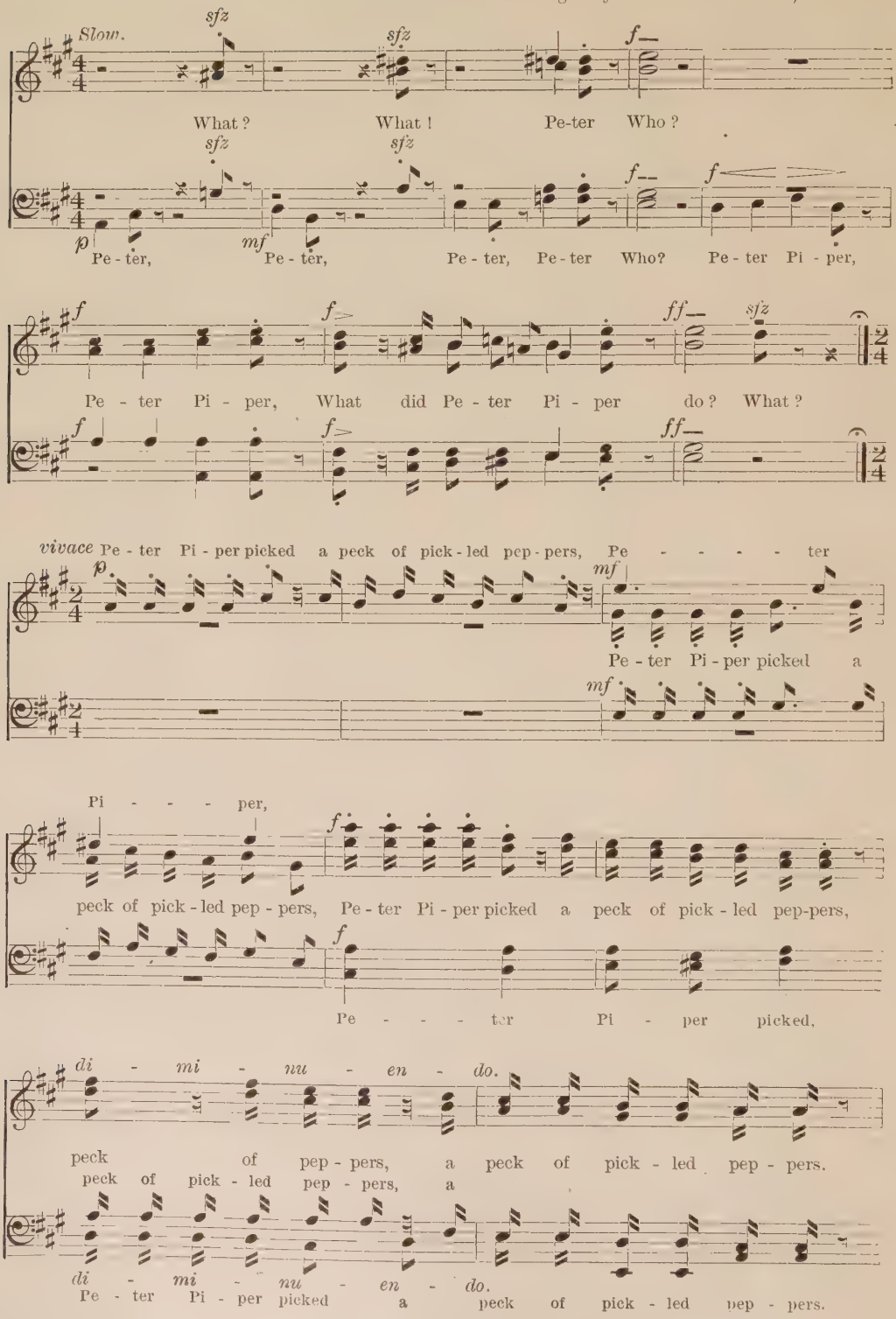
LAURIGER HORATIUS.

Melody in 1ST TENOR.


p
1. Lau - ri - ger Ho - ra - ti - us, Quam dix - is - ti ve - rum!
2. Cres - cit u - va mol - li - ter, Et pu - el - la cres - cit,
3. Quid ju - vat æ - ter - ni - tas No - mi - nis; a - ma - re
cres.
Fu - git Eu - ro ci - ti - us, Tem - pus e - dax re - rum!
Sed po - e - ta tur - pi - ter, Si - ti - ens ca - nes - cit.
Ni - si ter - ræ fi - li - as Li - cet, et po - ta - re!
CHORUS.
f
1–3. U - bi sunt, O poc - u - la, Dul - ci - o - ra mel - le,
dim.
pp
Rix - æ, pax et os - cu - la, Ru - ben - tis pu - el - læ.

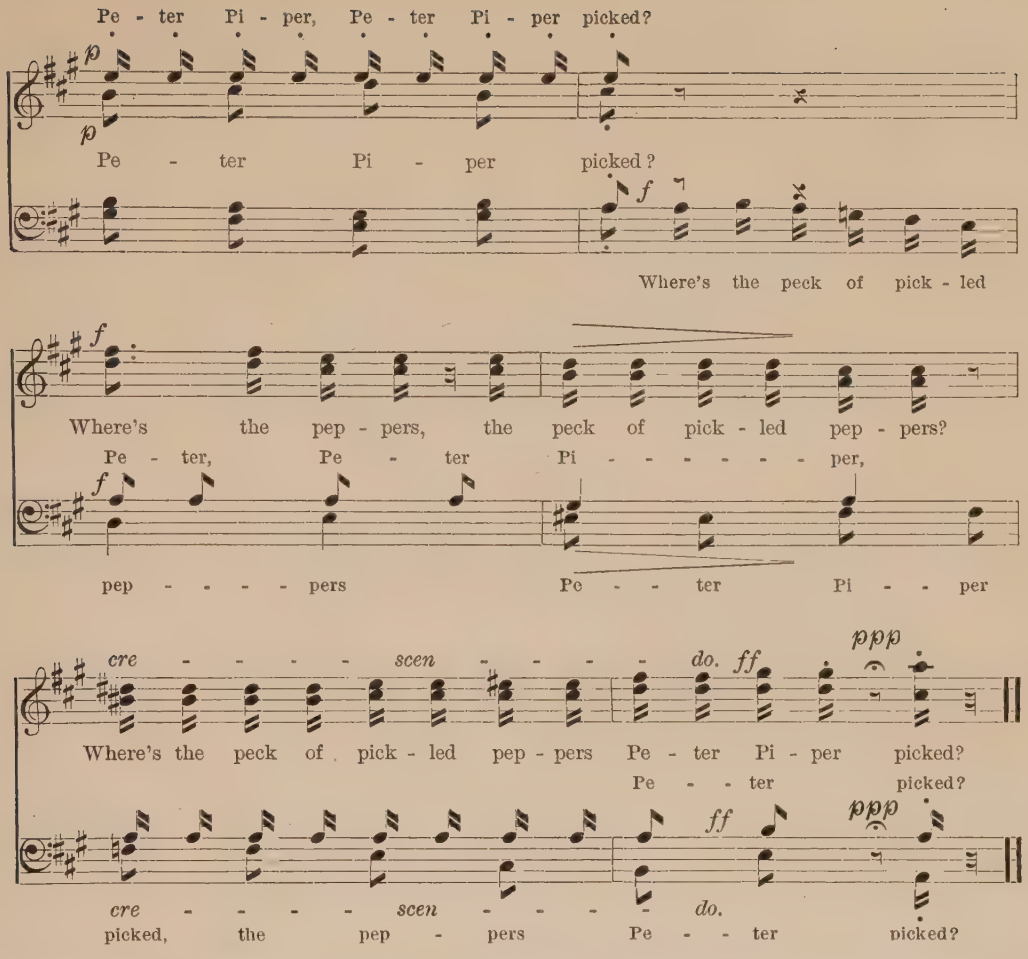
PETER PIPER.

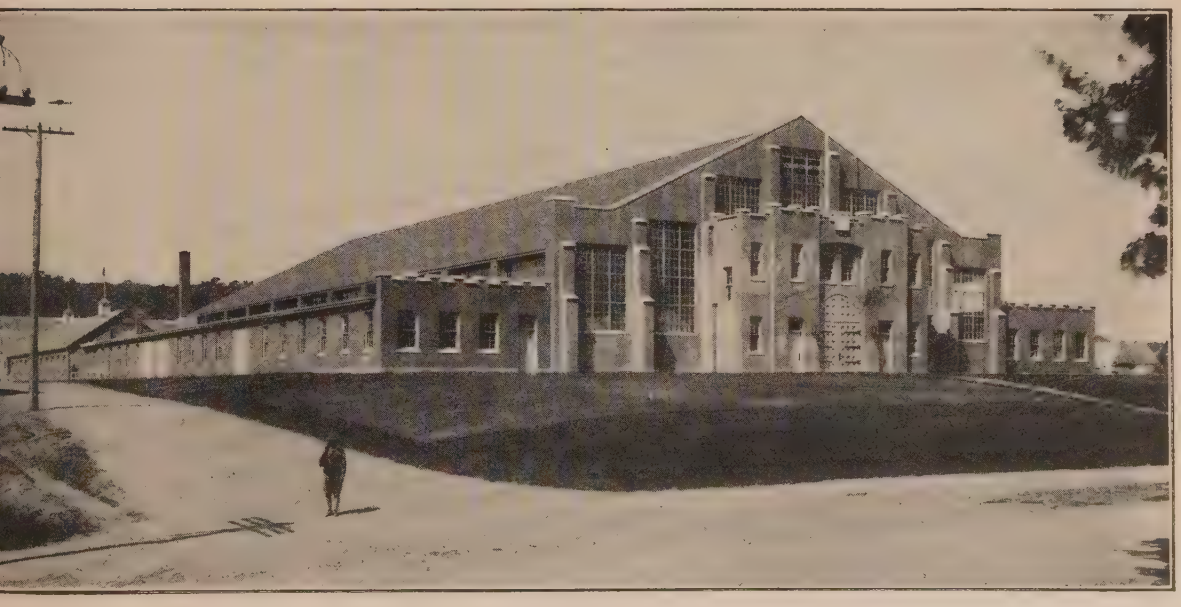
Arranged by G. Frank Goodale, '89 S.


Slow.
What ? What ! Pe-ter Who ?
Pe - ter, Pe - ter, Pe - ter, Pe - ter Who? Pe - ter Pi - per,
Pe - ter Pi - per, What did Pe - ter Pi - per do ? What ?
vivace Pe - ter Pi - per picked a peck of pick - led pep - pers, Pe - - - - - ter
Pe - ter Pi - per picked a
Pi - - - - per,
peck of pick - led pep - pers, Pe - ter Pi - per picked a peck of pick - led pep-pers,
Pe - - - - ter Pi - per picked,
di - mi - nu - en - do.
peck of pep - pers, a peck of pick - led pep - pers.
peck of pick - led pep - pers, a
di - mi - nu - en - do.
Pe - ter Pi - per picked a peck of pick - led pep - pers.

Did . .
ff
Pe - ter Pi - per pick a peck of pick - led pep - pers?
ff
Did
Pe - - - - ter Pi - per?
Did . .
ff
Pe - ter Pi - per pick a peck of pick - led pep - pers?
ff
Did
Pe - - - - ter Pi - per?
Did Pe - ter Pi - per pick a peck of pick - led pep - pers?
f
Did Pe - ter Pi - per pick a peck? Did Pe - ter Pi - per
Did Pe - ter Pi - per pick a peck of pick - led pep-pers? Did he
Did Pe - - - ter Pi - - - - per? Pe - - - ter
But
p ritard.
pp
real - ly pick? But if Pe - ter Pi - per picked a
real - ly pick? If Pe - - - ter
pp
p
ritard.
Pi - - - - per?
If
Where's the pep - pers Pe - ter Pi - per picked?
peck of pick - led pep - pers, Where's the pep - pers Pe - ter picked?
Pi - - - - - per? Where's the peck of pep - pers Pe - ter Pi - per picked?
Pe - - - - - ter picked a peck, a peck of pick - led pep-pers,

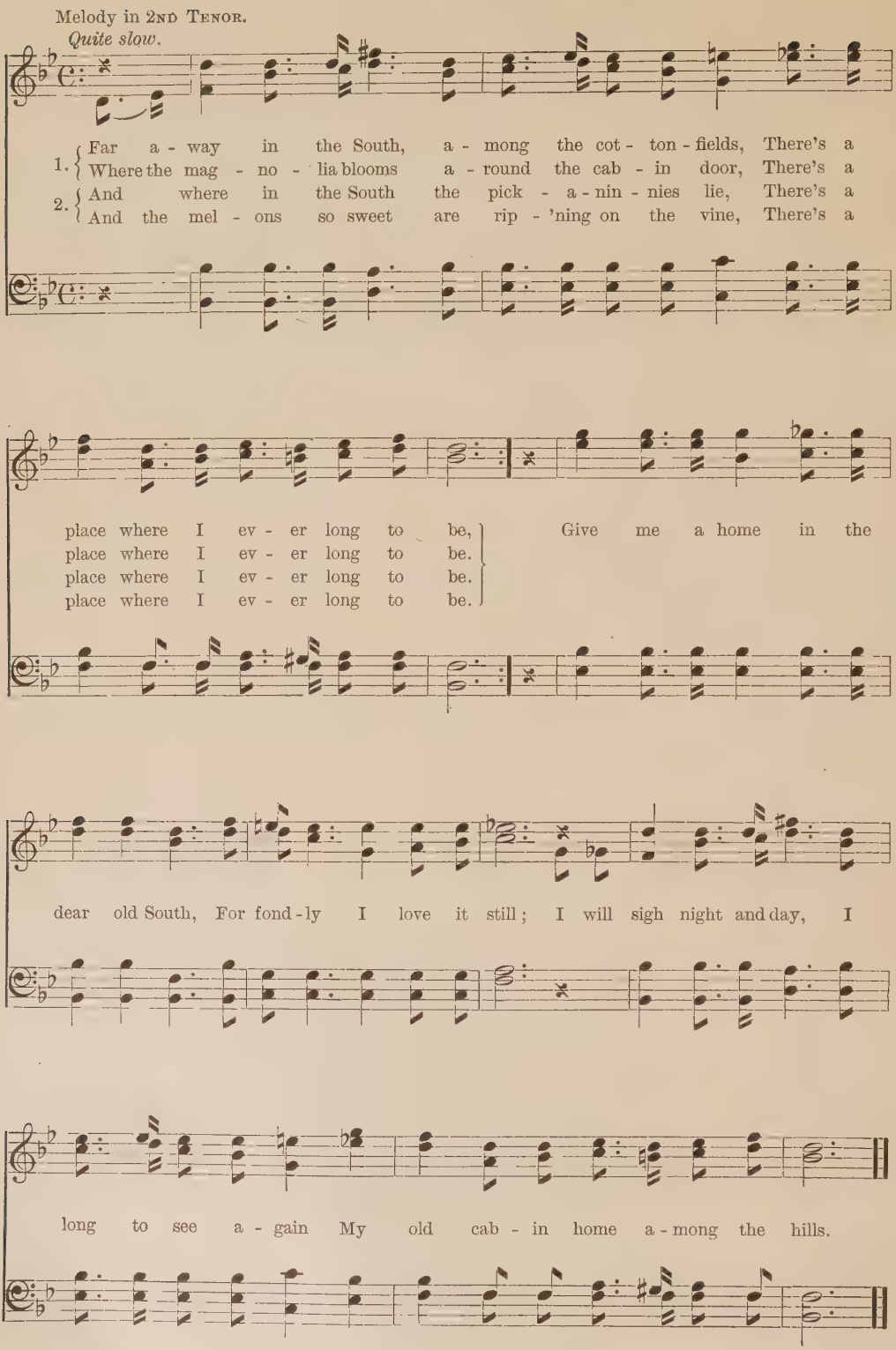
Where's the peck of pick - led pep-pers,
If Pe - ter, Pe - - ter Pi - - per,
Where's the peck of pep - pers,
Where's the peck of pep - pers, Where's the peck of
Pe - ter Pi - per, Pe - ter Pi - per picked?
where's the pep - pers Pe - ter Pi - per picked?
pep - - pers Pe - ter Pi - per picked? Where's the pep - pers,
Where, say where, where,
pep - pers, pep - pers, Where, where's the peck of pep - pers?
Where's the peck of pep - pers?
where's the pep - pers Pe - ter Pi - per picked?
Where, say where?
pep - pers, pep - pers, where, where's . . the ver - y
Say, where, where, where's the pick - led pep - pers.
Where's the pep - pers Pe - ter Pi - per picked? Say,
Where's the ver - y, ver - y pep - pers?
peck, the peck of pick - led pep - pers
Where's the pep - - pers? Where's the ver - y peck of pep - pers
where's the ver - y, ver - y pep - pers


Pe - ter Pi - per, Pe - ter Pi - per picked?
p
p
Pe - ter Pi - per picked?
f
Where's the peck of pick - led
f
Where's the pep - pers, the peck of pick - led pep - pers?
Pe - ter, Pe - ter Pi - - - - - - per,
f
pep - - - - pers Pe - - ter Pi - - per
cre - - - - - scen - - - - - do. ff
ppp
Where's the peck of pick - led pep - pers Pe - ter Pi - per picked?
Pe - - ter picked?
ff
ppp
cre - - - - - scen - - - - - do.
picked, the pep - pers Pe - - ter picked?

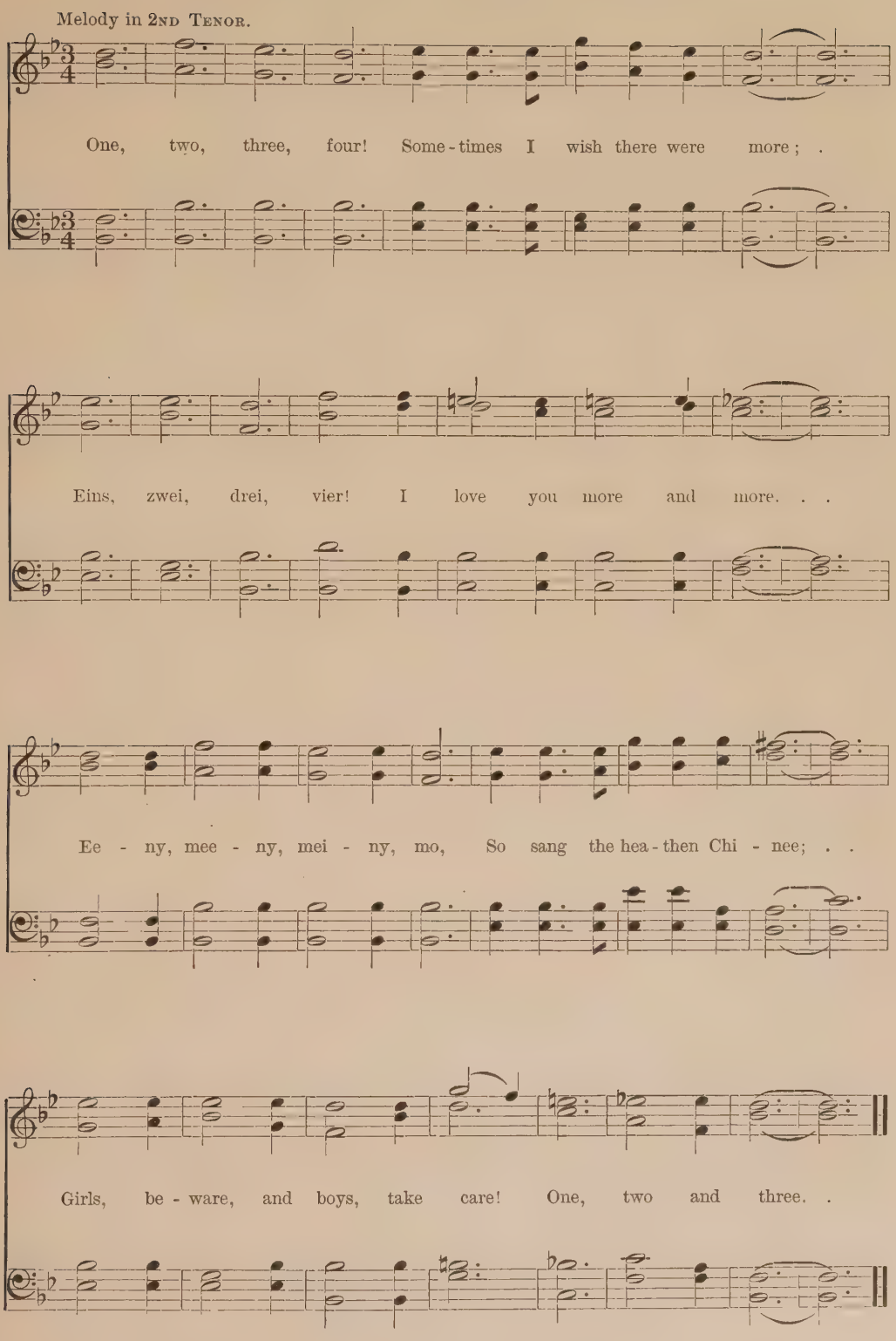


YALE ARMORY

FAR AWAY IN THE SOUTH.


Melody in 2ND TENOR.
Quite slow.
1. Far a - way in the South, a - mong the cot - ton - fields, There's a
Where the mag - no - lia blooms a - round the cab - in door, There's a
2. And where in the South the pick - a - nin - nies lie, There's a
And the mel - ons so sweet are rip - 'ning on the vine, There's a
place where I ev - er long to be,
place where I ev - er long to be.
place where I ev - er long to be.
place where I ev - er long to be.
Give me a home in the
dear old South, For fond - ly I love it still; I will sigh night and day, I
long to see a - gain My old cab - in home a - mong the hills.

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR.


Melody in 2ND TENOR.
One, two, three, four! Some-times I wish there were more; .
Eins, zwei, drei, vier! I love you more and more. . .
Ee - ny, mee - ny, mei - ny, mo, So sang the hea-then Chi - nee; . .
Girls, be - ware, and boys, take care! One, two and three. .

THREE LITTLE DARKIES.

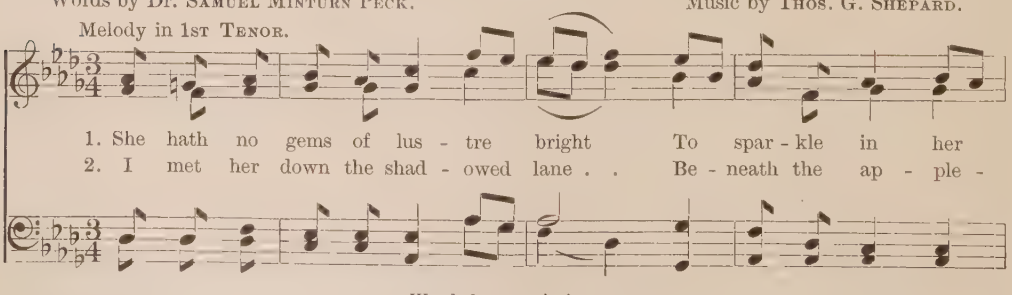
Melody in 2ND TENOR.
1. Three lit - tle dark - ies had a fight, They fit all day and they fit all night, And
in the morn - ing they were seen, Roll - ing down the Bow - ling Green.
Stead - y on the bob - tail blue - i - ue, Stead - y on the bob - tail blue! And
in the morn - ing they were seen, Roll - ing down the Bow - ling Green.

2 Two little darkies had a fight,
They fit all day, etc.

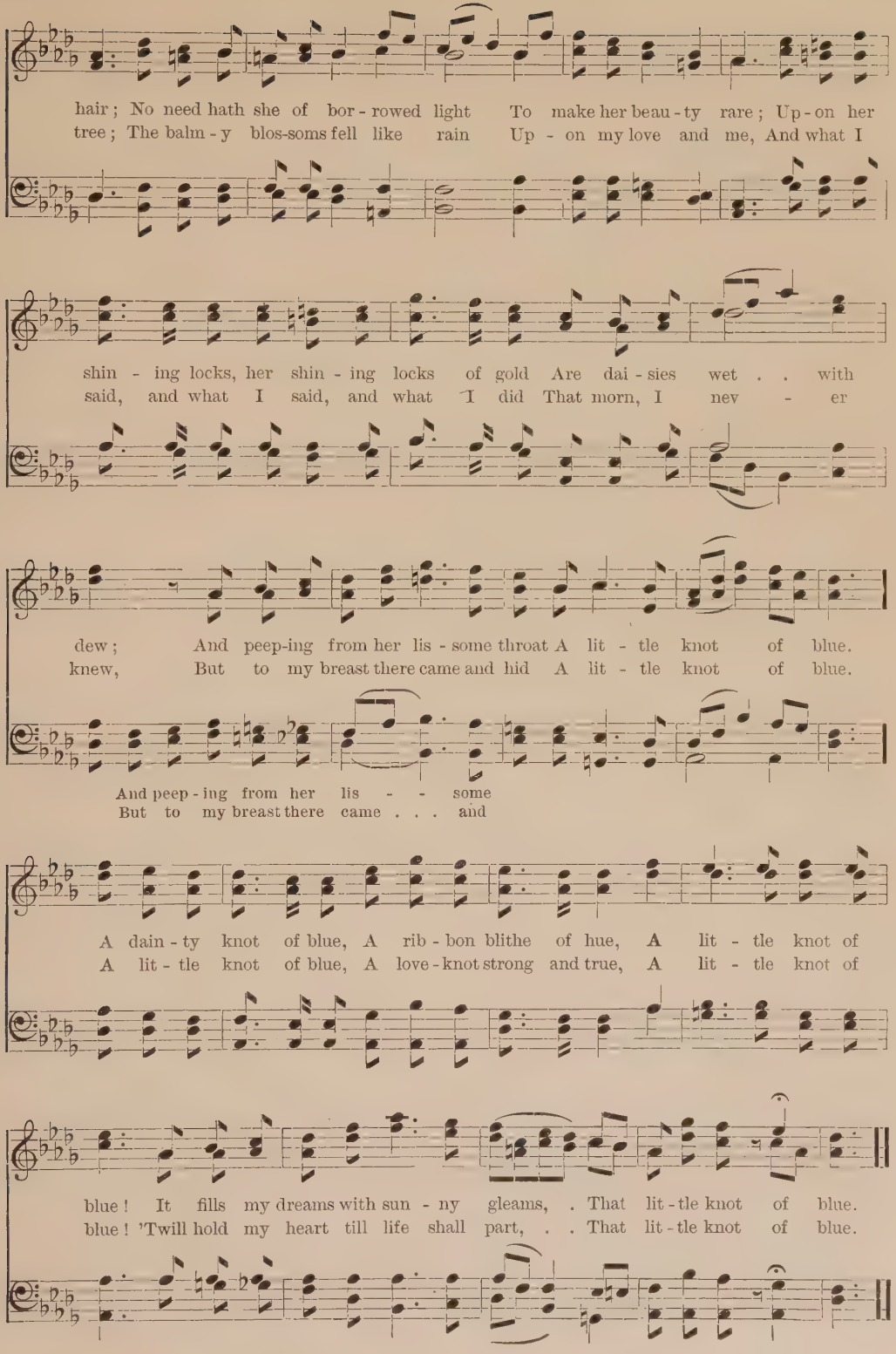
3 One little darkey had a fight,
He fit all day, etc.

LITTLE KNOT OF BLUE.

Words by Dr. SAMUEL MINTURN PECK. Music by THOS. G. SHEPARD.


Melody in 1ST TENOR.
1. She hath no gems of lus - tre bright To spar - kle in her
2. I met her down the shad - owed lane . . Be - neath the ap - ple -

Words by permission.


hair; No need hath she of bor - rowed light To make her beau - ty rare; Up - on her
tree; The balm - y blos-soms fell like rain Up - on my love and me, And what I
shin - ing locks, her shin - ing locks of gold Are dai - sies wet . . with
said, and what I said, and what I did That morn, I nev - er
dew; And peep-ing from her lis - some throat A lit - tle knot of blue.
knew, But to my breast there came and hid A lit - tle knot of blue.
And peep - ing from her lis - - some
But to my breast there came . . . and
A dain - ty knot of blue, A rib - bon blithe of hue, A lit - tle knot of
A lit - tle knot of blue, A love - knot strong and true, A lit - tle knot of
blue! It fills my dreams with sun - ny gleams, . That lit - tle knot of blue.
blue! 'Twill hold my heart till life shall part, . . That lit - tle knot of blue.

THE SCOTCHMAN.

Melody in 2ND TENOR.

1. Show me the Scotchman who does-n't love the this-tle, Show me the Eng-lish-man who
2. Show me the Scotchman who does-n't love the this-tle, Show me the Eng-lish-man who

does-n't love the rose, But show me the true-heart-ed son of old E-rin, Who
does-n't love the rose, But show me the true-heart-ed son of old Eli-hu, Who

(*spoken*)

(*striking the chest*)

does-n't love the spot— One, two three, where the sham-rock grows.
does-n't love the spot— One, two three, where the elm-tree grows.

PARADE OF REUNION CLASSES

SLEEP, MY LOVE.

TENOR SOLO.

Music by G. FRANK GOODALE, '89 S.

1. Sleep, my love, and peace at - tend thee, All through the night;
2. Though I roam a min - strel lone - ly, All through the night,
3. Hark! a sol - emn bell is ring - ing Clear through the night;
pp
(hum.)
cresc.
Guar - dian an - gels God will lend thee, All through the night. Soft the drow - sy
My true harp shall praise thee on - ly, All through the night. Love's young dream, a -
Thou, my love, art heav'n-ward wing - ing Home through the night. Earth - ly dust from
cresc.
hours are creep - ing, Hill and vale in slum - ber steep - ing;
las, is o - ver, Yet my strains of love shall hov - er
off thee shak - en, Soul im - mor - tal thou shalt wak - en,
f
dim.
ppp
Love a - lone his watch is keep - ing, All through the night.
Near the pres - ence of my lov - er, All through the night.
With thy last dim jour - ney tak - en Home through the night.
f
f
dim.
ppp

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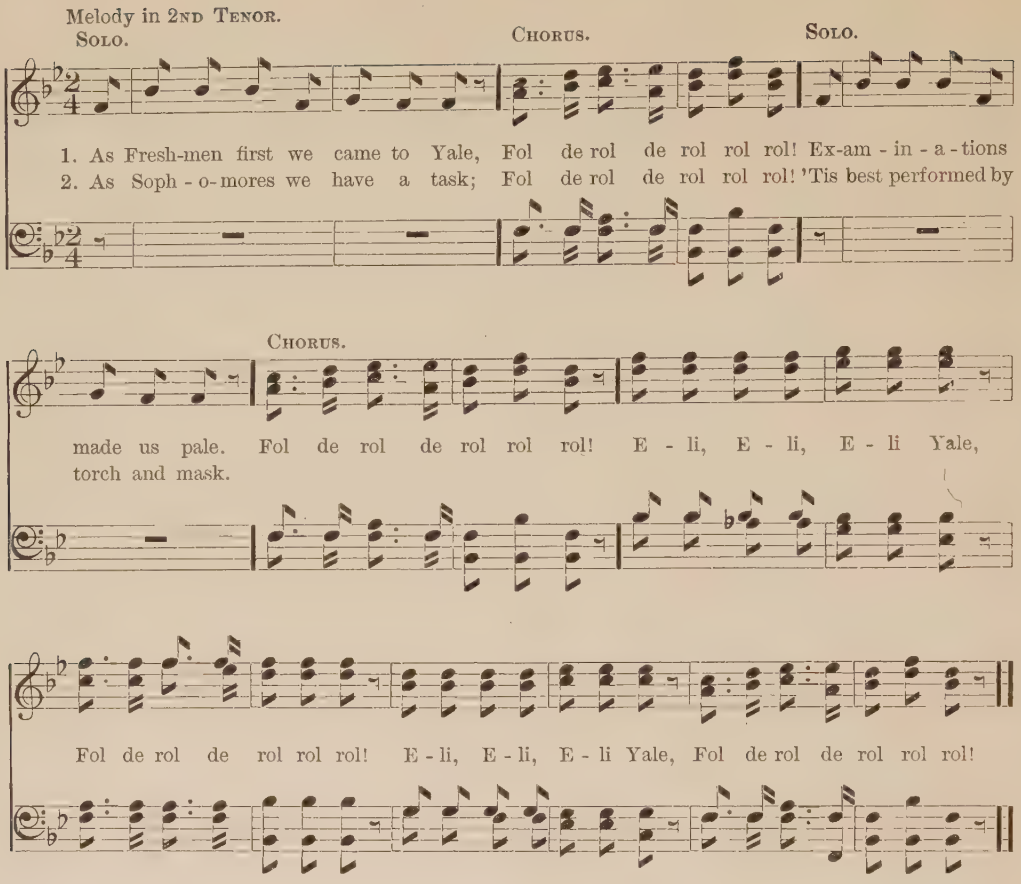
ELI YALE.


Melody in 2ND TENOR.
SOLO.
CHORUS.
SOLO.
1. As Fresh-men first we came to Yale, Fol de rol de rol rol rol! Ex-am - in - a - tions
2. As Soph - o - mores we have a task; Fol de rol de rol rol rol! 'Tis best performed by .
CHORUS.
made us pale. Fol de rol de rol rol rol! E - li, E - li, E - li Yale,
torch and mask.
Fol de rol de rol rol rol! E - li, E - li, E - li Yale, Fol de rol de rol rol rol!

3 In Junior year we take our ease,
We smoke our pipes and sing our glees. CHO.

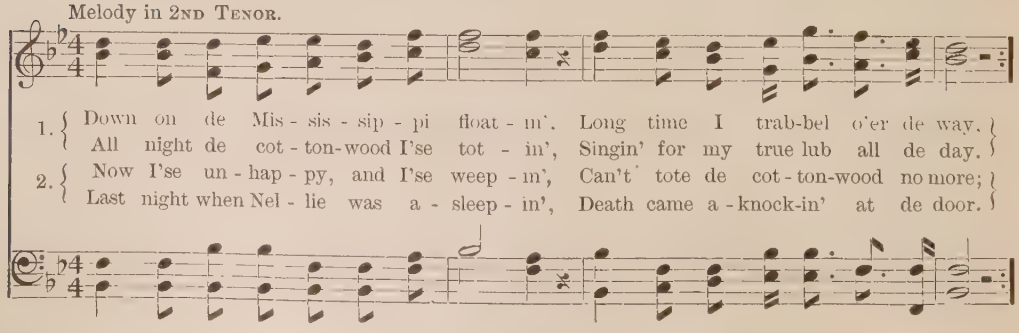
4 In Senior year we act our parts
In making love and winning hearts. CHO.

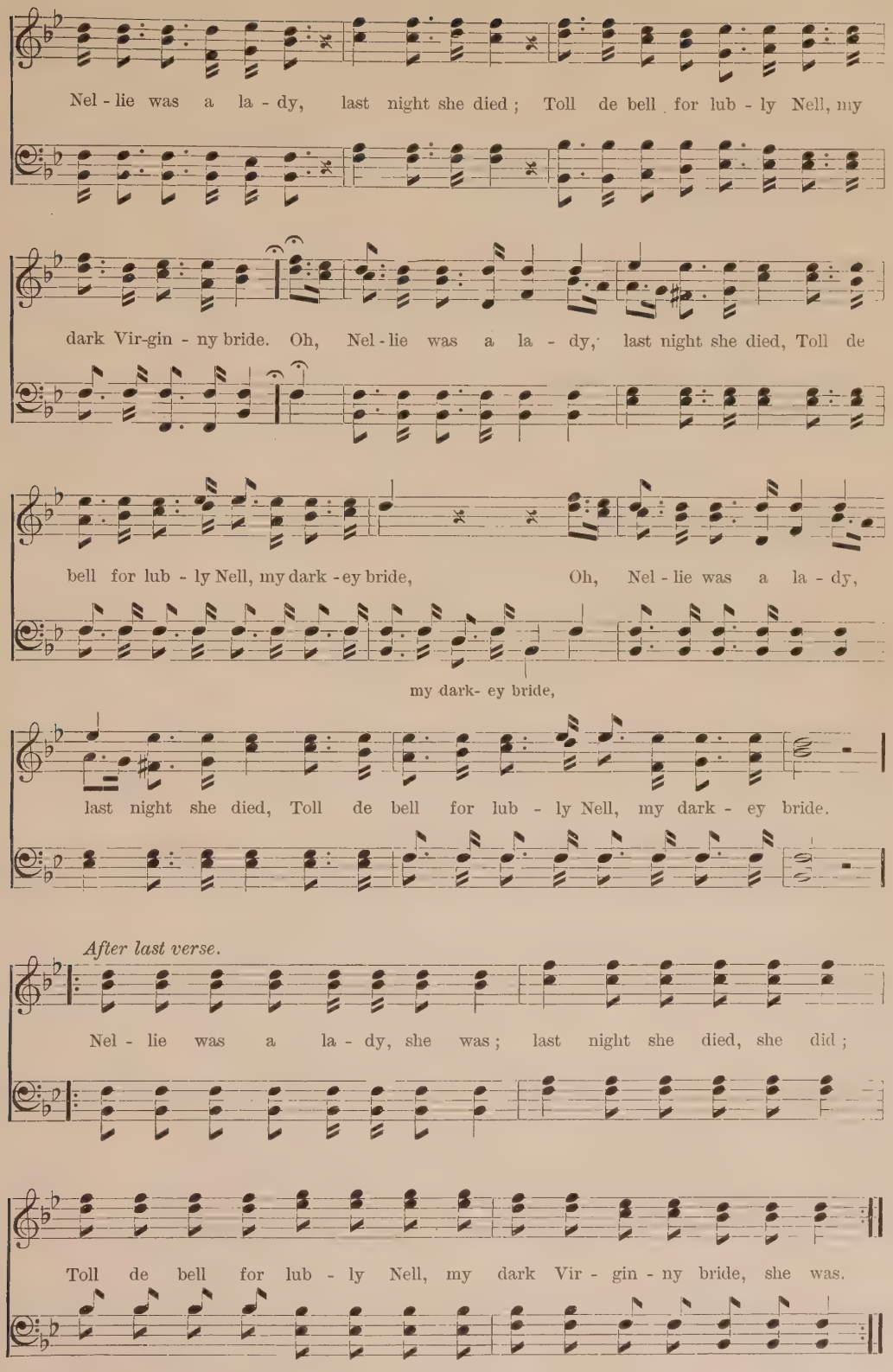
5 And then into the world we come,
We've made good friends, and studied—some.
Adagio. CHO.

6 The saddest tale we have to tell,
Is when we bid old Yale farewell. CHO.

(In honor of Elihu, or "Eli", Yale, the patron of Yale college.)

NELLY WAS A LADY.


Melody in 2ND TENOR.
1. Down on de Mis - sis - sip - pi float - in', Long time I trab-bel o'er de way.
All night de cot - ton-wood I'se tot - in', Singin' for my true lub all de day.
2. Now I'se un - hap - py, and I'se weep - in', Can't tote de cot - ton-wood no more;
Last night when Nel - lie was a - sleep - in', Death came a - knock-in' at de door.


Nel - lie was a la - dy, last night she died ; Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, my
dark Vir-gin - ny bride. Oh, Nel - lie was a la - dy, last night she died, Toll de
bell for lub - ly Nell, my dark - ey bride, Oh, Nel - lie was a la - dy,
my dark- ey bride,
last night she died, Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, my dark - ey bride.
After last verse.
Nel - lie was a la - dy, she was ; last night she died, she did ;
Toll de bell for lub - ly Nell, my dark Vir - gin - ny bride, she was.

GAUDEAMUS.

Melody in 1st Tenor.
Chorus.
1. Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;
Quartet.
Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;
Chorus.
Post ju - cun - dam ju - ven - tu - tem, Post mo - les - tam se - nec - tu - tem,
Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus, Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus.

2 Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos,
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

3 Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

4 Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quælibet,
Semper sint in flore.

5 Vivant omnes virgines,
Faciles, formosæ,
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ amabiles,
Bonæ laboriosæ.

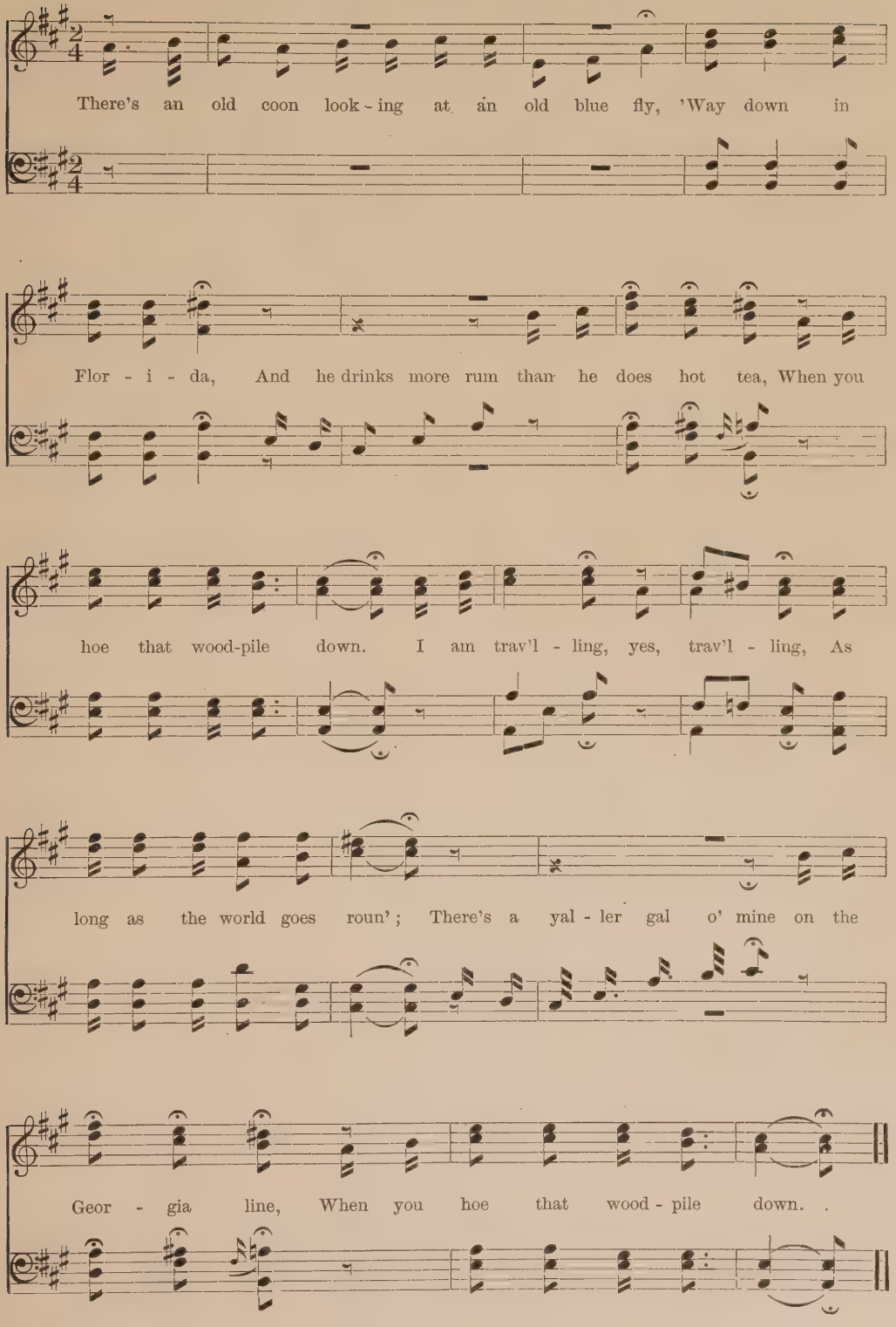
6 Vivat et republica,
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

7 Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores.

8 Quis confluxus hodie
Academicorum?
E longinquo convenerunt,
Protinusque successerunt
In commune forum.

9 Alma Mater floreat,
Quæ nos educavit,
Caros et commilitones,
Dissitas in regiones
Sparsos congregavit.

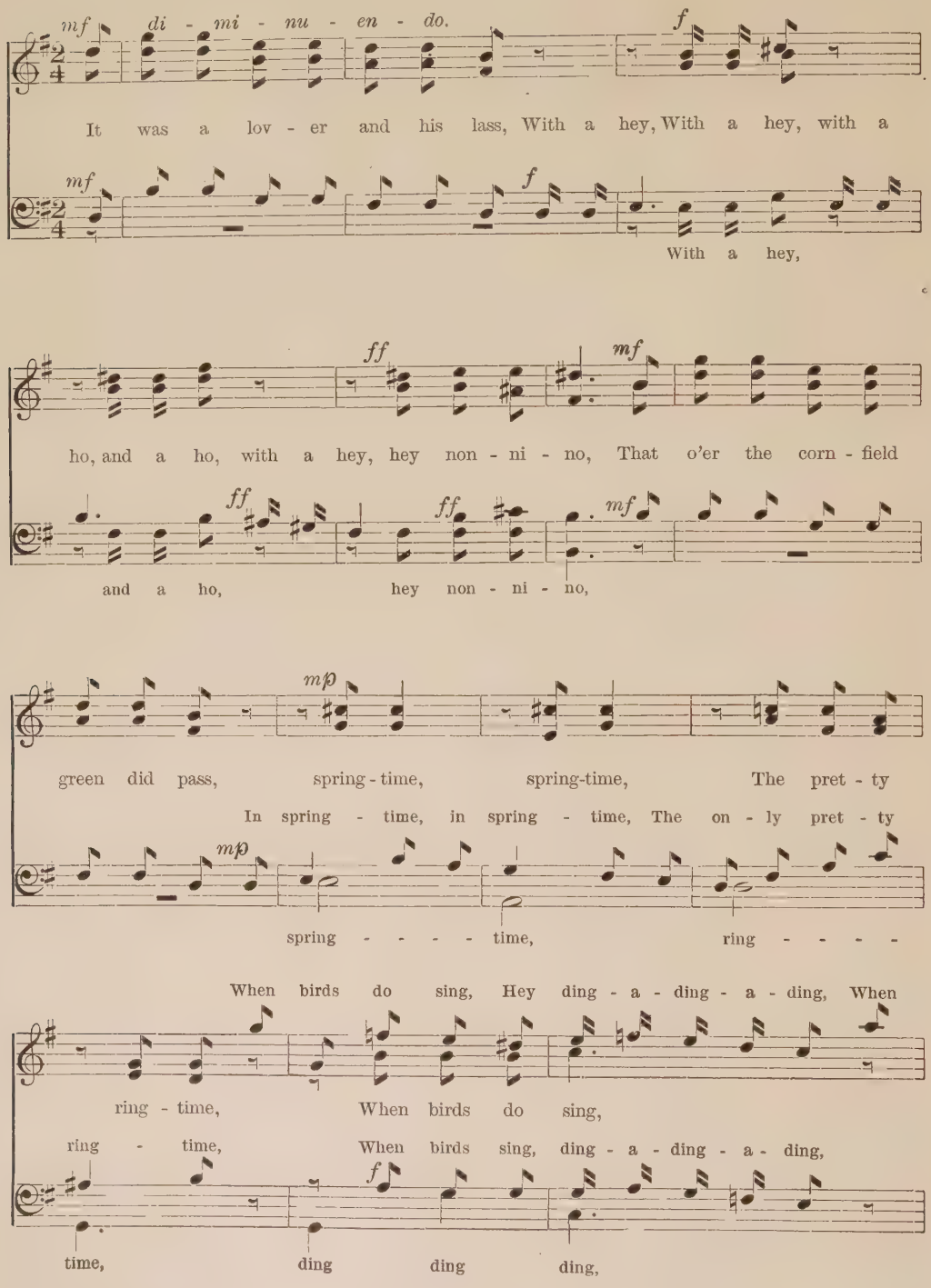
'WAY DOWN IN FLORIDA.


There's an old coon look-ing at an old blue fly, 'Way down in
Flor - i - da, And he drinks more rum than he does hot tea, When you
hoe that wood-pile down. I am trav'l - ling, yes, trav'l - ling, As
long as the world goes roun'; There's a yal - ler gal o' mine on the
Geor - gia line, When you hoe that wood - pile down.

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS.

SHAKESPEARE, "As You Like It": V, iii.

Music by G. FRANK GOODALE, '89 S.


mf
di - mi - nu - en - do.
f
It was a lov - er and his lass, With a hey, With a hey, with a
mf
f
With a hey,
ff
mf
ho, and a ho, with a hey, hey non - ni - no, That o'er the corn - field
ff
ff
mf
and a ho, hey non - ni - no,
mp
green did pass, spring - time, spring-time, The pret - ty
In spring - time, in spring - time, The on - ly pret - ty
mp
spring - - - - time, ring - - - -
When birds do sing, Hey ding - a - ding - a - ding, When
ring - time, When birds do sing,
ring - time, When birds sing, ding - a - ding - a - ding,
f
time, ding ding ding,

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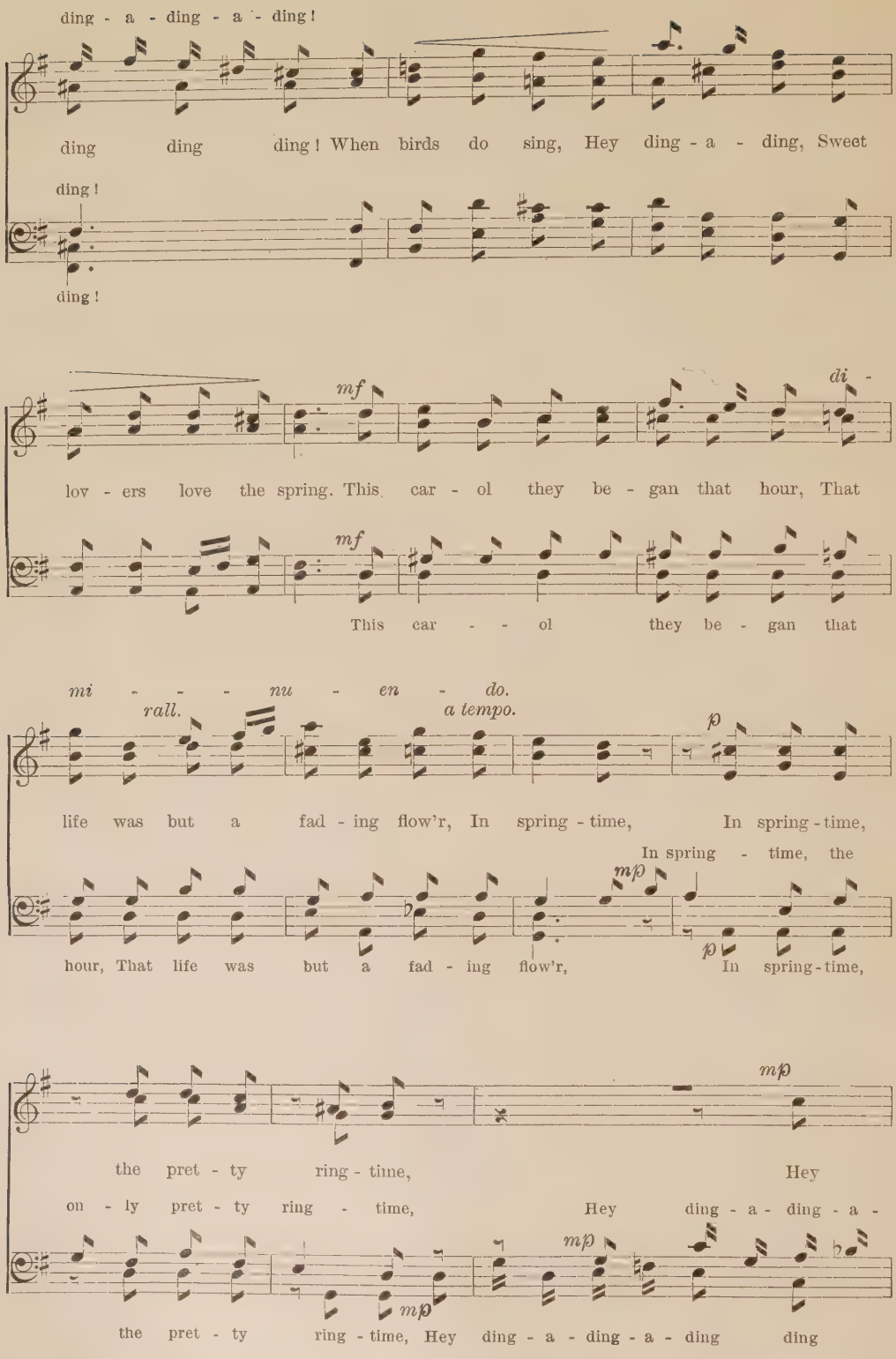
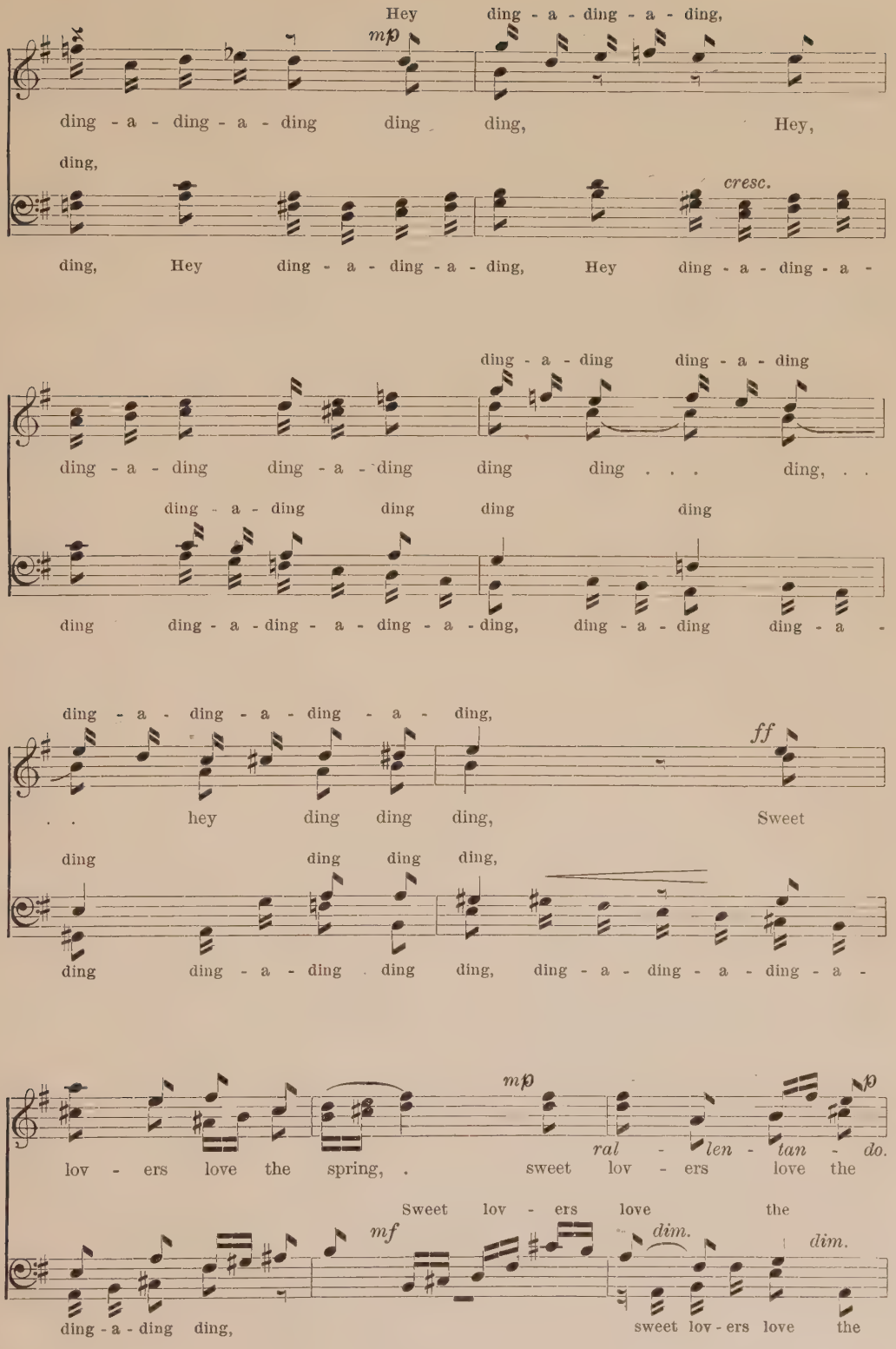
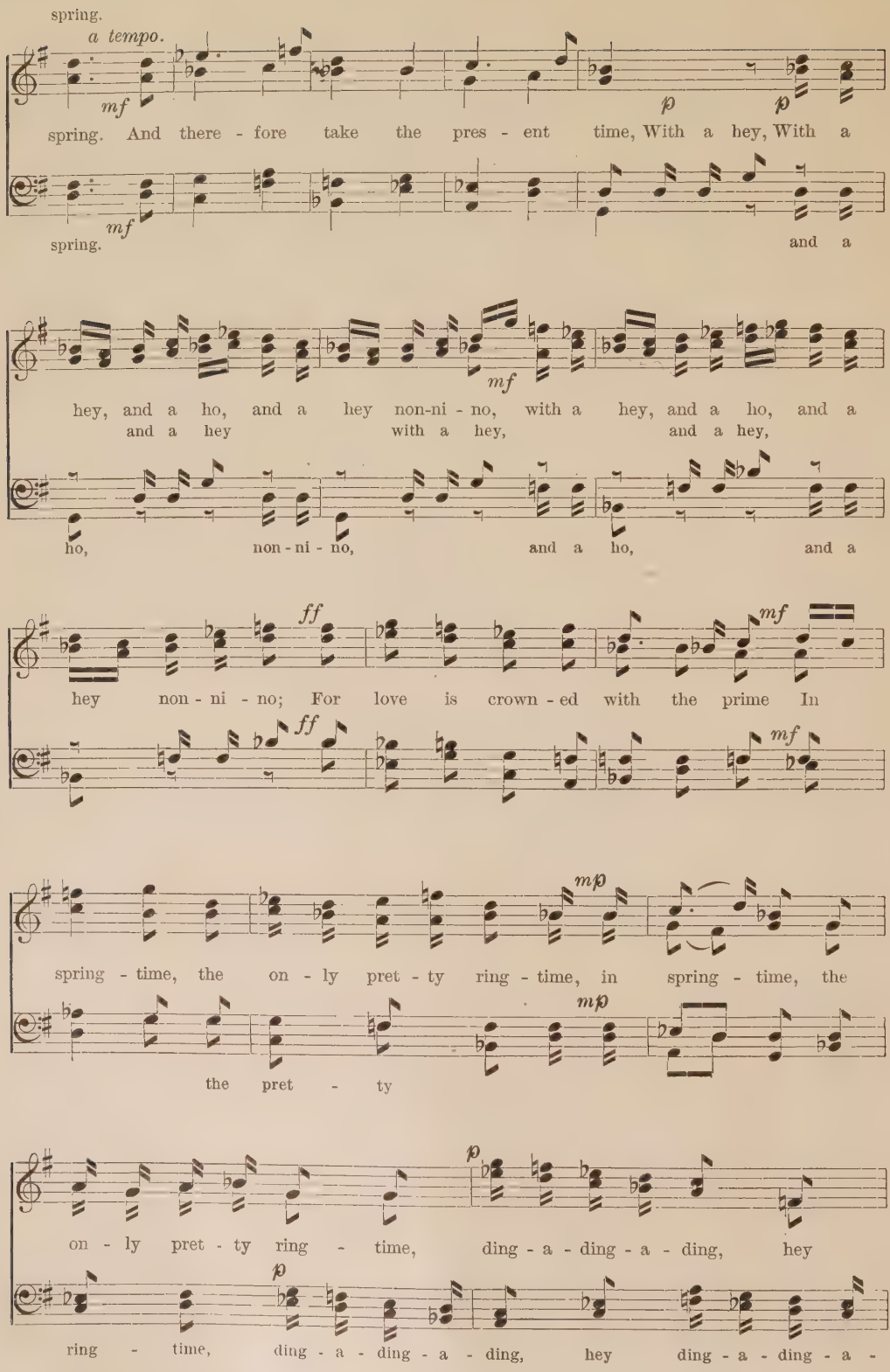
birds do sing, Hey ding - a - ding - a - ding,
mp
hey ding - a - ding, When birds do sing, Hey
When birds sing ding - a - ding - a - ding,
ff
mp
ding ding ding, birds sing
mf
ding - a - ding, Sweet lov - ers love the spring. This car - ol they be -
mf
di - - mi - - nu - - en -
gan that hour, For life is but a fad - ing flow'r, is but a
- do.
p
fad - ing flow'r, in spring, in spring, birds sing,
In spring - time, in spring - time, the on - ly pret - ty
mp
p
flow'r,
birds sing, Hey ding - a - ding - a - ding, birds sing, Hey
mp
ding ding, When birds do sing, ding ding ding, Hey
ring - time, When birds do . . sing, Hey ding - a -
ding ding ding


ding - a - ding - a - ding!
ding ding ding! When birds do sing, Hey ding - a - ding, Sweet
ding!
ding!
mf
di -
lov - ers love the spring. This car - ol they be - gan that hour, That
mf
This car - - ol they be - gan that
mi - - - nu - en - do.
rall.
a tempo.
p
life was but a fad - ing flow'r, In spring - time, In spring - time,
In spring - time, the
mp
p
hour, That life was but a fad - ing flow'r, In spring - time,
mp
the pret - ty ring - time, Hey
on - ly pret - ty ring - time, Hey ding - a - ding - a -
mp
mp
the pret - ty ring - time, Hey ding - a - ding - a - ding ding


Hey ding - a - ding - a - ding,
mp
ding - a - ding - a - ding ding ding, Hey,
ding,
cresc.
ding, Hey ding - a - ding - a - ding, Hey ding - a - ding - a -
ding - a - ding ding - a - ding
ding - a - ding ding - a - ding ding ding . . . ding, . .
ding - a - ding ding ding ding
ding ding - a - ding - a - ding - a - ding, ding - a - ding ding - a -
ding - a - ding - a - ding - a - ding,
ff
. . hey ding ding ding, Sweet
ding ding ding ding,
ding ding - a - ding ding ding, ding - a - ding - a - ding - a -
mp
mp
ral - len - tan - do.
lov - ers love the spring, . sweet lov - ers love the
Sweet lov - ers love the
mf
dim.
dim.
ding - a - ding ding, sweet lov - ers love the


spring.
a tempo.
mf
p
p
spring. And there - fore take the pres - ent time, With a hey, With a
spring.
mf
and a
mf
hey, and a ho, and a hey non-ni - no, with a hey, and a ho, and a
and a hey with a hey, and a hey,
ho, non - ni - no, and a ho, and a
ff
mf
hey non - ni - no; For love is crown - ed with the prime In
ff
mf
mp
spring - time, the on - ly pret - ty ring - time, in spring - time, the
mp
the pret - ty
p
on - ly pret - ty ring - time, ding - a - ding - a - ding, hey
p
ring - time, ding - a - ding - a - ding, hey ding - a - ding - a -

ding - a - ding - a - ding, hey ding - a - ding - a - ding ding

ding, hey ding - a - ding - a ding - a - ding - a - ding ding

f

ding! Sweet lov - ers love the

ding! ding - a - ding - a - ding - a - ding - a - ding ding!

spring. . . . . *a tempo.*

rall. *dim.* *dim.*

spring, sweet lov - ers love the spring, ding - a - ding ding - a - ding!

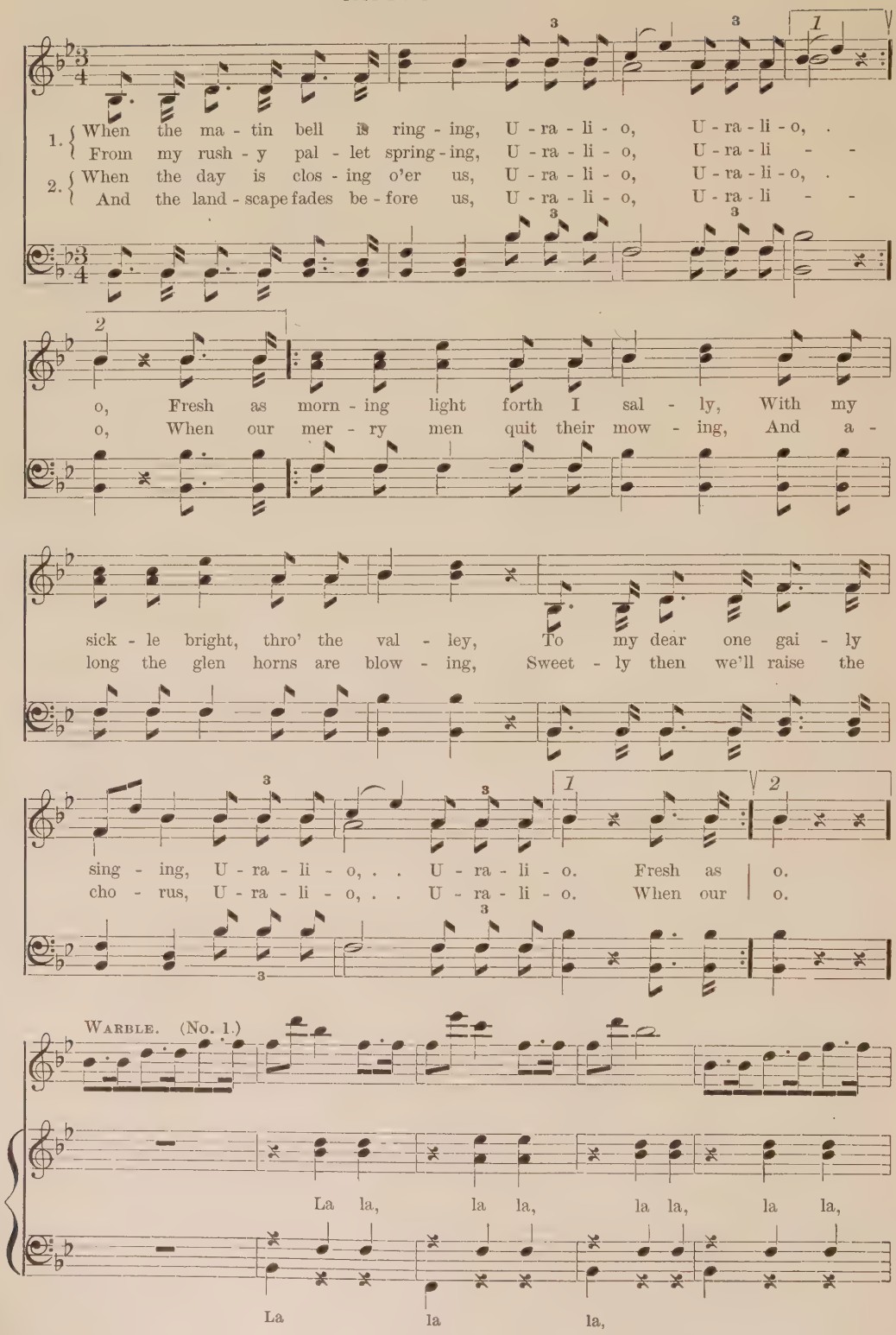
spring, ... they love the spring, ding - a - ding ding - a - ding!

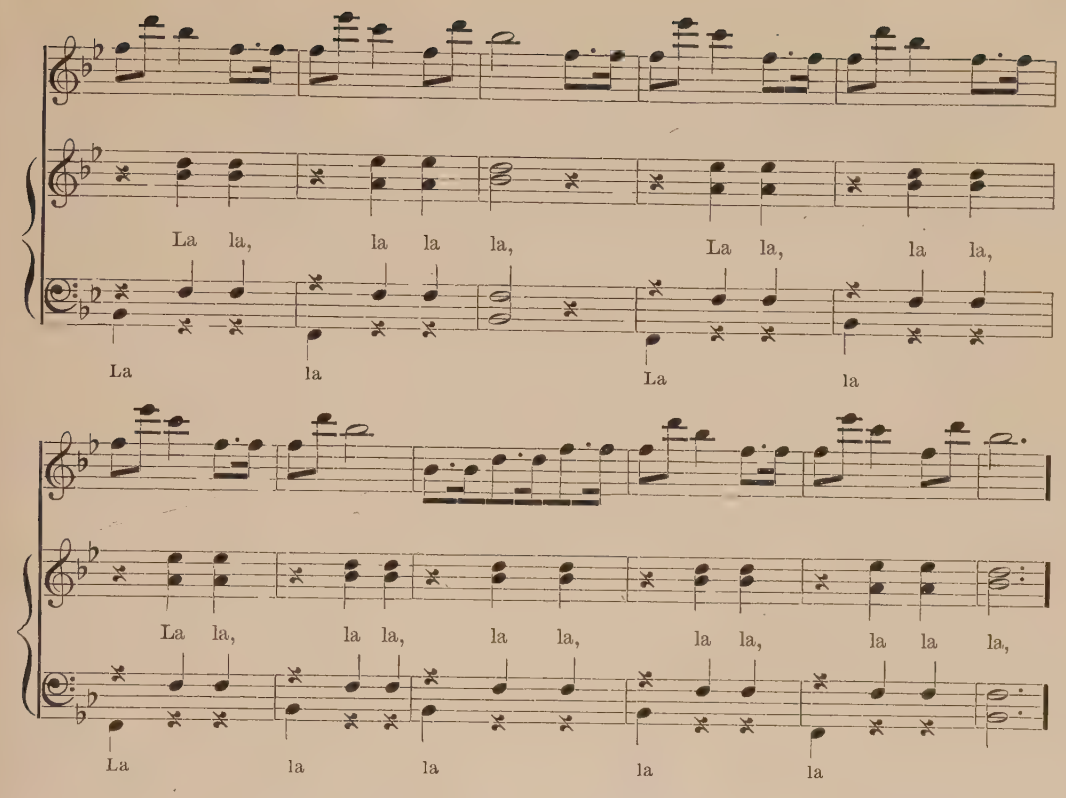
a tempo. *dim.*

Sweet lov - ers, sweet lov - ers love the spring. . . . . .

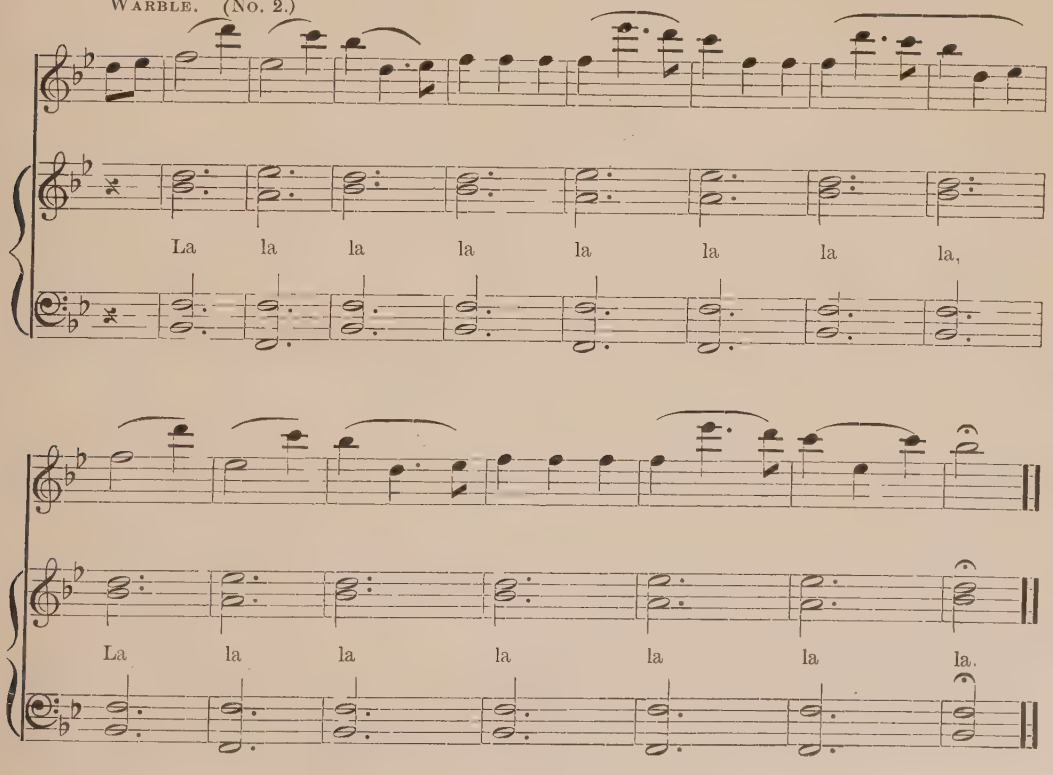
PROCESSION TO GAME

MATIN BELL.


1. When the ma - tin bell is ring - ing, U - ra - li - o, U - ra - li - o,
From my rush - y pal - let spring - ing, U - ra - li - o, U - ra - li - -
2. When the day is clos - ing o'er us, U - ra - li - o, U - ra - li - o,
And the land - scape fades be - fore us, U - ra - li - o, U - ra - li - -
o, Fresh as morn - ing light forth I sal - ly, With my
o, When our mer - ry men quit their mow - ing, And a -
sick - le bright, thro' the val - ley, To my dear one gai - ly
long the glen horns are blow - ing, Sweet - ly then we'll raise the
sing - ing, U - ra - li - o, . . U - ra - li - o. Fresh as o.
cho - rus, U - ra - li - o, . . U - ra - li - o. When our o.
WARBLE. (No. 1.)
La la, la la, la la, la la,
La la la,


La la, la la la, La la, la la,
La la La la
La la, la la, la la, la la, la la la,
La la la la la

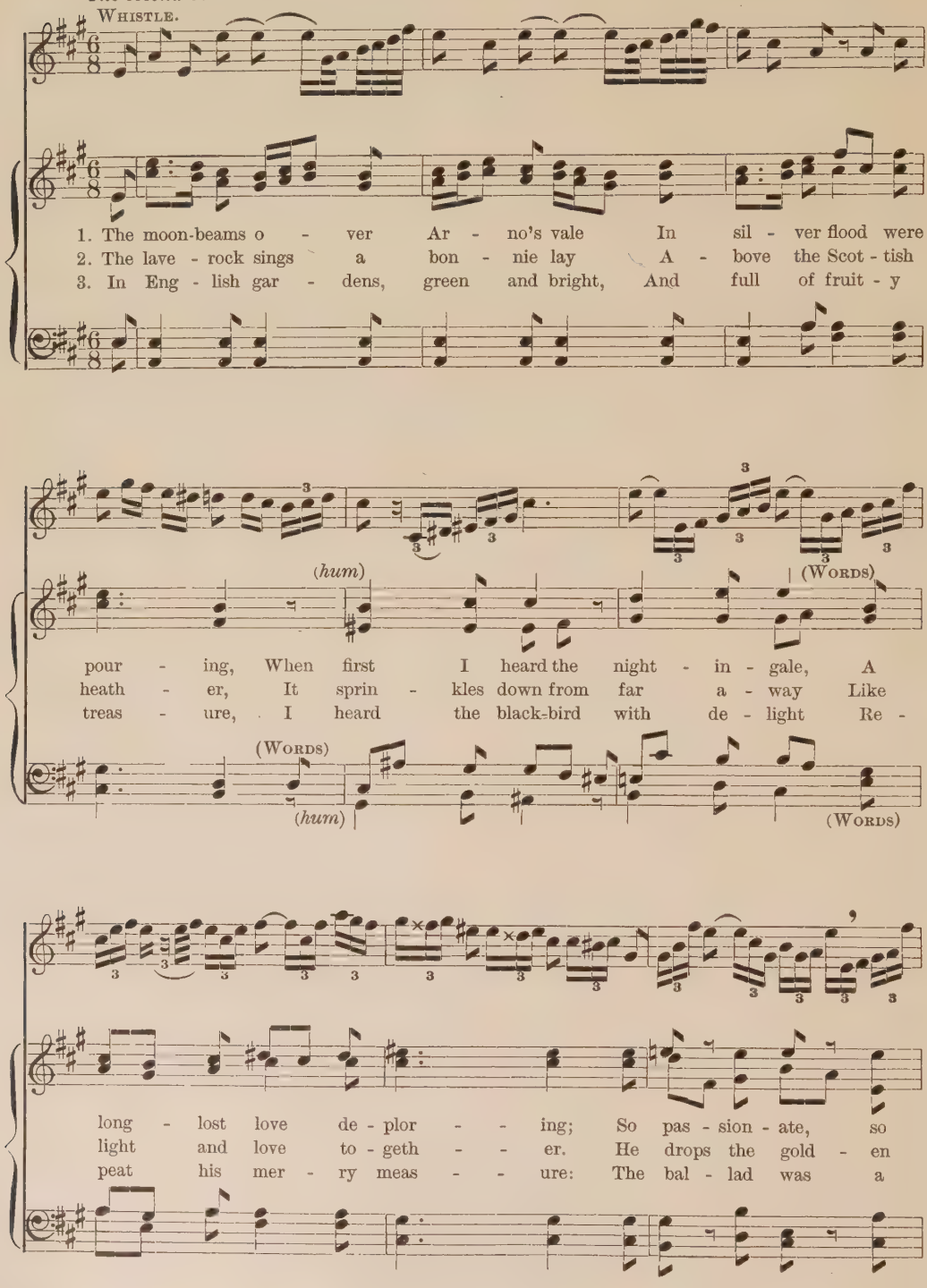
WARBLE. (No. 2.)


La la la la la la la la,
La la la la la la la.

THE VEERY.

The whistle is done with the 1st and 3rd verses.
The second verse without the whistle.

Music by G. Frank Goodale.


Whistle.
1. The moon-beams o - ver Ar - no's vale In sil - ver flood were
2. The lave - rock sings a bon - nie lay A - bove the Scot - tish
3. In Eng - lish gar - dens, green and bright, And full of fruit - y
(hum)
(Words)
pour - ing, When first I heard the night - in - gale, A
heath - er, It sprin - kles down from far a - way Like
treas - ure, I heard the black-bird with de - light Re -
(Words)
(hum)
(Words)
long - lost love de - plor - - ing; So pas - sion - ate, so
light and love to - geth - - er. He drops the gold - en
peat his mer - ry meas - - ure: The bal - lad was a

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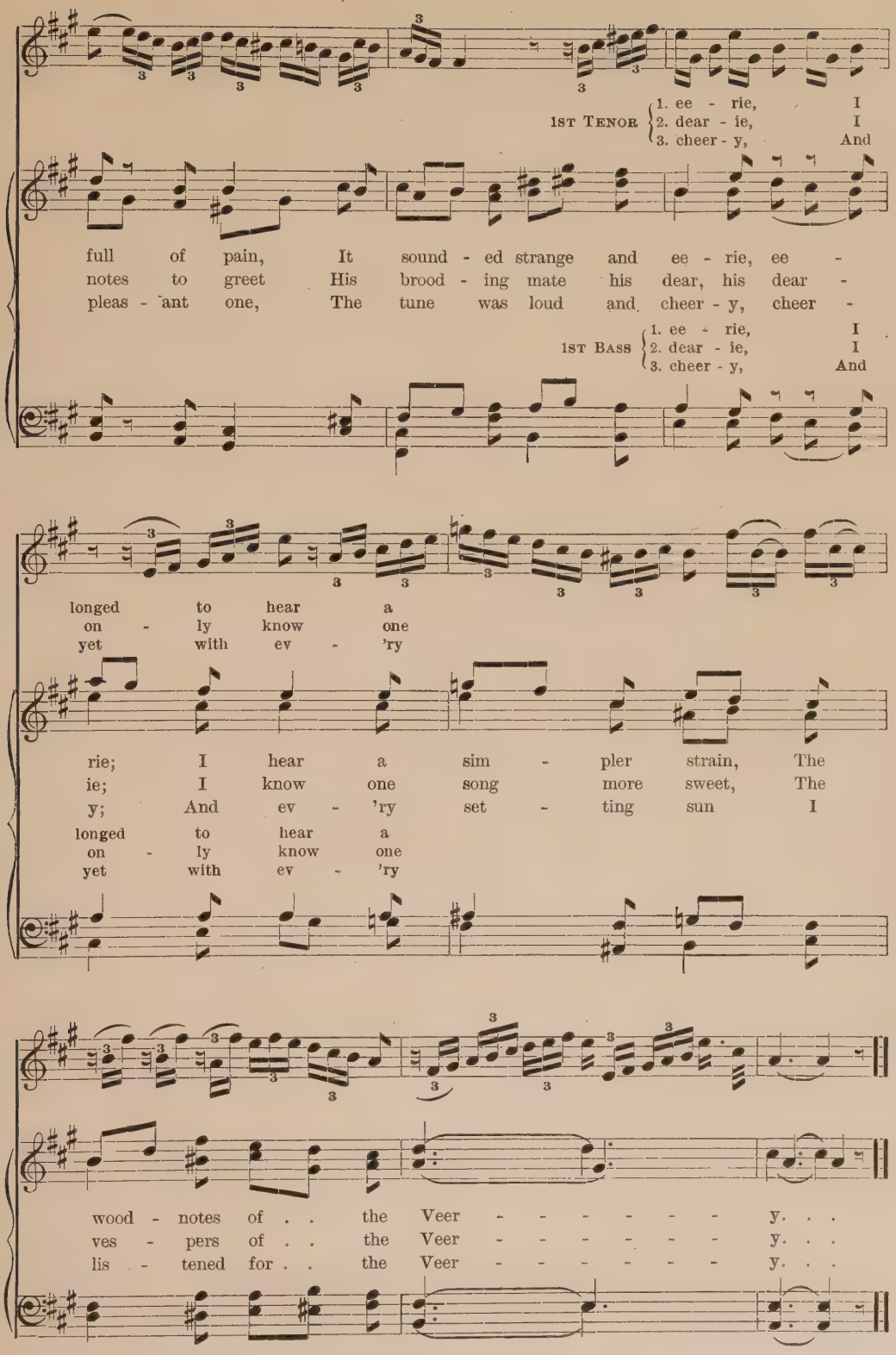
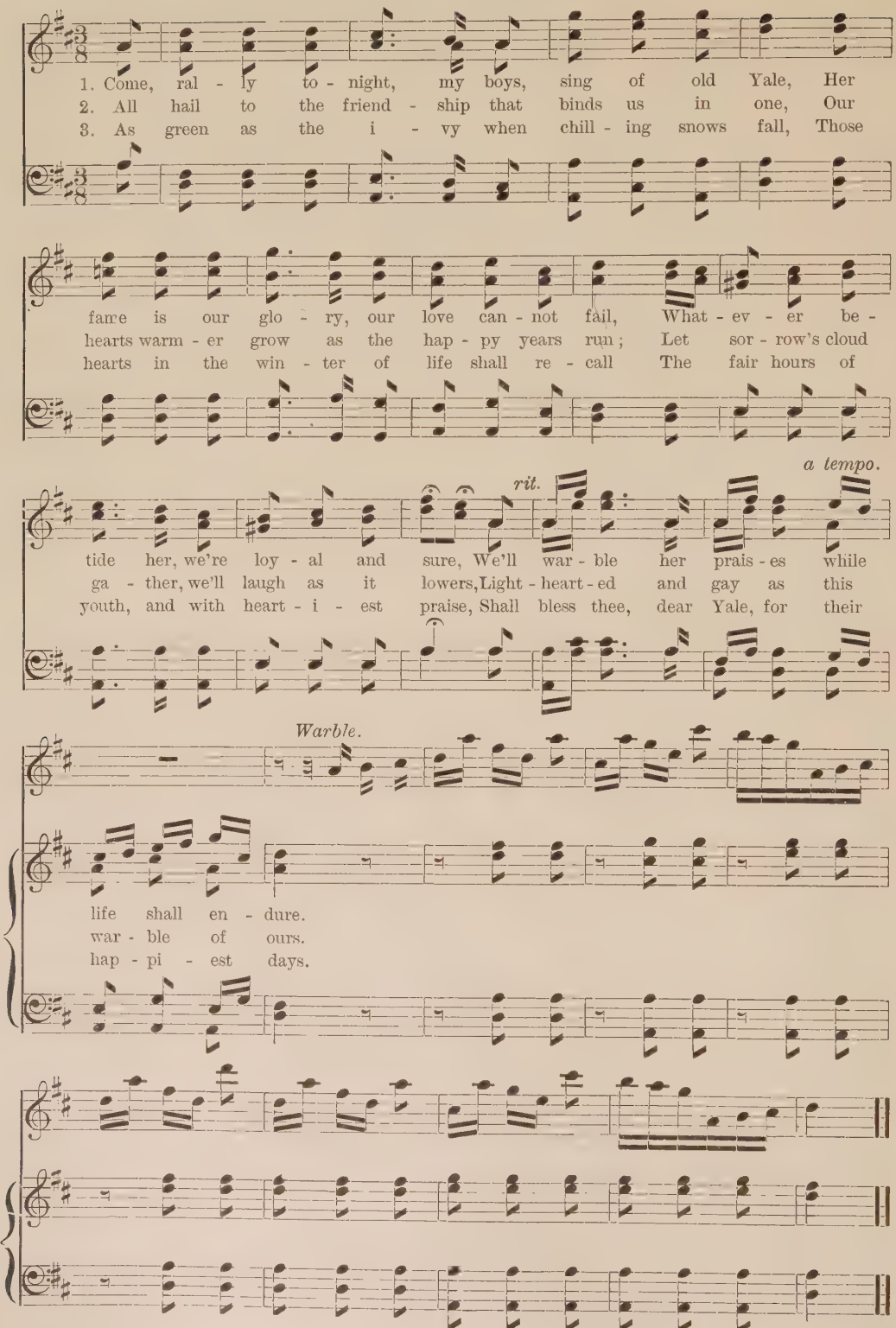
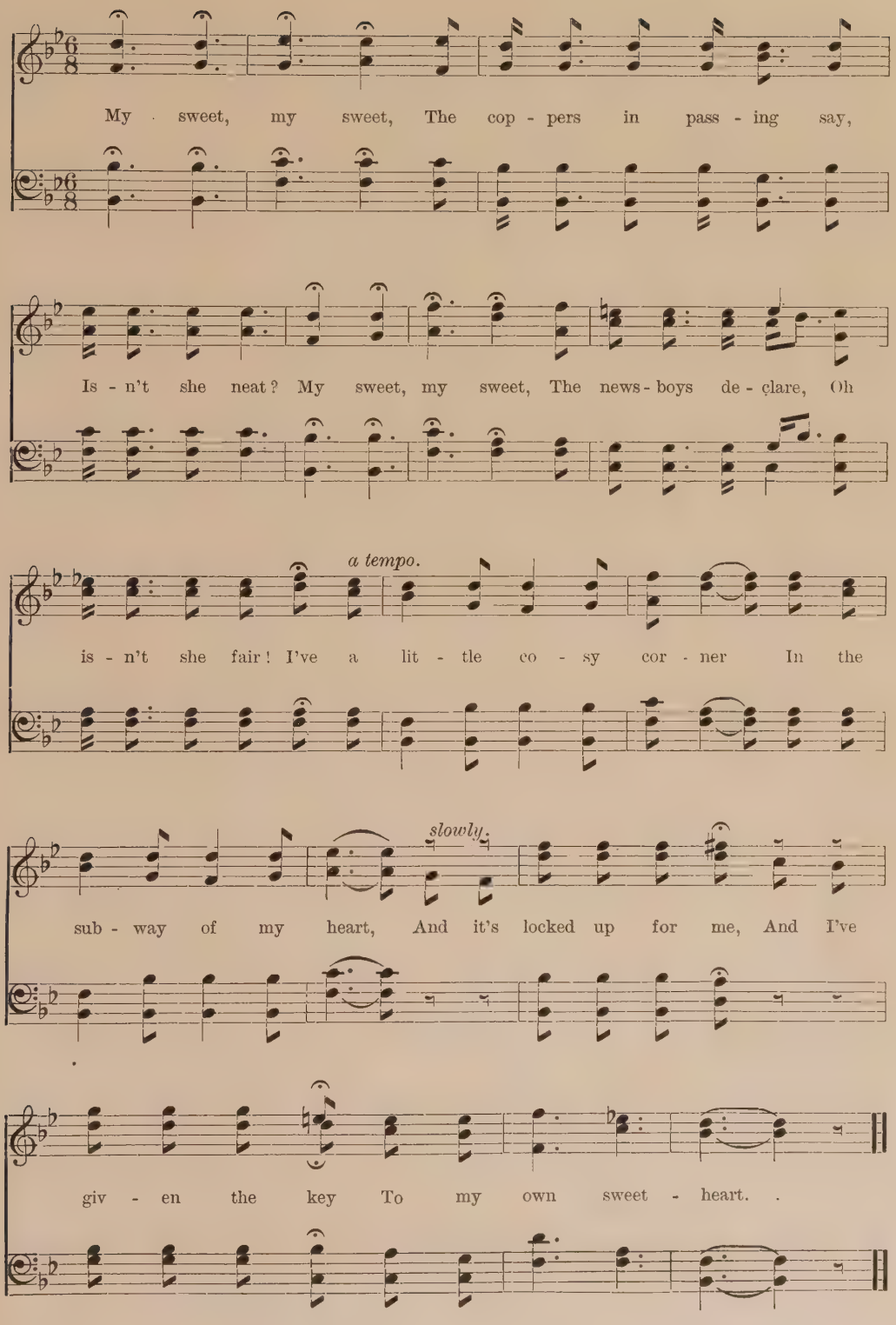

1st Tenor
1. ee - rie, I
2. dear - ie, I
3. cheer - y, And
full of pain, It sound - ed strange and ee - rie, ee -
notes to greet His brood - ing mate his dear, his dear -
pleas - ant one, The tune was loud and cheer - y, cheer -
1st Bass
1. ee - rie, I
2. dear - ie, I
3. cheer - y, And
longed to hear a
on - ly know one
yet with ev - 'ry
rie; I hear a sim - pler strain, The
ie; I know one song more sweet, The
y; And ev - 'ry set - ting sun I
longed to hear a
on - ly know one
yet with ev - 'ry
wood - notes of . . the Veer - - - - - - y. . .
ves - pers of . . the Veer - - - - - - y. . .
lis - tened for . . the Veer - - - - - - y. . .

COME, RALLY TO-NIGHT.


1. Come, ral - ly to - night, my boys, sing of old Yale, Her
2. All hail to the friend - ship that binds us in one, Our
3. As green as the i - vy when chill - ing snows fall, Those
fame is our glo - ry, our love can - not fail, What - ev - er be -
hearts warm - er grow as the hap - py years run; Let sor - row's cloud
hearts in the win - ter of life shall re - call The fair hours of
rit.
a tempo.
tide her, we're loy - al and sure, We'll war - ble her prais - es while
ga - ther, we'll laugh as it lowers, Light - heart - ed and gay as this
youth, and with heart - i - est praise, Shall bless thee, dear Yale, for their
Warble.
life shall en - dure.
war - ble of ours.
hap - pi - est days.

OSBORNE HALL AND COLLEGE STREET

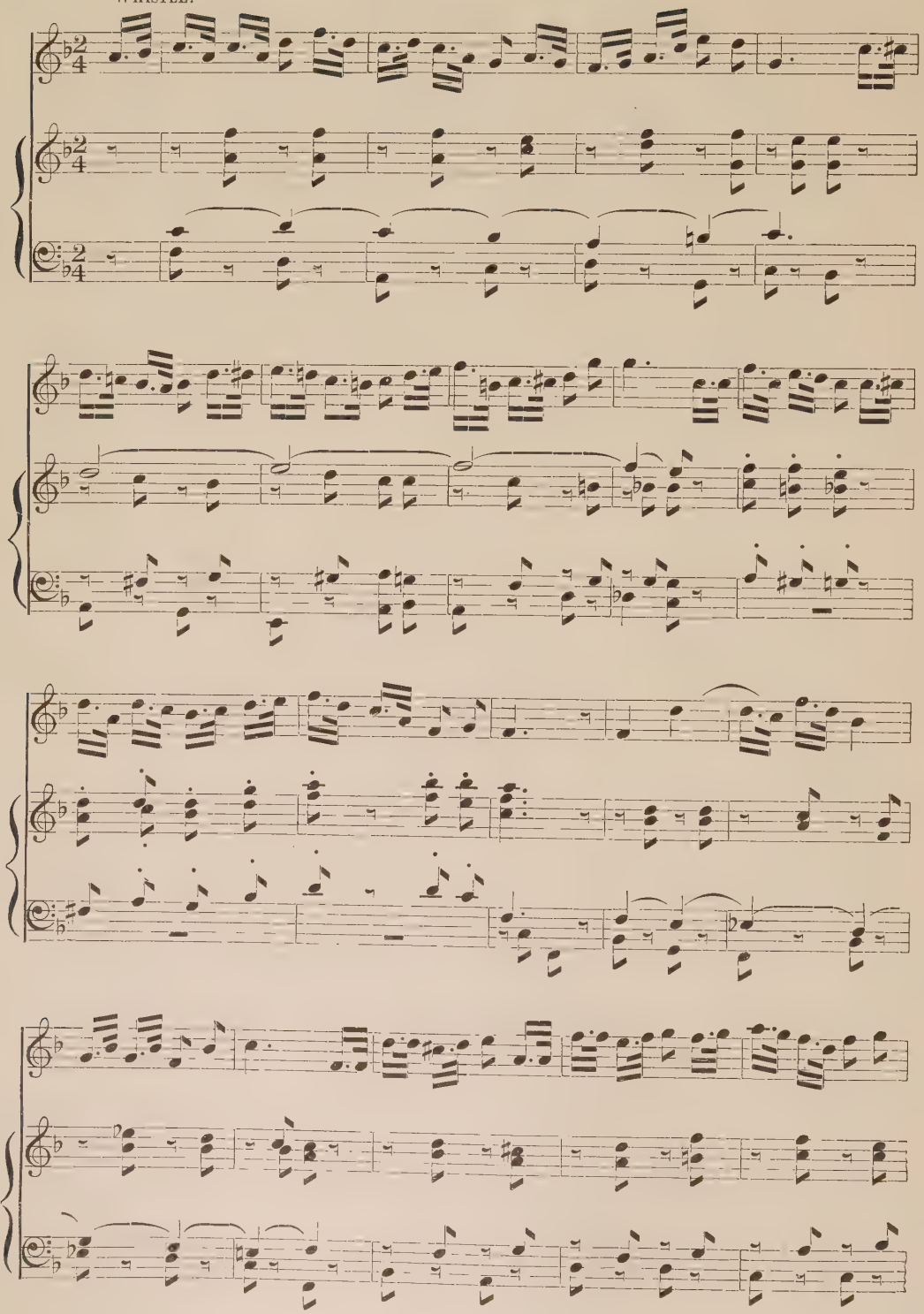
MY SWEET.

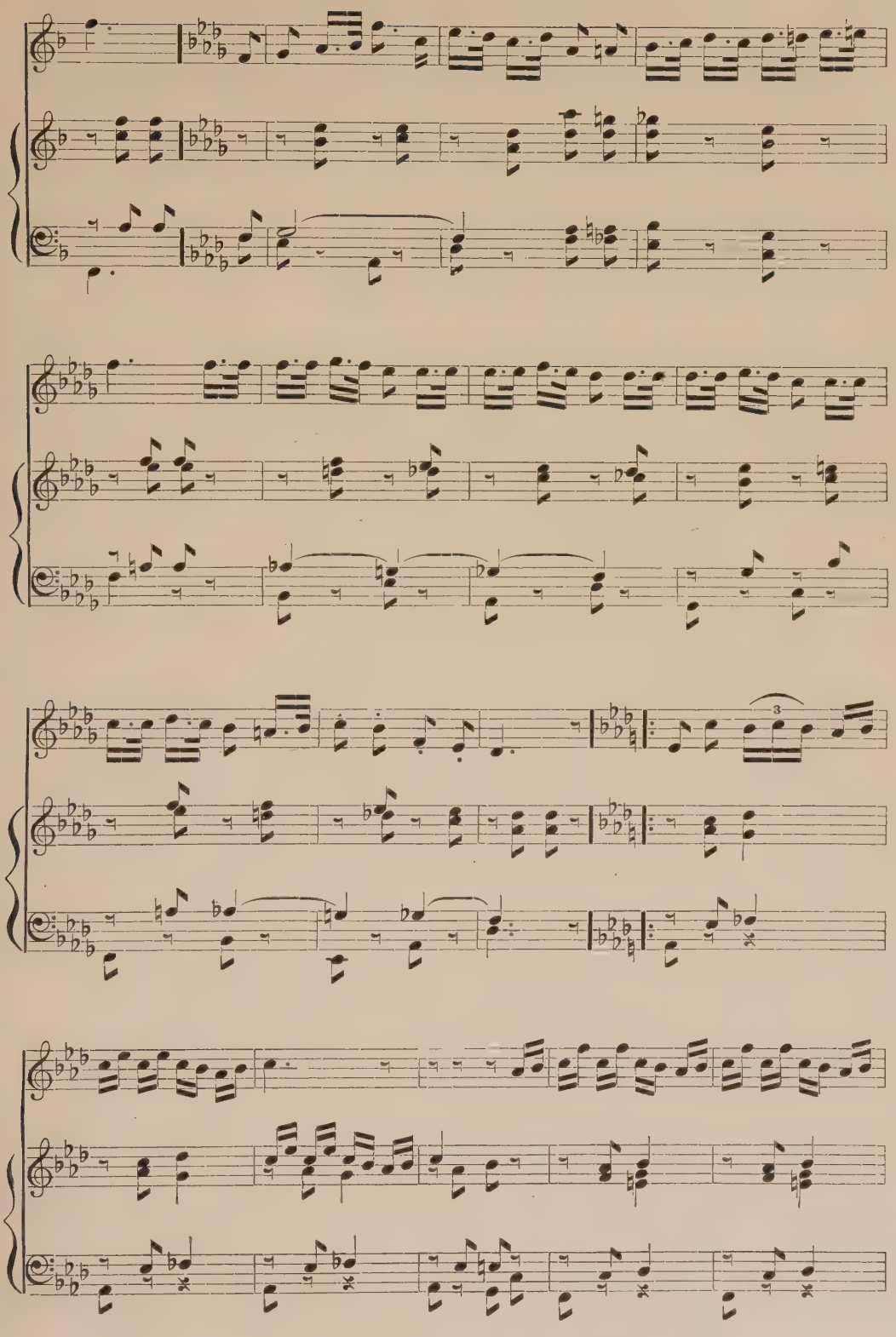

My sweet, my sweet, The cop - pers in pass - ing say,
Is - n't she neat? My sweet, my sweet, The news - boys de - clare, Oh
a tempo.
is - n't she fair! I've a lit - tle co - sy cor - ner In the
slowly.
sub - way of my heart, And it's locked up for me, And I've
giv - en the key To my own sweet - heart.

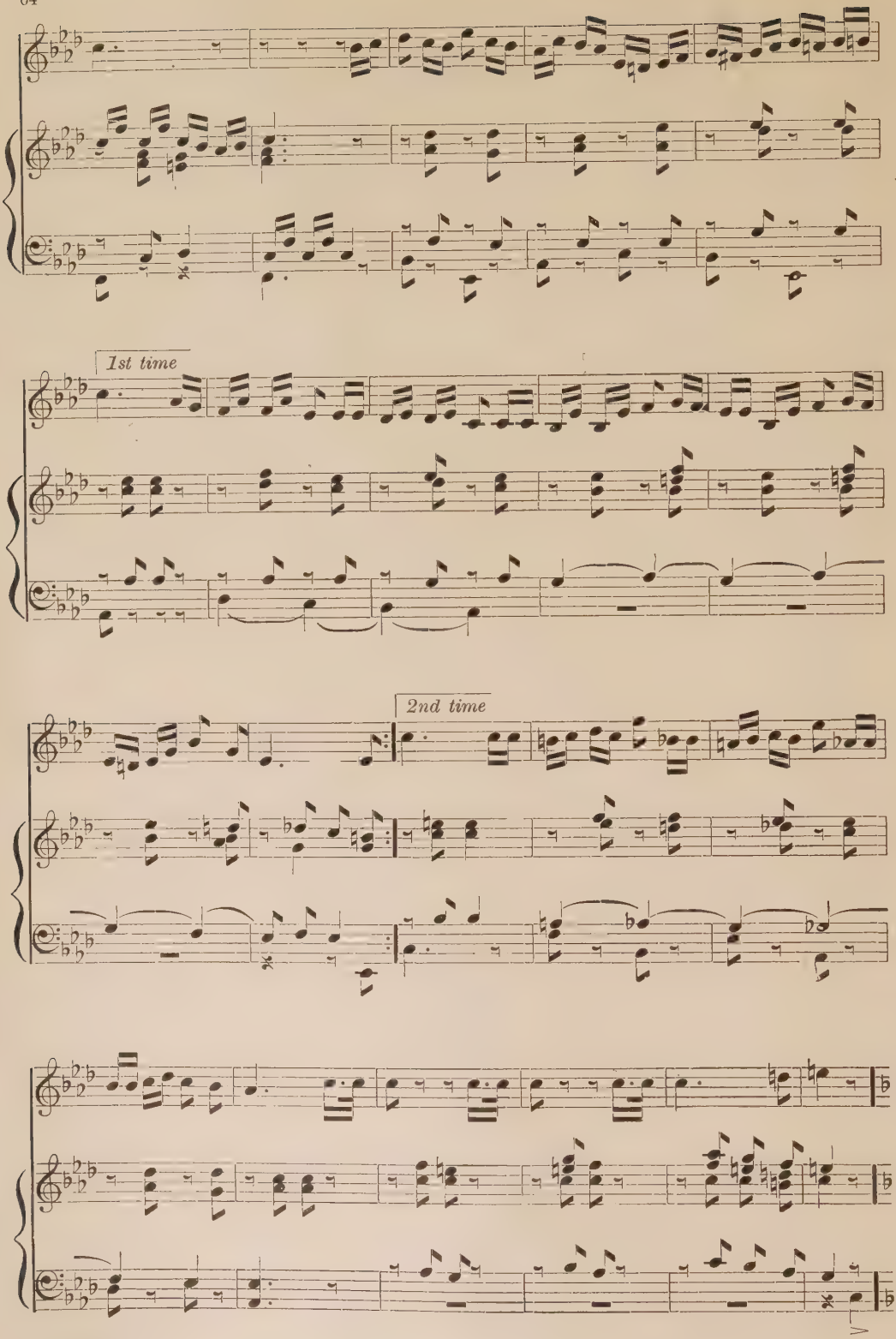
JOLLITY.

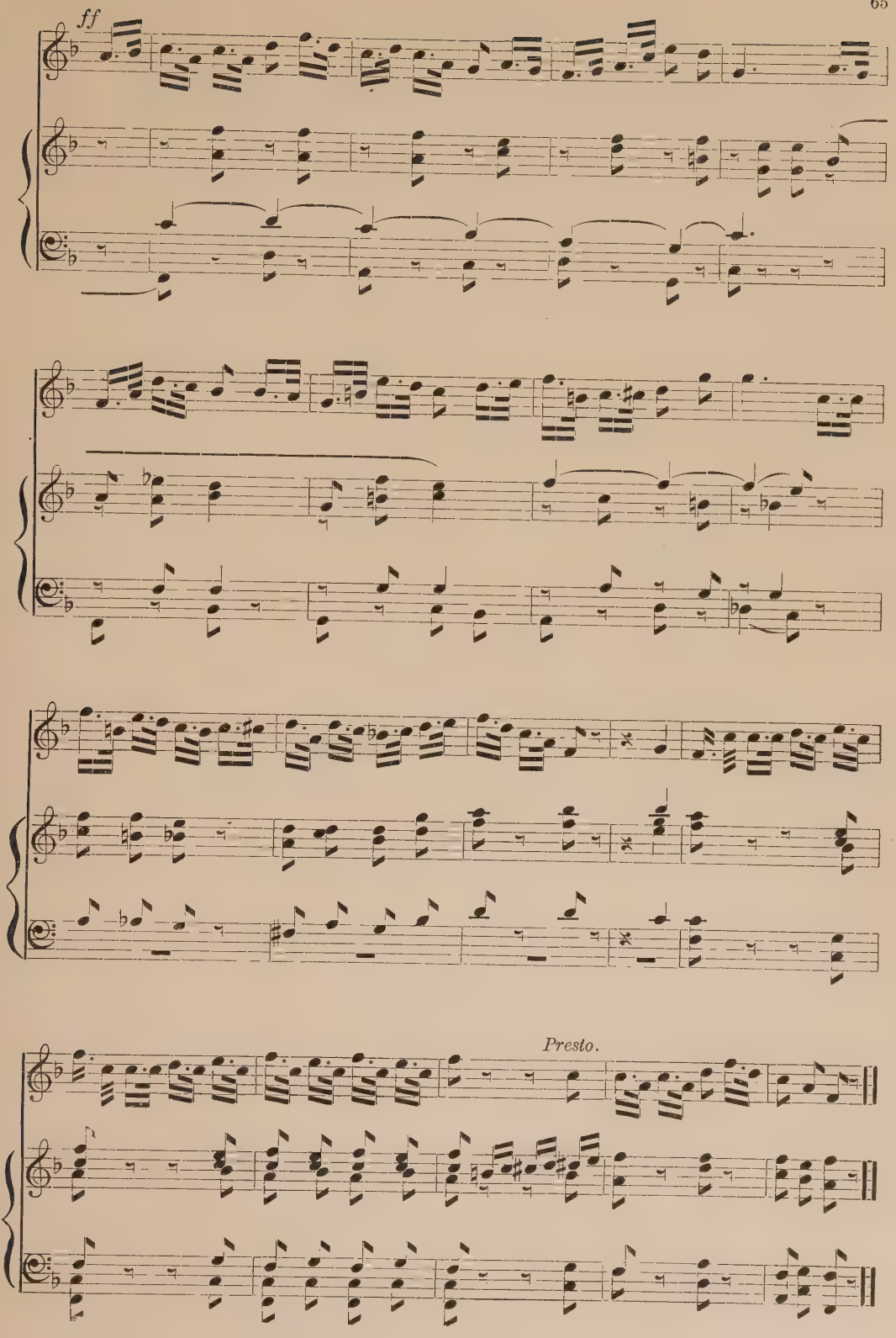
G. Frank Goodale.

Whistle.



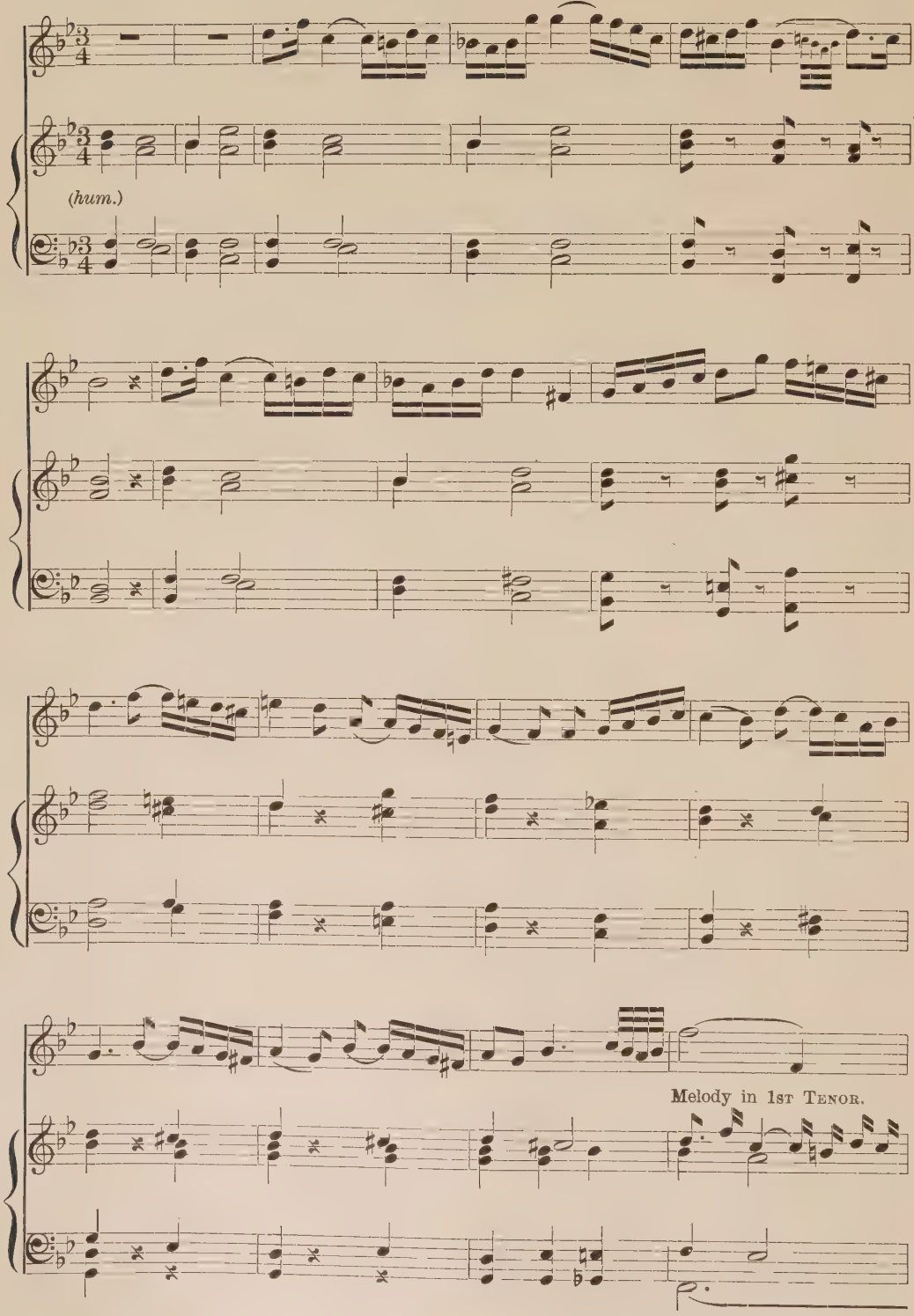


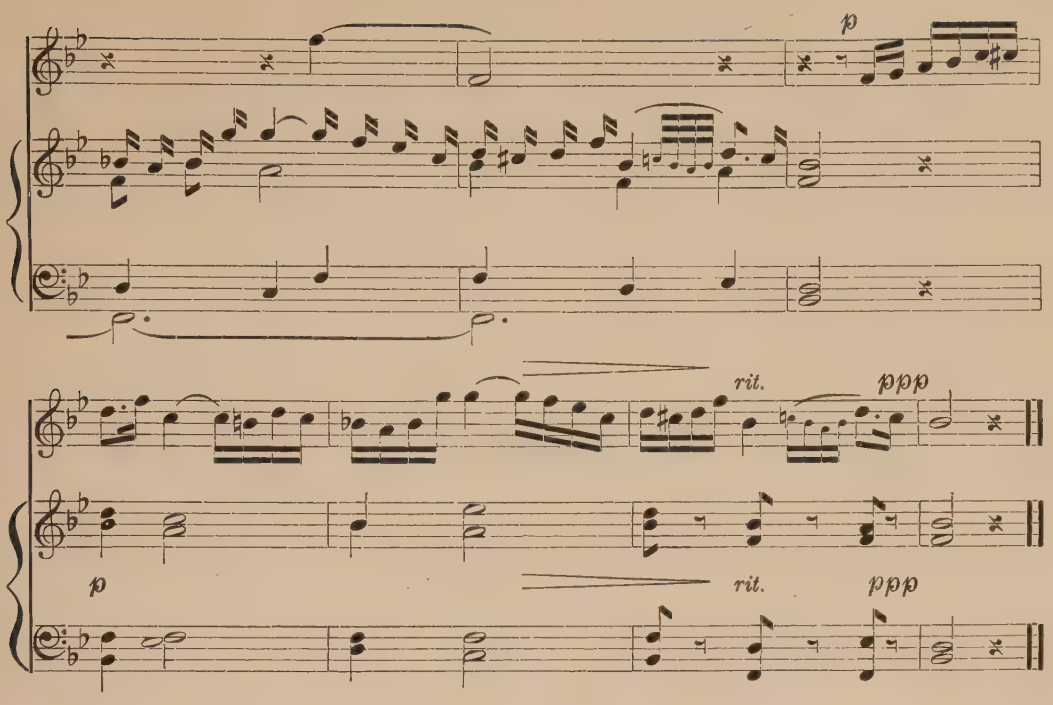

1st time
2nd time


ff
Presto.

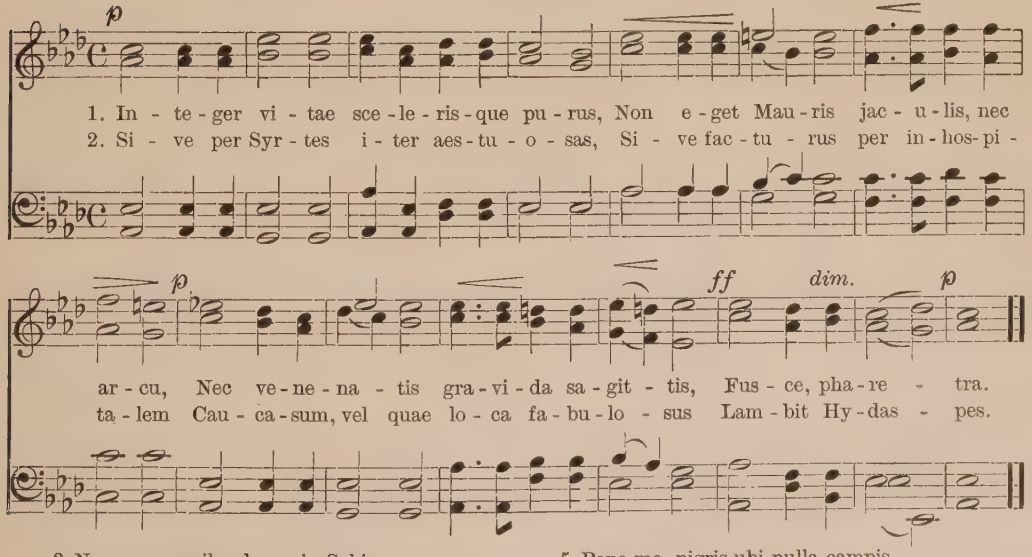
WHISTLE.

G. Frank Goodale.





INTEGER VITAE.


p
1. In - te - ger vi - tae sce - le - ris - que pu - rus, Non e - get Mau - ris jac - u - lis, nec
2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter aes - tu - o - sas, Si - ve fac - tu - rus per in - hos - pi -
p
ff
dim.
p
ar - cu, Nec ve - ne - na - tis gra - vi - da sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - tra.
ta - lem Cau - ca - sum, vel quae lo - ca fa - bu - lo - sus Lam - bit Hy - das - pes.

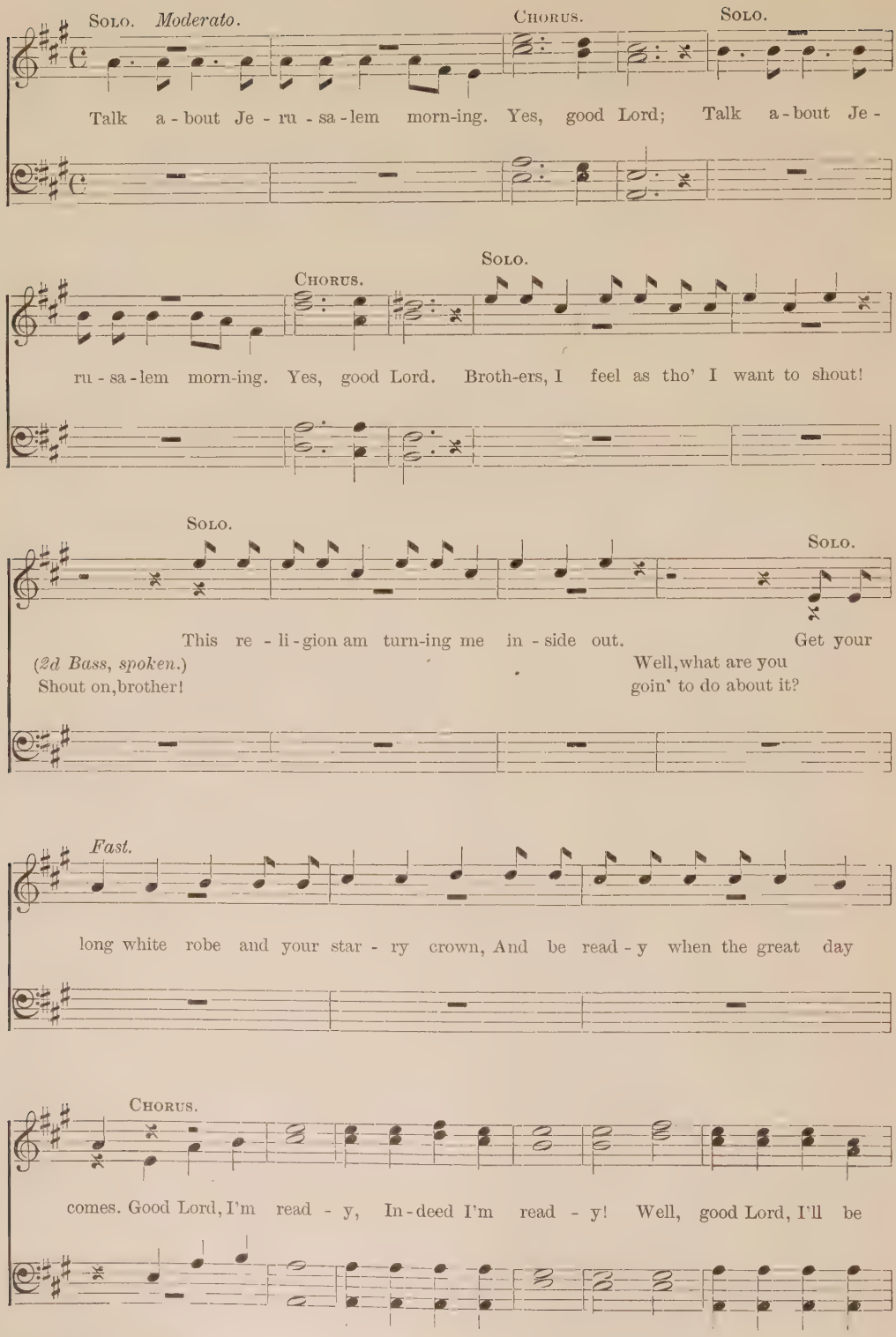
3 Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem:

4 Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit aesculetis,
Nec Jubae tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

5 Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Jupiter urget.

6 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem.

JERUSALEM MORNING.


Solo. Moderato.
Chorus.
Solo.
Talk a-bout Je-ru-sa-lem morn-ing. Yes, good Lord; Talk a-bout Je-
Chorus.
Solo.
ru-sa-lem morn-ing. Yes, good Lord. Broth-ers, I feel as tho' I want to shout!
Solo.
Solo.
This re-li-gion am turn-ing me in-side out. Get your
(2d Bass, spoken.)
Shout on, brother!
Well, what are you
goin' to do about it?
Fast.
long white robe and your star-ry crown, And be read-y when the great day
Chorus.
comes. Good Lord, I'm read-y, In-deed I'm read-y! Well, good Lord, I'll be

read - y when the great day comes.
Read - y, in - deed I'm
Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
read - y! Well, good Lord, I'll be read - y when the great day comes.
Solo. Moderato.
Chorus.
Did - n't the good book said dat Cain killed A - bel? Yes, good Lord;
Solo.
Chorus.
Solo.
Hit him on the head with the leg of a ta - ble? Yes, good Lord. Did - n't
Dan - iel in the li - on's den
Say un - to those col - ored men, Get your
(Spoken.)
What did he do?
What did he say?
Fast.
long white robe and your star - ry crown, And be read - y when the great day

CHORUS

comes. Good Lord, I'm read - y, In - deed I'm read - y! Well, good Lord, I'll be

read - y when the great day comes. Read - y, in - deed I'm

Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

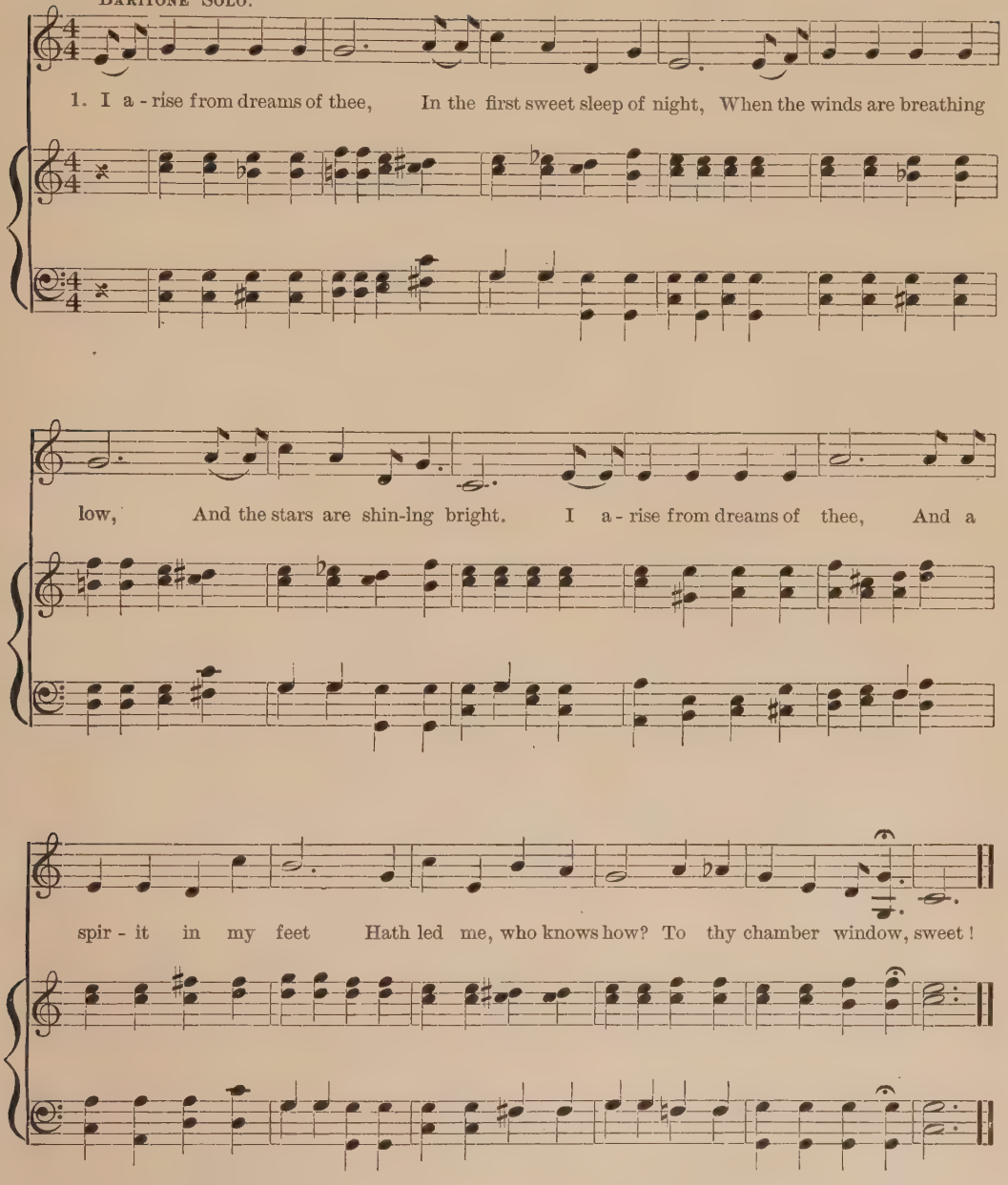
read - y! Well, good Lord, I'll be read - y when the great day comes.

CONNECTICUT HALL

SERENADE.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.
BARITONE SOLO.

Music by F. B. TOURTELLOT.


1. I a - rise from dreams of thee, In the first sweet sleep of night, When the winds are breathing
low, And the stars are shin-ing bright. I a - rise from dreams of thee, And a
spir - it in my feet Hath led me, who knows how? To thy chamber window, sweet!

2 The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream,
And the Champak's odours fail,
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart;
As I must on thine,
O! beloved as thou art!

3 O lift me from the grass,
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast,
Oh! press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last.

AURA LEE.

GEORGE R. POULTON.

1. As the black - bird in the Spring 'Neath the wil - low - tree . .
2. In thy blush the rose was born; Mu - sic, when you spake; .
Sat and piped, I heard him sing, Sing - ing Au - ra Lee.
Thro' thine a - zure eye the moon Spark - ling seem'd to break.
Au - ra Lee, Au - ra Lee, Maid with gold - en hair,
Au - ra Lee, Au - ra Lee, Birds of crim - son wing
Sun - shine came a - long with thee, And swal - lows in the air.
Nev - er song have sung to me As in that bright, sweet spring.

3 Aura Lee, the bird may flee,
The willow's golden hair
Swing thro' winter fitfully,
On the stormy air.
Yet if thy blue eyes I see,
Gloom will soon depart;
For to me, sweet Aura Lee
Is sunshine thro' the heart.

4 When the mistletoe was green,
'Midst the winter's snows,
Sunshine in thy face was seen,
Kissing lips of rose.
Aura Lee, Aura Lee,
Take my golden ring;
Love and light return with thee,
And swallows with the spring.

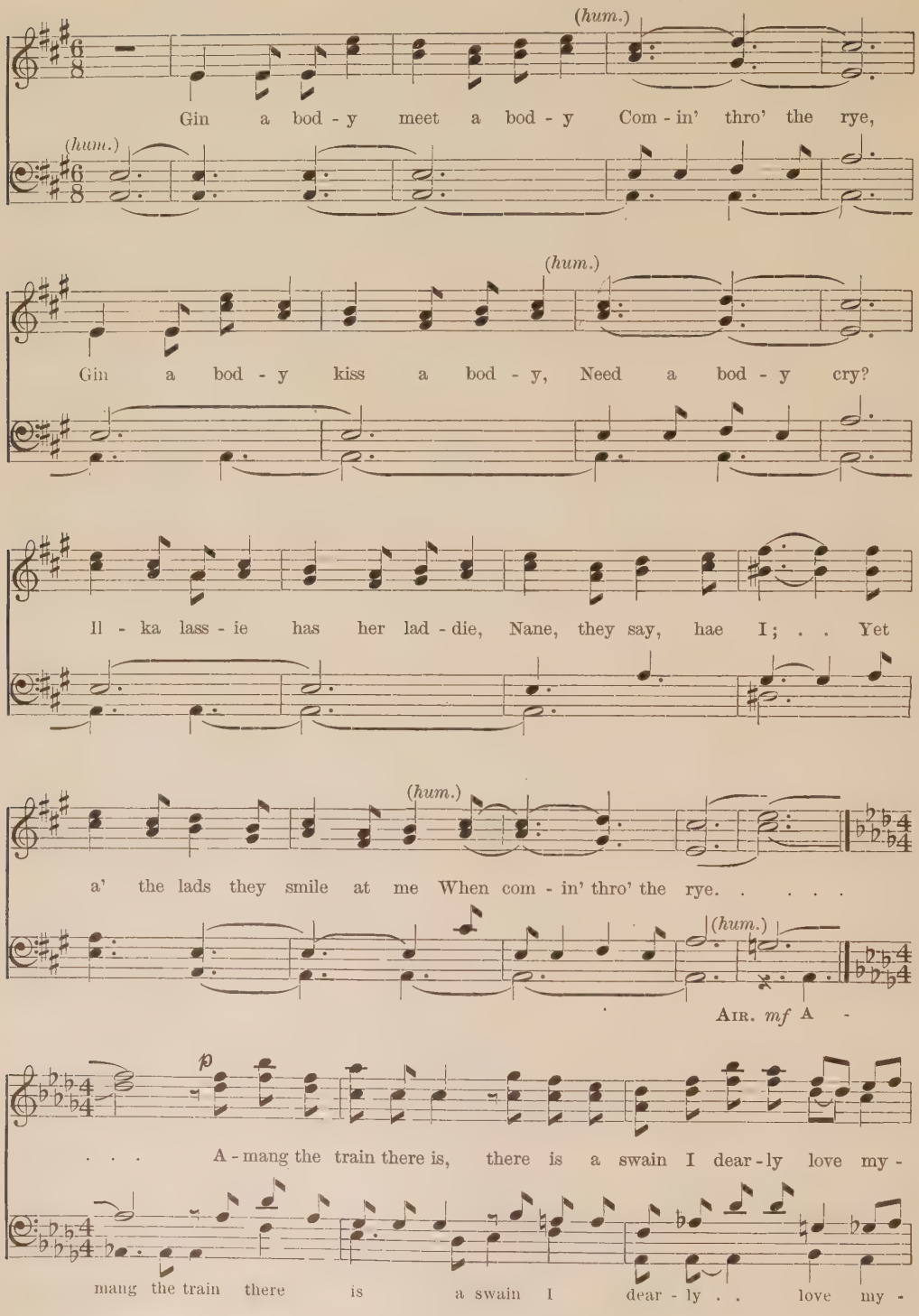
SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Translated from the German by Louis C. Elson.

p Andante.
poco rit.
1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I
2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en -
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are
crescendo e poco accel. al - - - - - - f
give thee; And then, what - e'er be - falls me, I
fold thee; With spear and pen - non glanc - ing, I
throng - ing, That with my last faint sigh - ing I'll
cresc - - - - - - - - - - f
tranquillo e molto espress.
p Tempo 1o.p
go where hon - or calls me: Fare - well, fare - well, my
see the foe ad - vanc - ing: Fare - well, fare - well, my
whis - per soft, while dy - ing, Fare - well, fare - well, my
own true love, Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.
own true love, Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.
own true love, Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Harmonized by G. Frank Goodale.


(hum.)
Gin a bod - y meet a bod - y Com - in' thro' the rye,
(hum.)
(hum.)
Gin a bod - y kiss a bod - y, Need a bod - y cry?
Il - ka lass - ie has her lad - die, Nane, they say, hae I; . . Yet
(hum.)
a' the lads they smile at me When com - in' thro' the rye. . . . .
(hum.)
Air. mf A -
. . . A - mang the train there is, there is a swain I dear - ly love my -
mang the train there is a swain I dear - ly . . love my -

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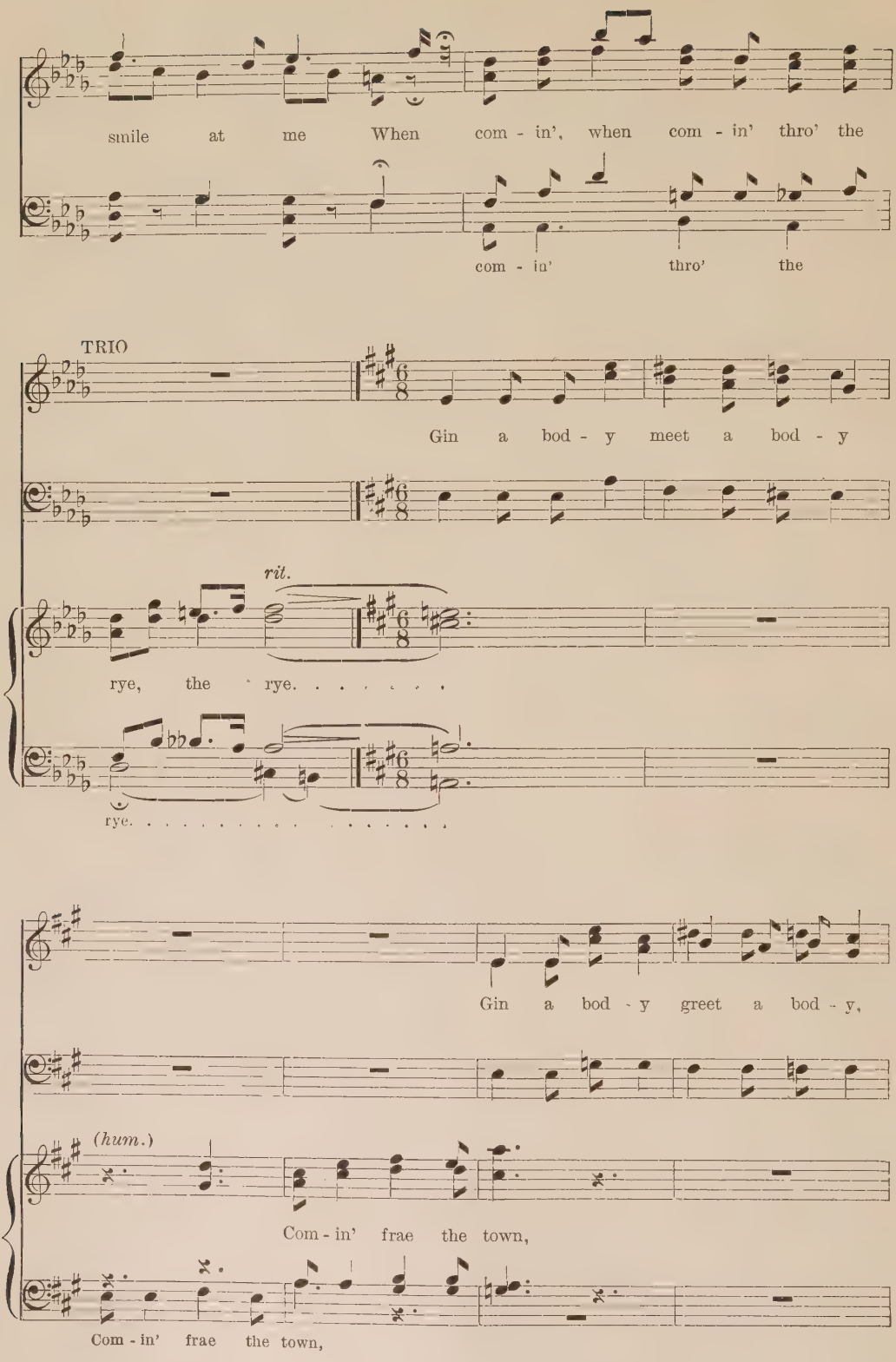
sel', I love my - - sel'; his name, or
sel'; . . . . . But what's his name, or
where's his hame, I din - na choose, I din - na choose to
where's his hame, I din - na . . choose to
don't choose to tell. . . . . .
tell, to tell. Il - ka lass - ie has her
I din - na, din - na choose to tell. Il - ka
tell. Il - ka lass - ie
lad - die, but nane, but nane, they say,
they
has her lad - die, Nane,
they say, ha'e I, . . Yet a' . . the lads they
say, ha'e
nane ha'e I, . . .


smile at me When com - in', when com - in' thro' the
com - in' thro' the
TRIO
Gin a bod - y meet a bod - y
rit.
rye, the rye.
rye.
Gin a bod - y greet a bod - y,
(hum.)
Com - in' frae the town,
Com - in' frae the town,

(hum.)
Need a bod - y frown? Il - ka lass - ie has her lad - die,
frown? . . . .
When
Nane, they say, ha'e I, . . . Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
Com in' thro' the rye.
Com - in' thro' the rye. . . . . .
com - in' thro' the rye. . . . . .

WE MEET AGAIN TO-NIGHT.

Let mel - o - dy flow, . .
1. We meet a - gain, to-night, boys, With mirth and song ; Let
2. Where hand to hand its greet - ing so kind - ly gives, Let
. . . . . Wher - ev - er we go, ...
mel - o - dy flow, Wher - ev - er we go, We dwell in friend-ship,
mel - o - dy flow, Wher - ev - er we go ; Where hope is nev - er
1 2 Chorus.
ev - er so true and strong, And sor-row nev - er know. . . . We'll laugh and sing, and
dy-ing, and friendship lives, True hearts will ev - er know. . . . .
We'll laugh . . . and
mer - ry be, and mer - ry be to - night, my boys, We'll laugh and sing, and
sing, ... and mer - ry be to - night, . . . With nev - er a sor - row
mer - ry be, and mer - ry be to - night, We'll laugh and sing, and mer - ry be, and
near, boys, nev - er a fall - ing tear; We'll laugh . . . . and sing, . . . and

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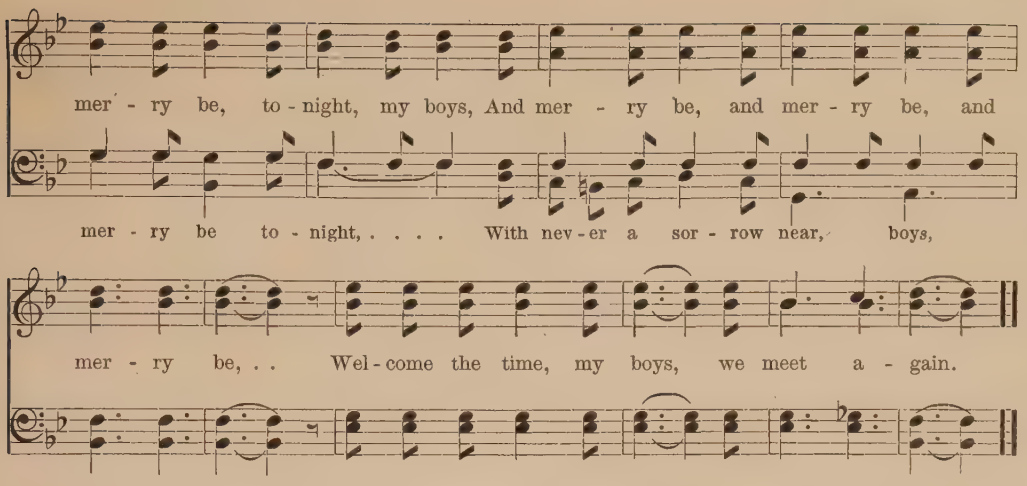
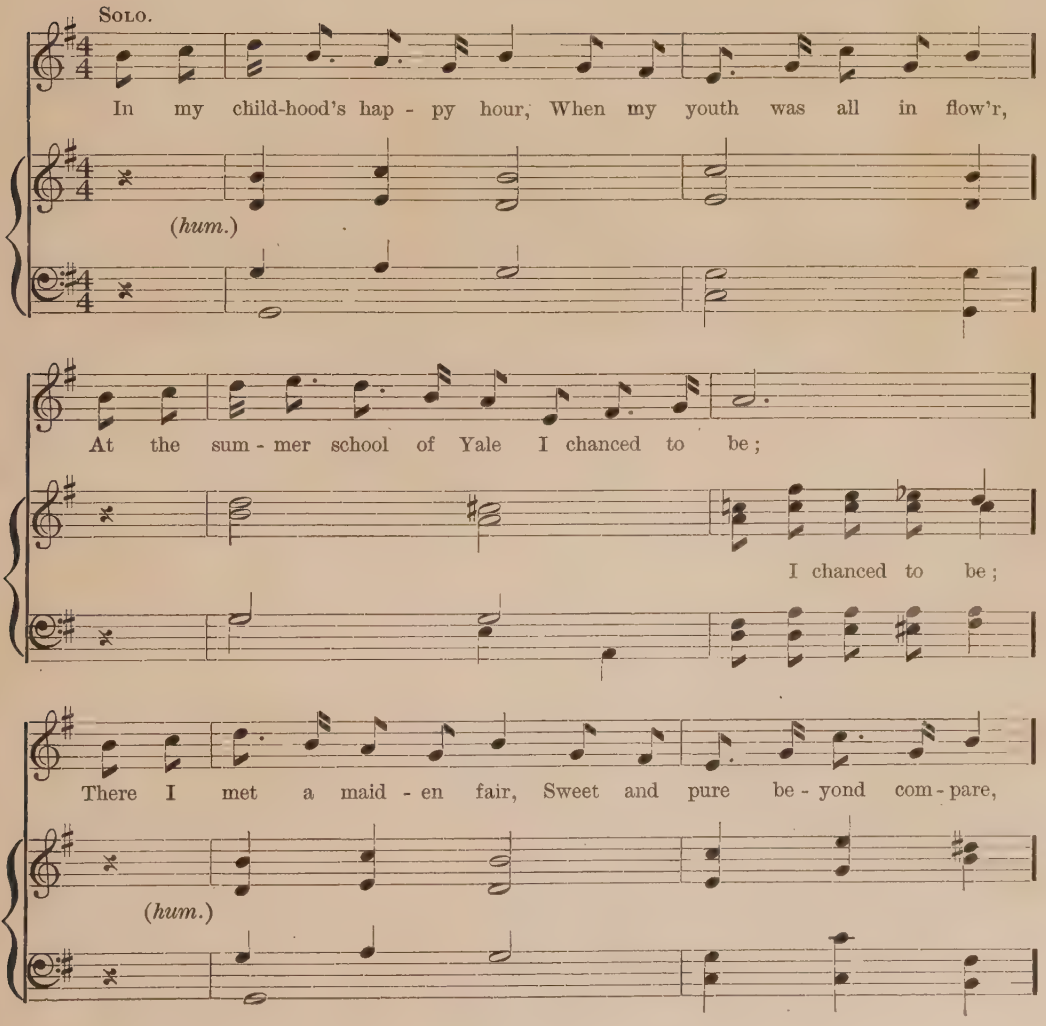
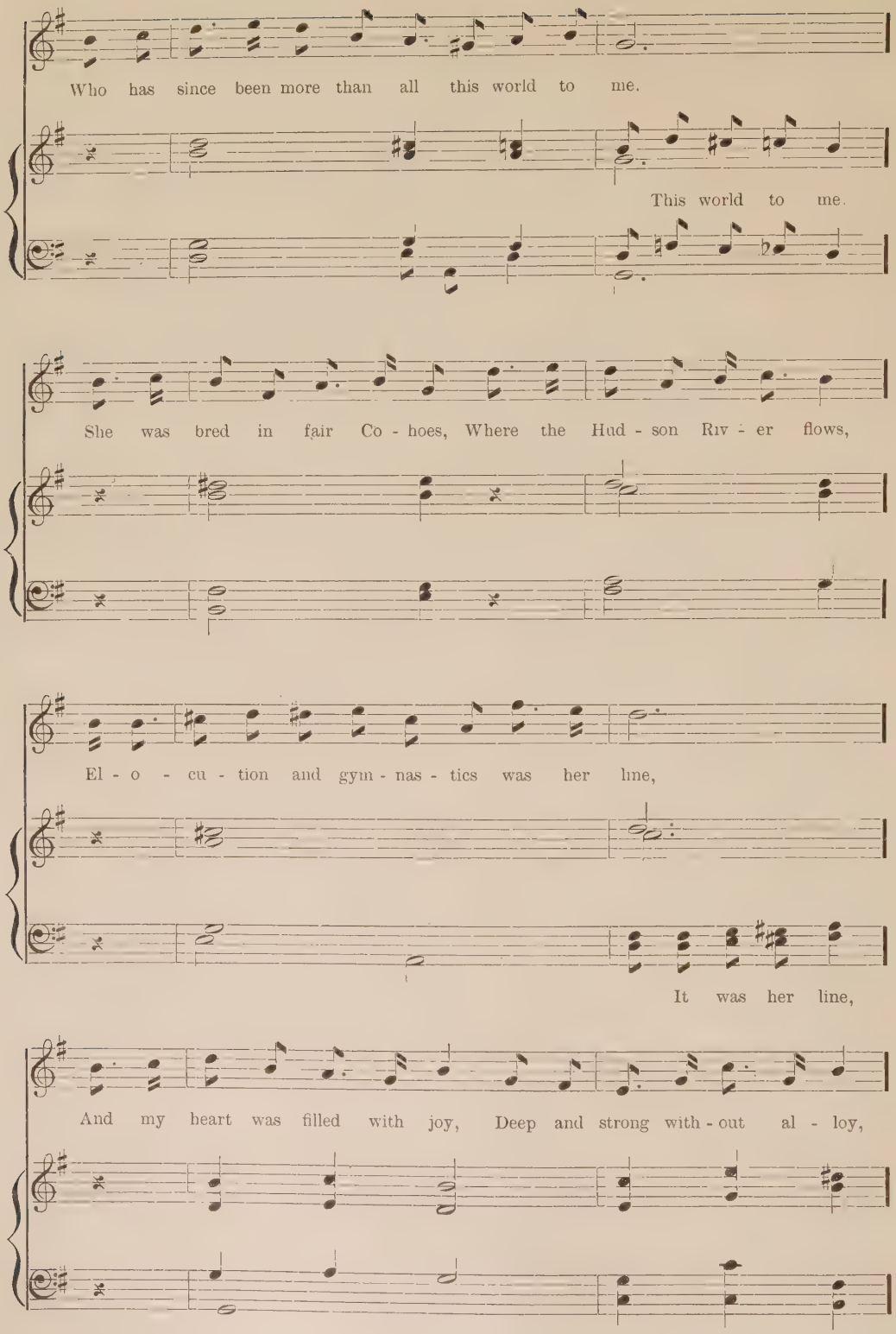
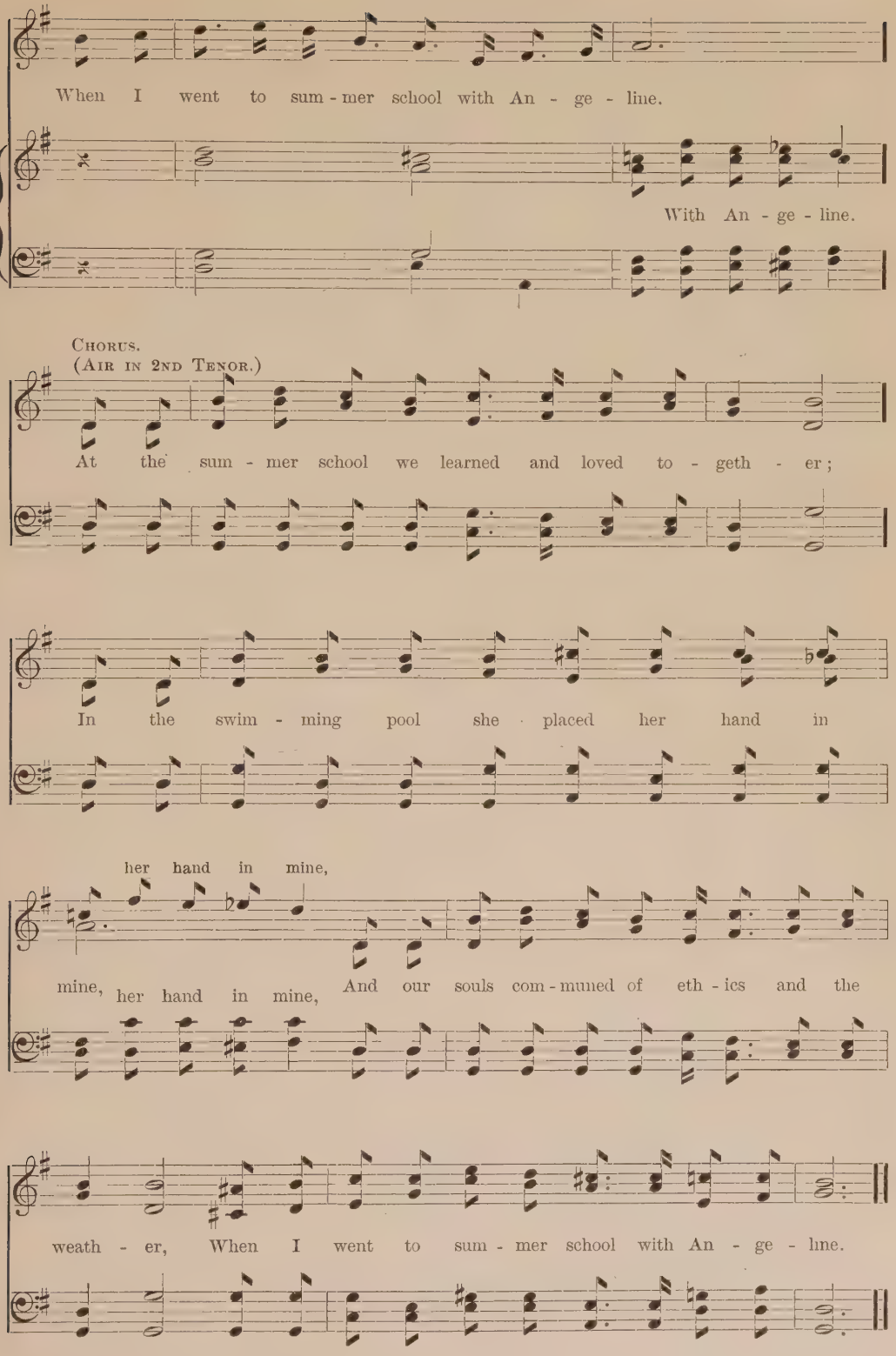

mer - ry be, to - night, my boys, And mer - ry be, and mer - ry be, and
mer - ry be to - night, ... With nev - er a sor - row near, boys,
mer - ry be, . . Wel - come the time, my boys, we meet a - gain.

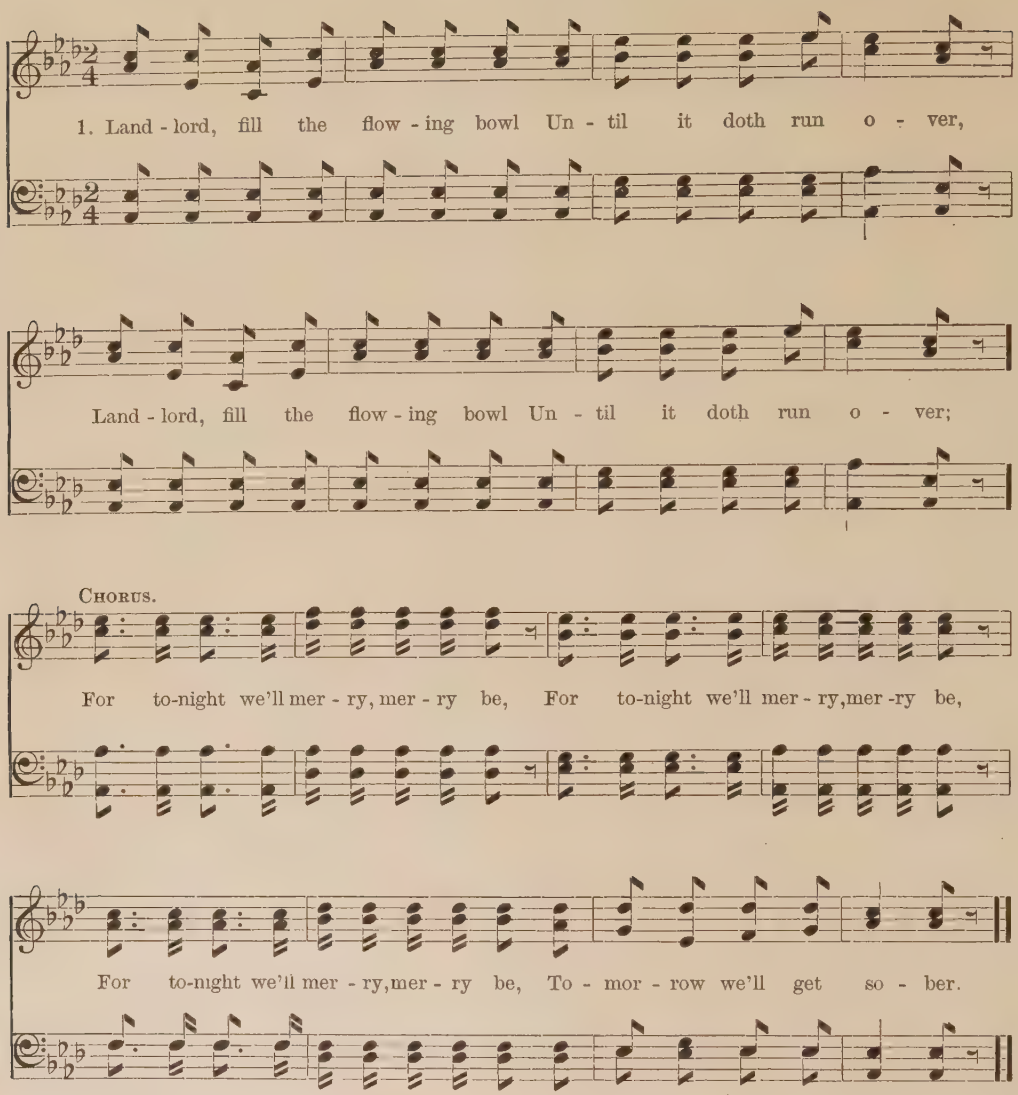
ANGELINE.


Solo.
In my child-hood's hap - py hour, When my youth was all in flow'r,
(hum.)
At the sum - mer school of Yale I chanced to be;
I chanced to be;
There I met a maid - en fair, Sweet and pure be - yond com - pare,
(hum.)


Who has since been more than all this world to me.
This world to me.
She was bred in fair Co - hoes, Where the Hud - son Riv - er flows,
El - o - cu - tion and gym - nas - tics was her line,
It was her line,
And my heart was filled with joy, Deep and strong with - out al - loy,


When I went to sum - mer school with An - ge - line.
With An - ge - line.
Chorus.
(Air in 2nd Tenor.)
At the sum - mer school we learned and loved to - geth - er;
In the swim - ming pool she placed her hand in
her hand in mine,
mine, her hand in mine, And our souls com - muned of eth - ics and the
weath - er, When I went to sum - mer school with An - ge - line.

LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.


1. Land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl Un - til it doth run o - ver,
Land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl Un - til it doth run o - ver;
Chorus.
For to-night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, For to-night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be,
For to-night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, To - mor - row we'll get so - ber.

2 The man that drinks good whiskey punch,
And goes to bed right mellow, [*Repeat.*]
Cho. Lives as he ought to live
And dies a jolly good fellow.

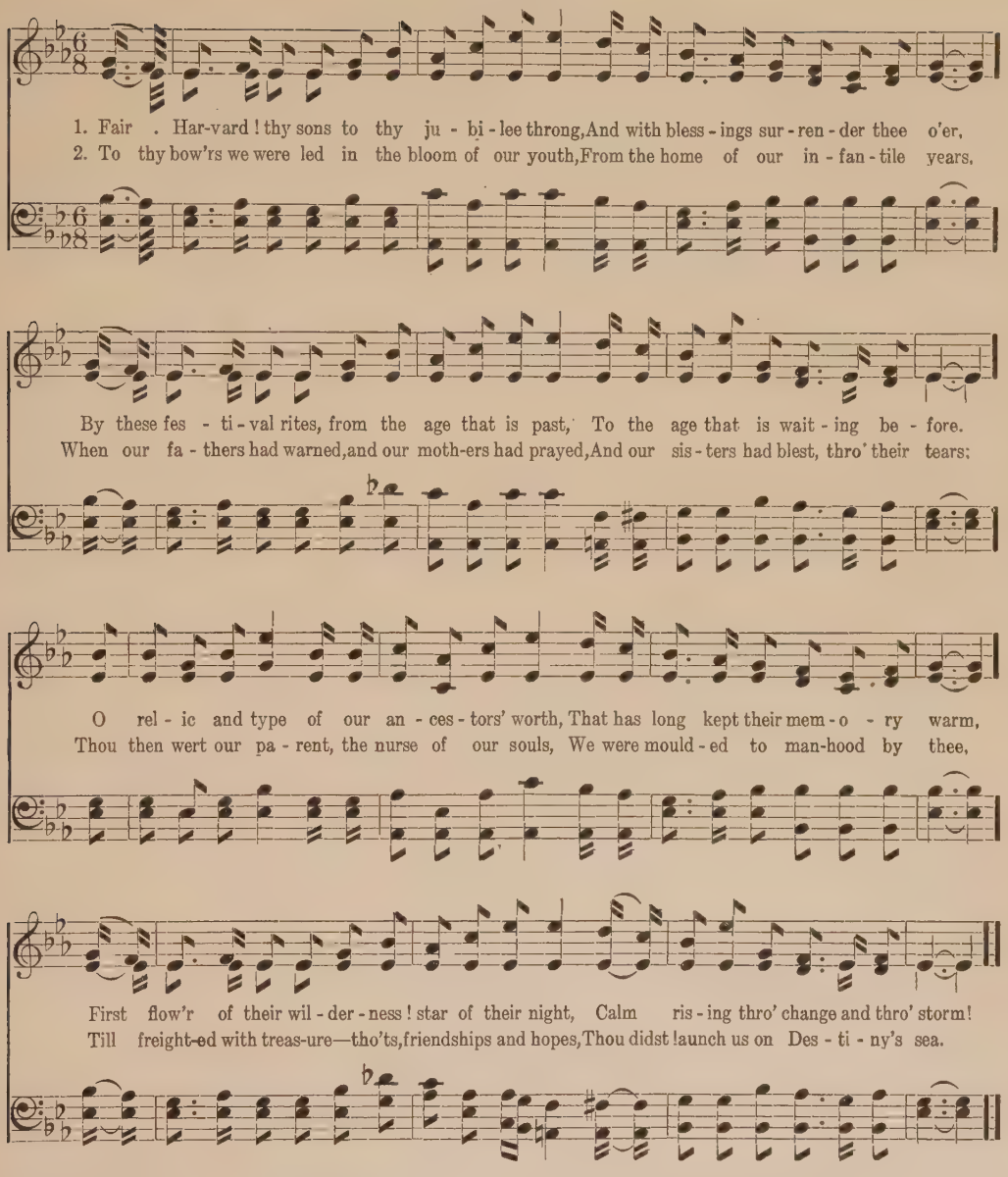
3 The man who drinks cold water pure,
And goes to bed quite sober, [*Repeat.*]
Cho. Falls as the leaves do fall
So early in October.

4 But he who drinks just what he likes,
And getteth "half-seas over," [*Repeat.*]
Cho. Will live until he dies, perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.

ART SCHOOL

FAIR HARVARD.

Mixed or Male Voices.*


1. Fair . Har-vard! thy sons to thy ju - bi - lee throng, And with bless - ings sur - ren - der thee o'er,
2. To thy bow'rs we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the home of our in - fan - tile years,
By these fes - ti - val rites, from the age that is past, To the age that is wait - ing be - fore.
When our fa - thers had warned, and our moth-ers had prayed, And our sis - ters had blest, thro' their tears;
O rel - ic and type of our an - ces - tors' worth, That has long kept their mem - o - ry warm,
Thou then wert our pa - rent, the nurse of our souls, We were mould - ed to man-hood by thee,
First flow'r of their wil - der - ness! star of their night, Calm ris - ing thro' change and thro' storm!
Till freight-ed with treas-ure—tho'ts, friendships and hopes, Thou didst launch us on Des - ti - ny's sea.

3 When, as pilgrims, we come to revisit thy halls,
To what kindlings the season gives birth!
Thy shades are more soothing, thy sunlight more dear,
Than descend on less privileged earth;
For the good and the great, in their beautiful prime,
Through thy precincts have musingly trod,
As they girded their spirits or deepened the streams
That make glad the fair city of God.

4 Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!
To thy children the lesson still give,
With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
And for right ever bravely to live.
Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side,
As the world on truth's current glides by;
Be the herald of light, and the bearer of love,
Till the stock of the Puritans die.

* When used for Male Voices, pitch in F or G: Soprano =I. Tenor; Alto = I. Bass; Tenor =II. Tenor; Bass = II. Bass. Sing lower octave ad lib.

OLD NASSAU.

Glee Club Arrangement.*

Words by H. P. Peck, '62.

Music by Karl A. Langlotz.
Arranged by Ernest Carter.

Animoso.
1. Tune ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry voice, Bid ev - 'ry care with-draw; Let
2. Let mu - sic rule the fleet - ing hour, Her man - tle round us draw; And
3. No flow - 'ry chap - let would we twine, To with - er and de - cay; The
4. And when these walls in dust are laid, With rev - er - ence and awe An -
5. Till then with joy our songs we'll bring, And while a breath we draw, We'll
accel.
all with one ac - cord re - joice, In praise of Old Nas - sau:
thrills each heart with all her pow'r, In praise of Old Nas - sau:
gems that spar - kle in her crown Shall nev - er pass a - way:
oth - er throng shall breathe our song, In praise of Old Nas - sau:
all u - nite to shout and sing: Long life to Old Nas - sau!
Chorus.
(Melody in I Tenor.)
† In praise of Old Nas - sau, my boys, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah!
Più mosso.
molto ritard. al fine.
Her sons will give, while they shall live, Three cheers for Old Nas - sau!

* The melody is in the II. Tenor, except where, as indicated, it passes temporarily to I. Tenor.
† Last verse, "Long life to" —

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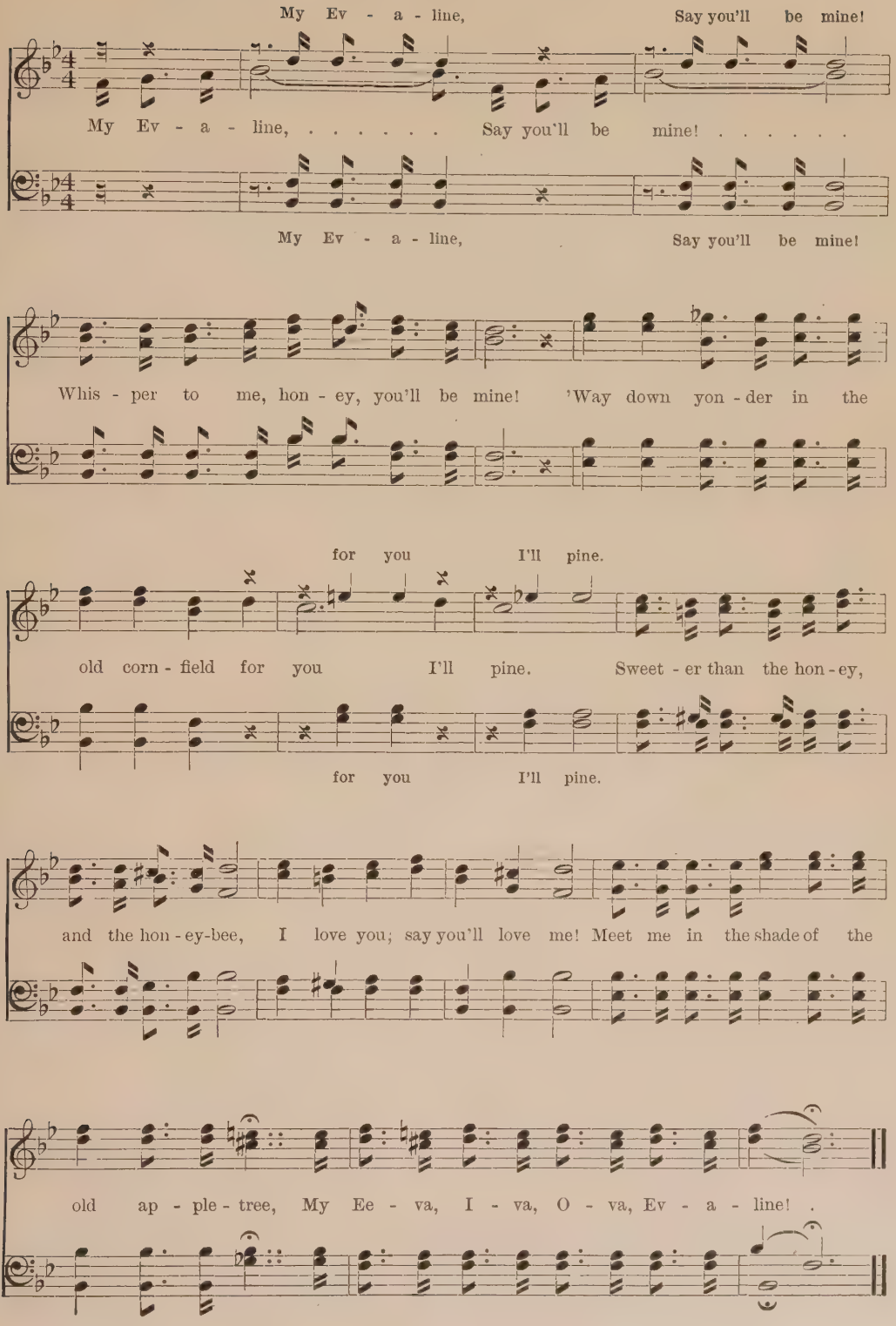
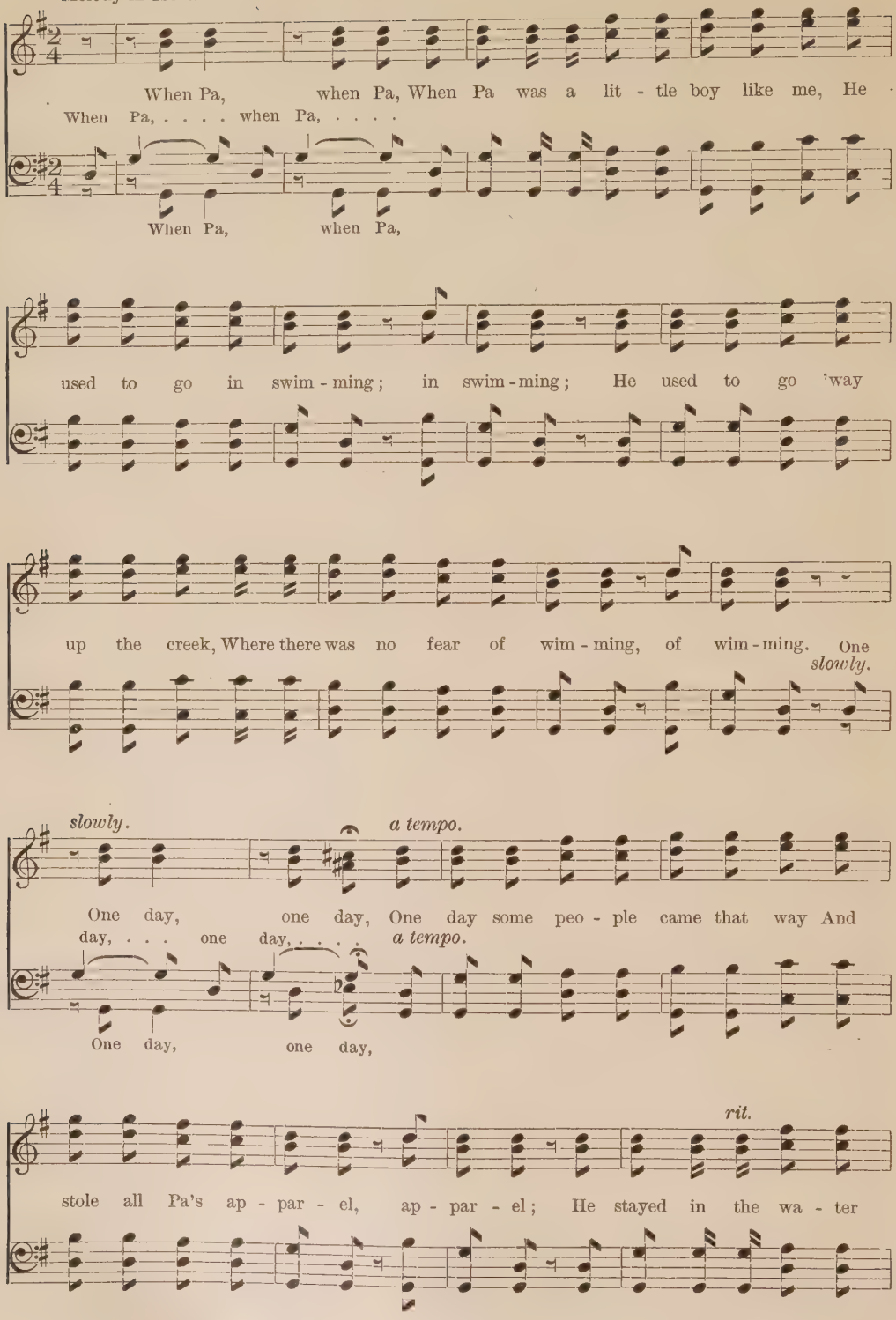
MY EVALINE.


My Ev - a - line, Say you'll be mine!
My Ev - a - line, ... Say you'll be mine! . . . . . .
My Ev - a - line, Say you'll be mine!
Whis - per to me, hon - ey, you'll be mine! 'Way down yon - der in the
for you I'll pine.
old corn - field for you I'll pine. Sweet - er than the hon - ey,
for you I'll pine.
and the hon - ey-bee, I love you; say you'll love me! Meet me in the shade of the
old ap - ple - tree, My Ee - va, I - va, O - va, Ev - a - line!

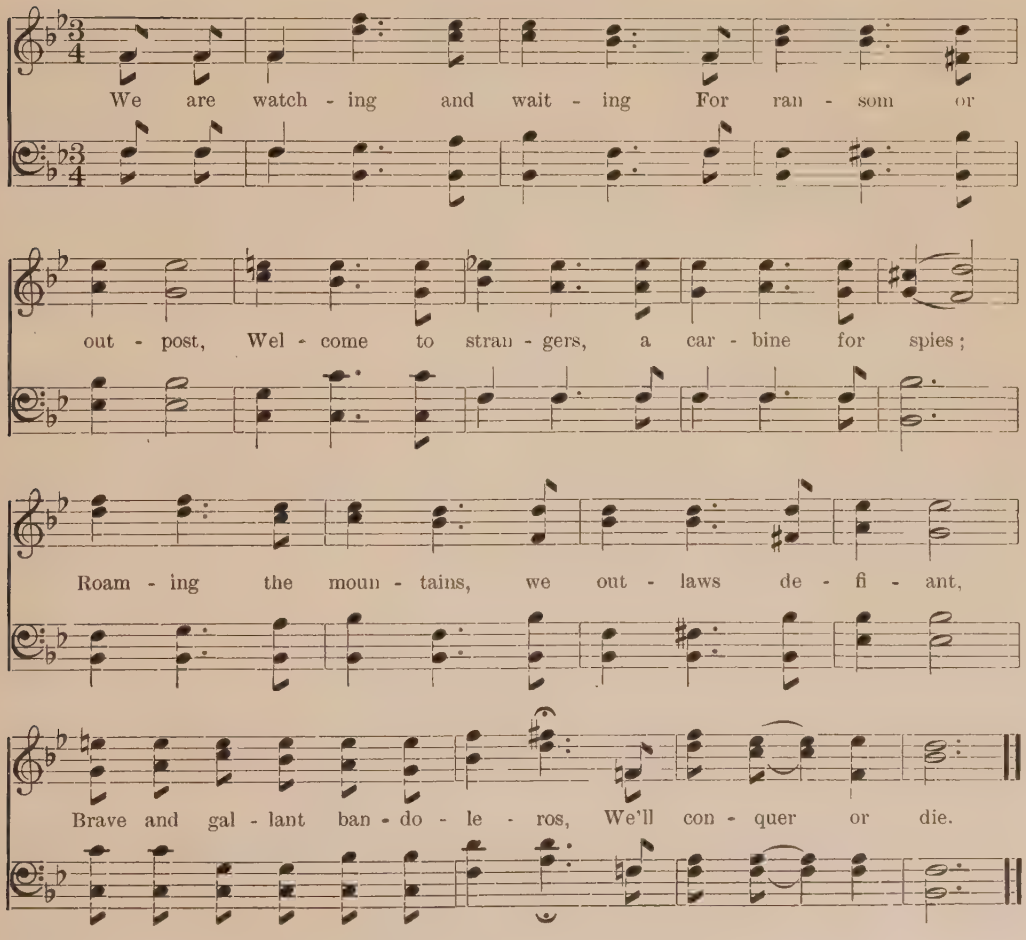
WHEN PA.

Melody in 1st Bass. Music by E. M. Bostwick, '16.


When Pa, when Pa, When Pa was a lit - tle boy like me, He
When Pa, ... when Pa, ...
When Pa, when Pa,
used to go in swim - ming; in swim - ming; He used to go 'way
up the creek, Where there was no fear of wim - ming, of wim - ming.
One
slowly.
slowly.
a tempo.
One day, one day, One day some peo - ple came that way And
day, . . . one day, ...
a tempo.
One day, one day,
rit.
stole all Pa's ap - par - el, ap - par - el; He stayed in the wa - ter

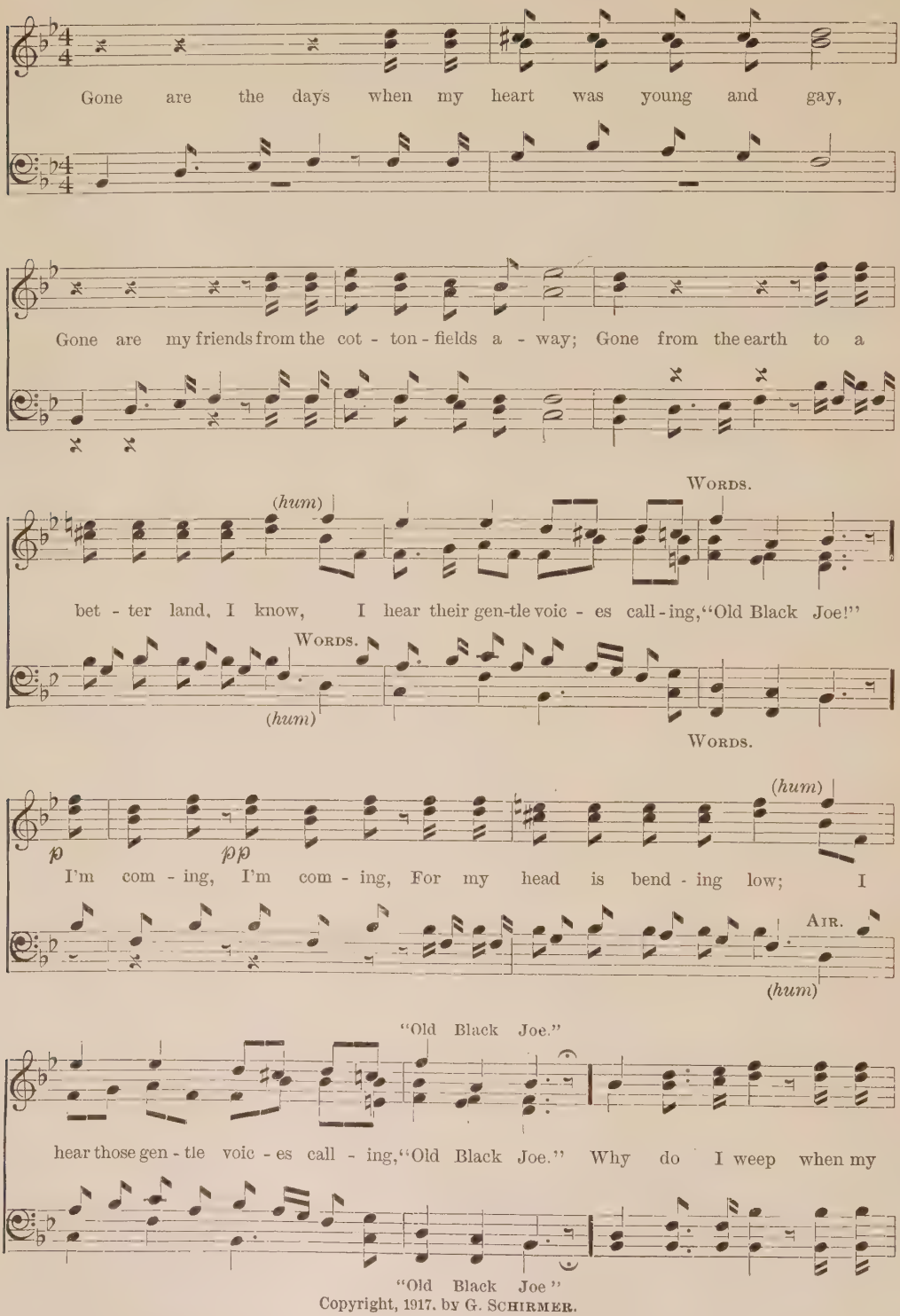
all day long, ... And at night went home in a
ad lib.
bar - rel, a bar - rel, a bar - - - - - - rel.

BANDOLERO.


We are watch - ing and wait - ing For ran - som or
out - post, Wel - come to stran - gers, a car - bine for spies;
Roam - ing the moun - tains, we out - laws de - fi - ant,
Brave and gal - lant ban - do - le - ros, We'll con - quer or die.

OLD BLACK JOE.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER. Harmonized by G. FRANK GOODALE.


Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
Gone are my friends from the cot - ton - fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a
(hum)
WORDS.
bet - ter land, I know, I hear their gen-tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
WORDS.
(hum)
WORDS.
p
pp
I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low; I
(hum)
AIR.
(hum)
"Old Black Joe."
hear those gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe." Why do I weep when my
"Old Black Joe"

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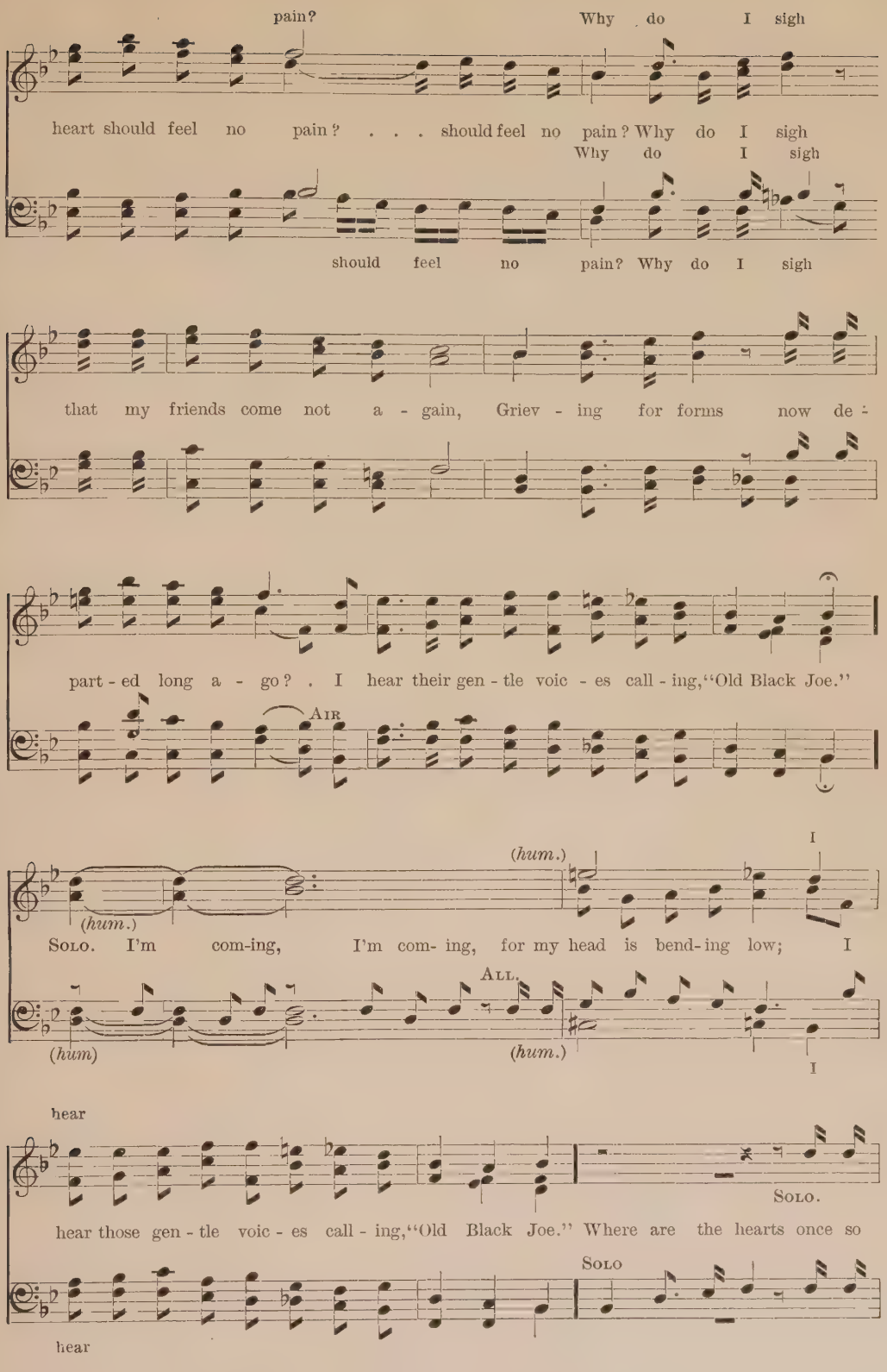
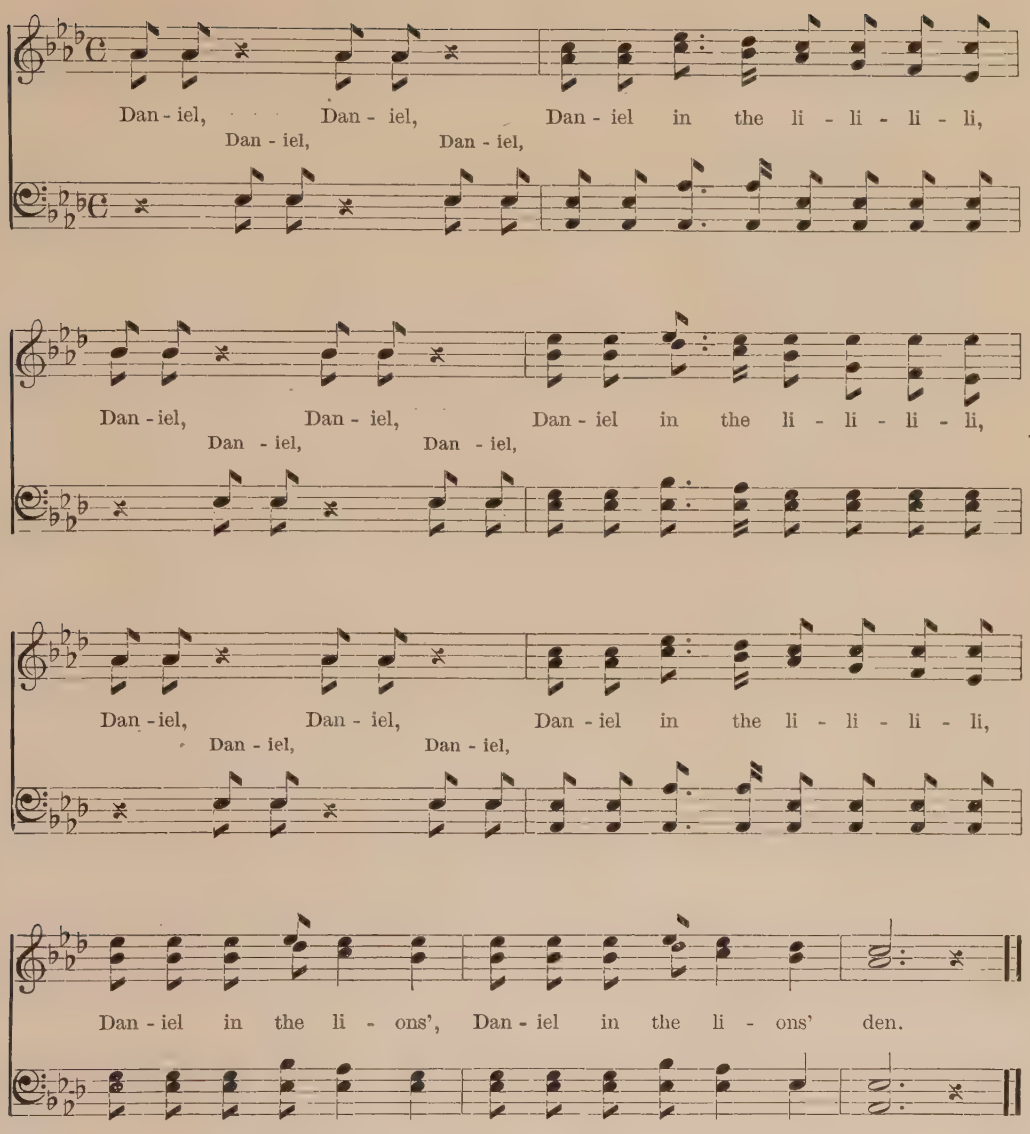

pain?
Why do I sigh
heart should feel no pain? . . . should feel no pain? Why do I sigh
Why do I sigh
should feel no pain? Why do I sigh
that my friends come not a - gain, Griev - ing for forms now de -
part - ed long a - go? . I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe."
Air
(hum.)
(hum.)
I
Solo. I'm com-ing, I'm com- ing, for my head is bend- ing low; I
All.
(hum)
(hum.)
I
hear
Solo.
hear those gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe." Where are the hearts once so
Solo
hear

Solo.
hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so dear, that I held up - on my knee?
Solo.
All.
(hum.)
Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I
All.
Words.
(hum.)
Words.
3 Tenors.
hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe." I'm
Words.
(hum.)
All.
(hum.)
com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low; I
All.
(hum.)
Solo.
All.
(hum.)
hear those gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe."
All. rit.
(hum.)

BOATRACE AT NEW LONDON

WHO DID?


Dan - iel, Dan - iel, Dan - iel in the li - li - li - li,
Dan - iel, Dan - iel,
Dan - iel, Dan - iel, Dan - iel in the li - li - li - li,
Dan - iel, Dan - iel,
Dan - iel, Dan - iel, Dan - iel in the li - li - li - li,
Dan - iel, Dan - iel,
Dan - iel in the li - ons', Dan - iel in the li - ons' den.

2 Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel, Gabriel,
Gabriel, blow your trump, trump, trump, trump,
Gabriel, blow your trumpet loud.

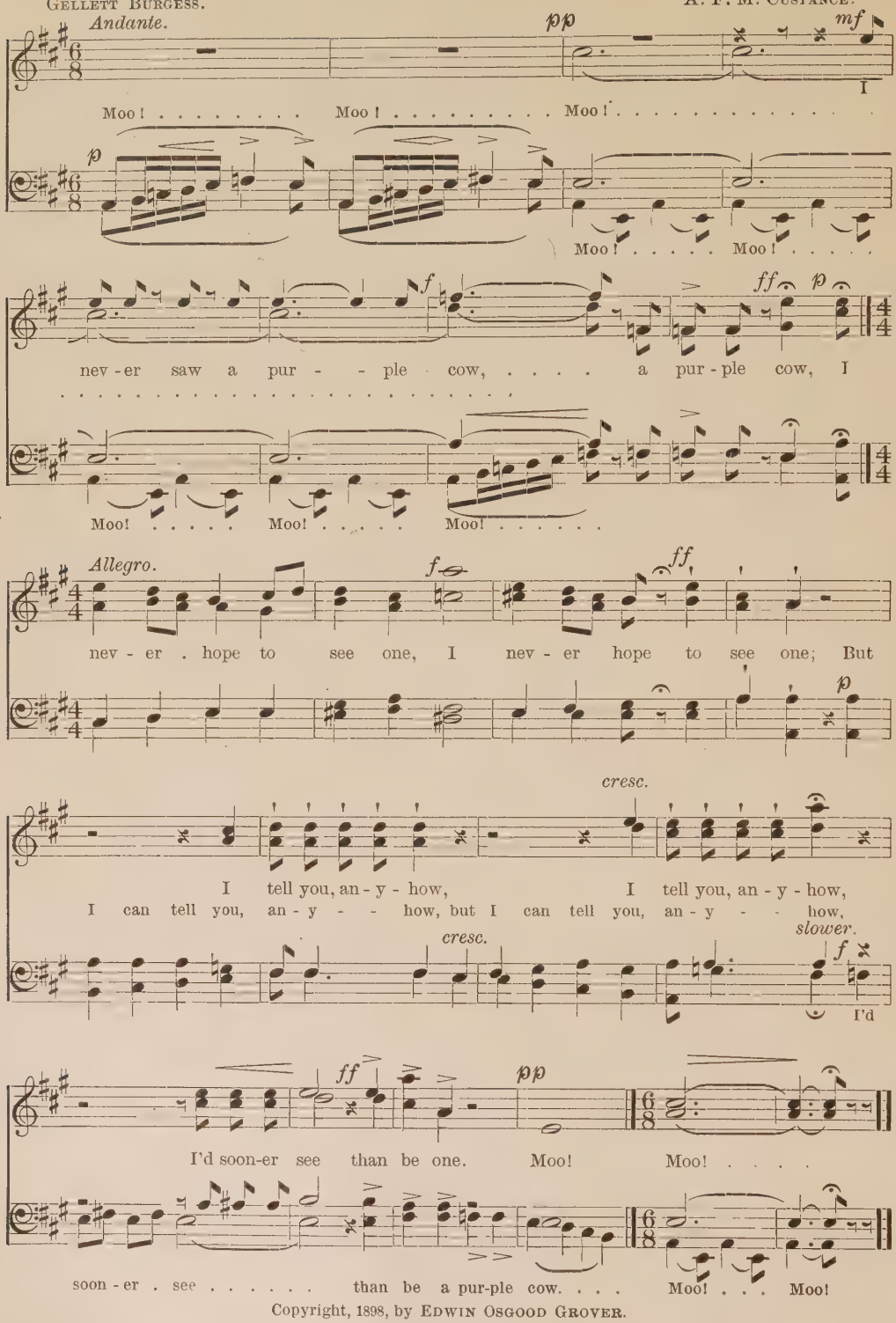
3 Peter, Peter, Peter, Peter,
Peter on the sea, sea, sea, sea,
Peter walking on the sea.

4 Who did, who did, who did, who did,
Who did swallow Jo, Jo, Jo, Jo,
Who did swallow Jonah down?

5 Whale did, whale did, whale did, whale did,
Whale did swallow Jo, Jo, Jo, Jo,
Whale did swallow Jonah up.

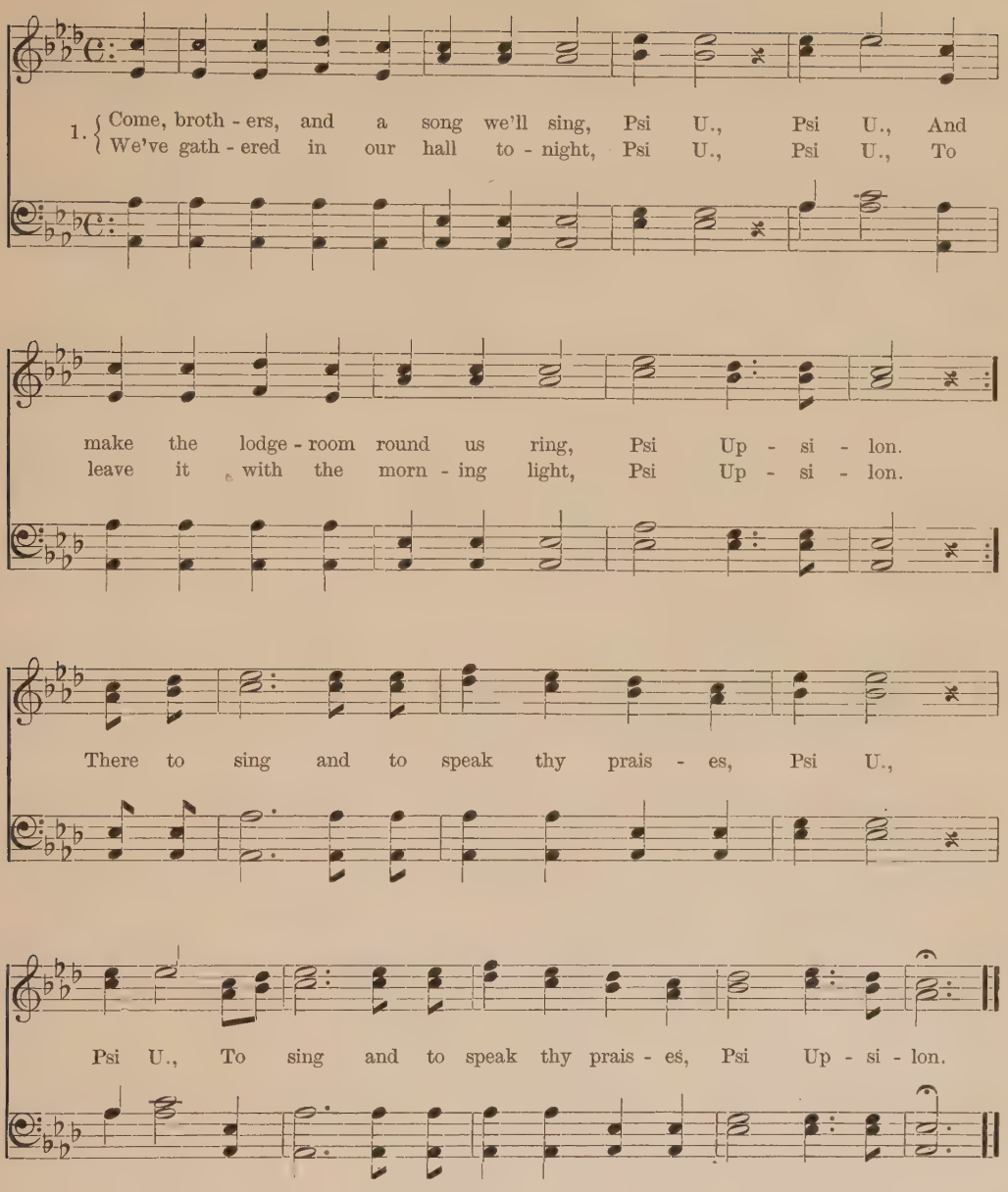
A PURPLE COW.

GELLETT BURGESS. A. F. M. CUSTANCE.



Copyright, 1898, by EDWIN OSGOOD GROVER.

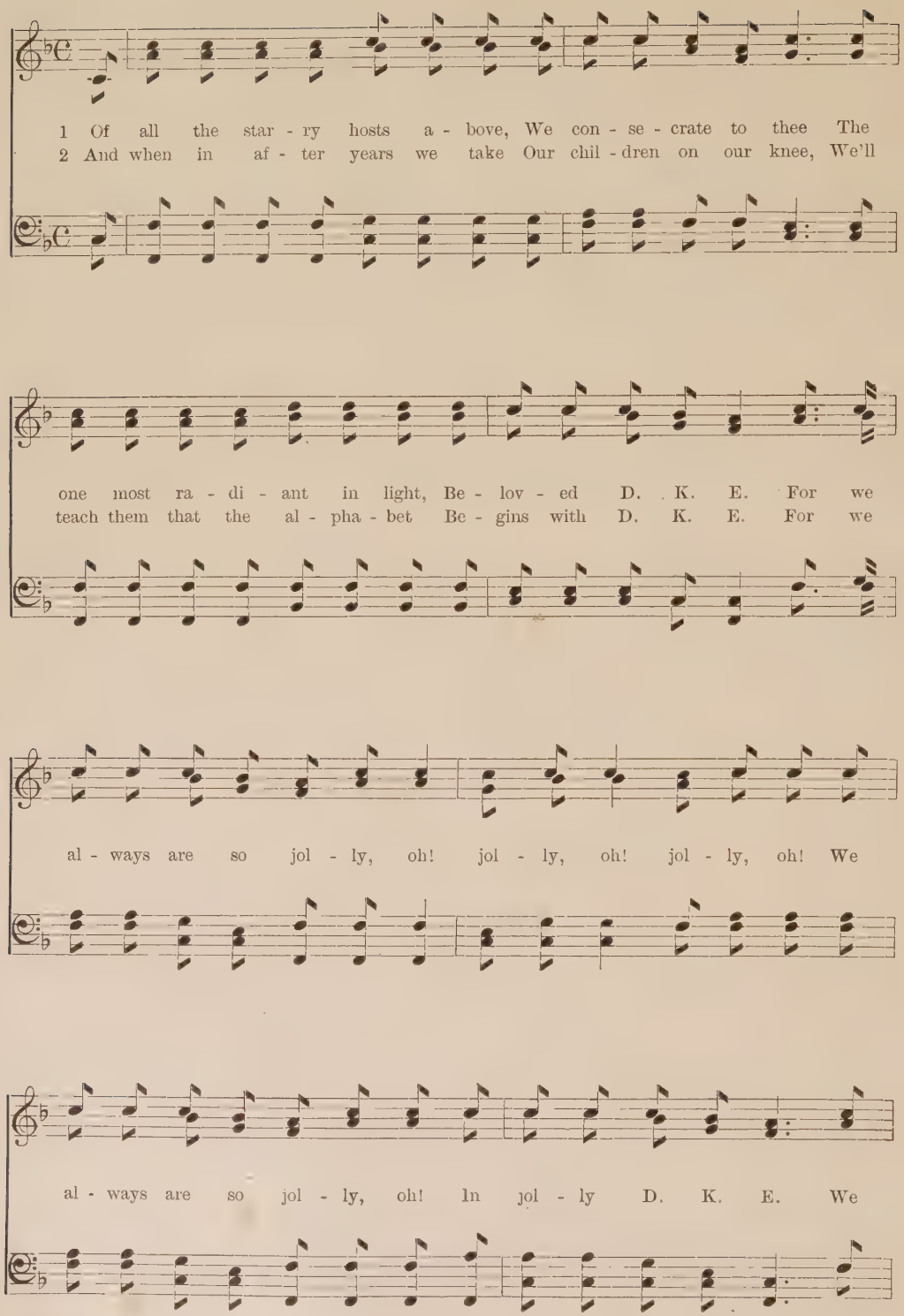
PSI U., PSI U.

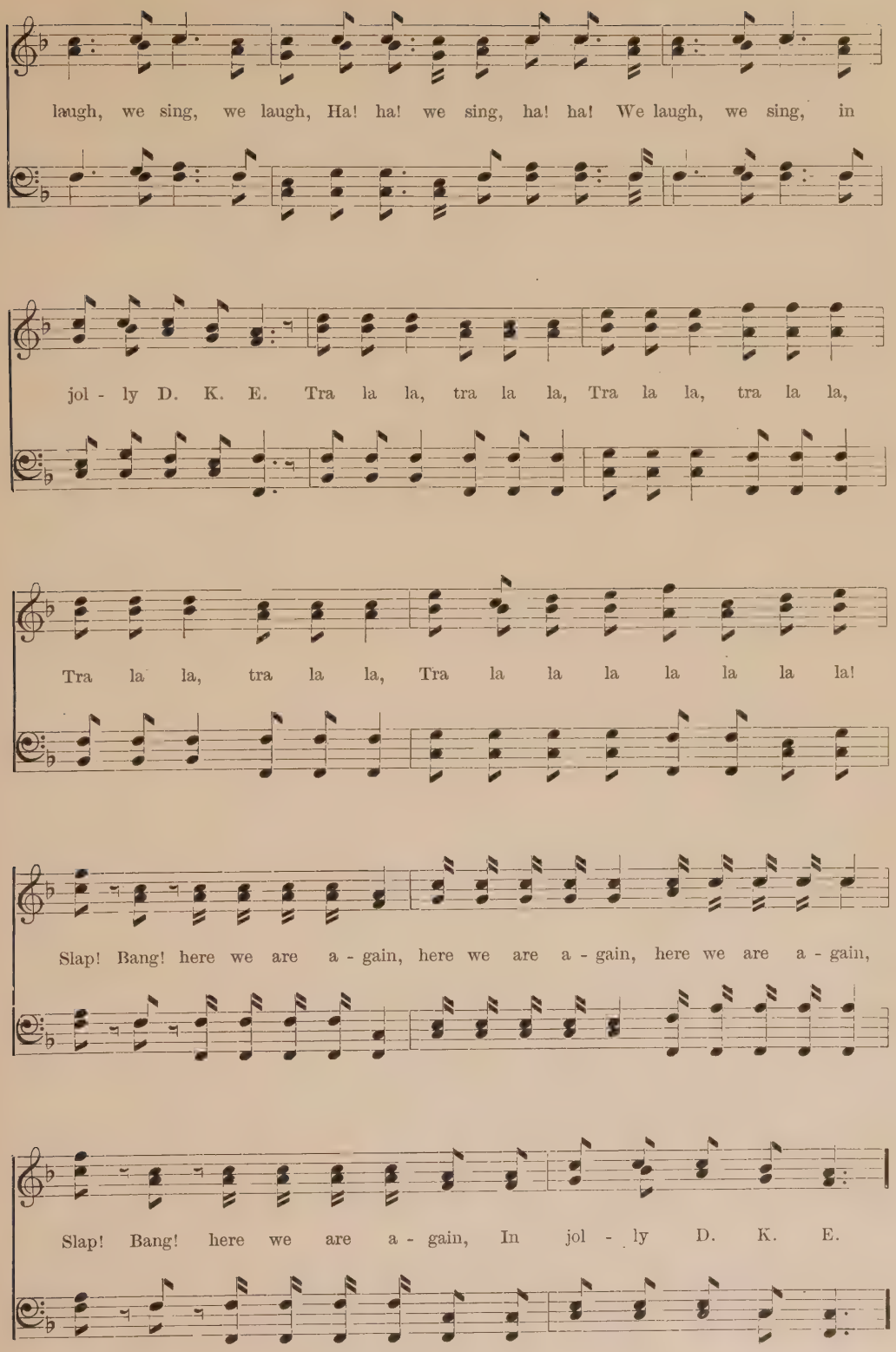

1. Come, broth - ers, and a song we'll sing, Psi U., Psi U., And
We've gath - ered in our hall to - night, Psi U., Psi U., To
make the lodge - room round us ring, Psi Up - si - lon.
leave it with the morn - ing light, Psi Up - si - lon.
There to sing and to speak thy prais - es, Psi U.,
Psi U., To sing and to speak thy prais - es, Psi Up - si - lon.

2 The bright-eyed maiden loves to hear
Psi U., Psi U.,
The story of our brave career,
Psi Upsilon;
And looks upon the man as blest,
Psi U., Psi U.,
Who wears the diamond on his breast,
Psi Upsilon.
Then hurrah! for the Psi U., ladies,
Psi Upsilon.

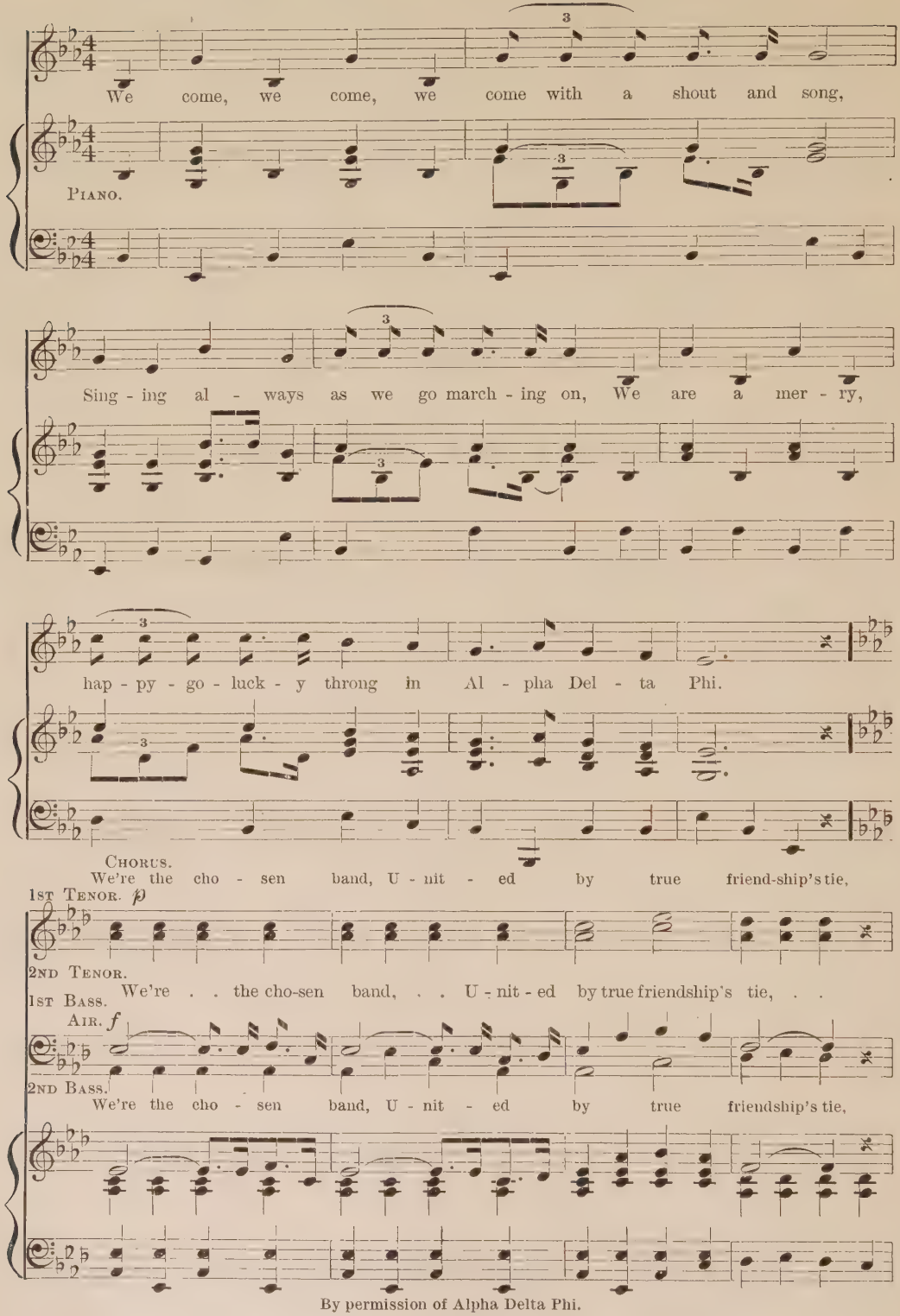
3 Now three times three for all our men,
Psi U., Psi U.,
And for the ladies two times ten,
Psi Upsilon;
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Psi U., Psi U.,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Psi Upsilon.
And again we'll sing thy praises,
Psi Upsilon.

JOLLY D. K. E.


1 Of all the star - ry hosts a - bove, We con - se - crate to thee The
2 And when in af - ter years we take Our chil - dren on our knee, We'll
one most ra - di - ant in light, Be - lov - ed D. K. E. For we
teach them that the al - pha - bet Be - gins with D. K. E. For we
al - ways are so jol - ly, oh! jol - ly, oh! jol - ly, oh! We
al - ways are so jol - ly, oh! In jol - ly D. K. E. We


laugh, we sing, we laugh, Ha! ha! we sing, ha! ha! We laugh, we sing, in
jol - ly D. K. E. Tra la la, tra la la, Tra la la, tra la la,
Tra la la, tra la la, Tra la la la la la la la!
Slap! Bang! here we are a - gain, here we are a - gain, here we are a - gain,
Slap! Bang! here we are a - gain, In jol - ly D. K. E.

WE COME WITH A SHOUT AND SONG.


We come, we come, we come with a shout and song,
Piano.
Sing - ing al - ways as we go march - ing on, We are a mer - ry,
hap - py - go - luck - y throng in Al - pha Del - ta Phi.
Chorus.
We're the cho - sen band, U - nit - ed by true friend-ship's tie,
1st Tenor. p
2nd Tenor.
We're . . the cho-sen band, . . U - nit - ed by true friendship's tie, . .
1st Bass.
Air. f
2nd Bass.
We're the cho - sen band, U - nit - ed by true friendship's tie,

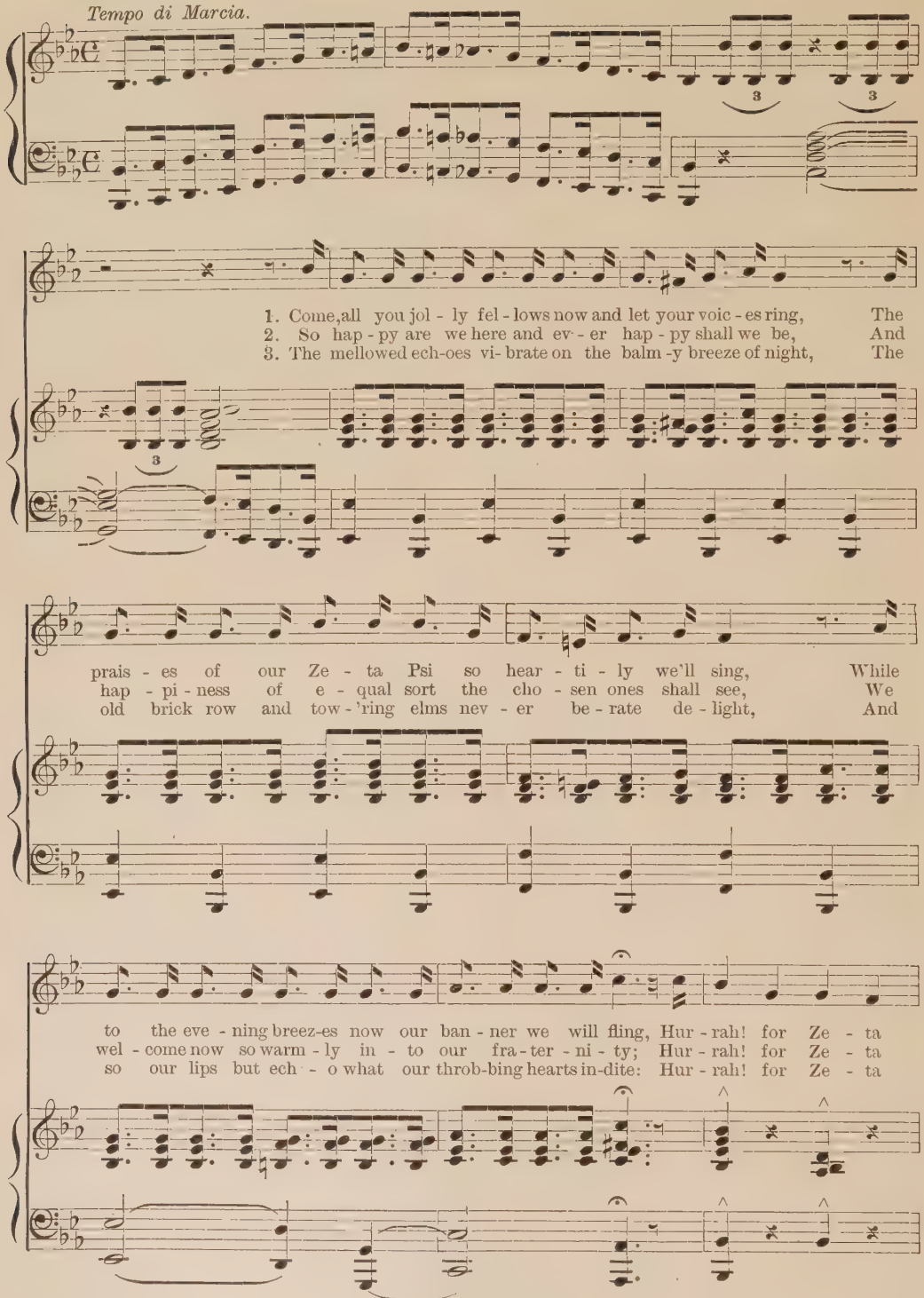
By permission of Alpha Delta Phi.

Swell the joy - ous strain to meet the ech - oes from on high!
Swell . . the joy - ous strain . . to meet the ech - oes from on high! . .
Swell the joy - ous strain to meet the ech - oes from on high!
Lis - ten to the song we sing as we go march-ing by; We'll
Lis - - ten to the song . . . We sing as we go march-ing by; We'll
Lis - ten to the song we sing as we go march-ing by; We'll
give a cheer for YALE and for Al - pha Del - ta Phi!

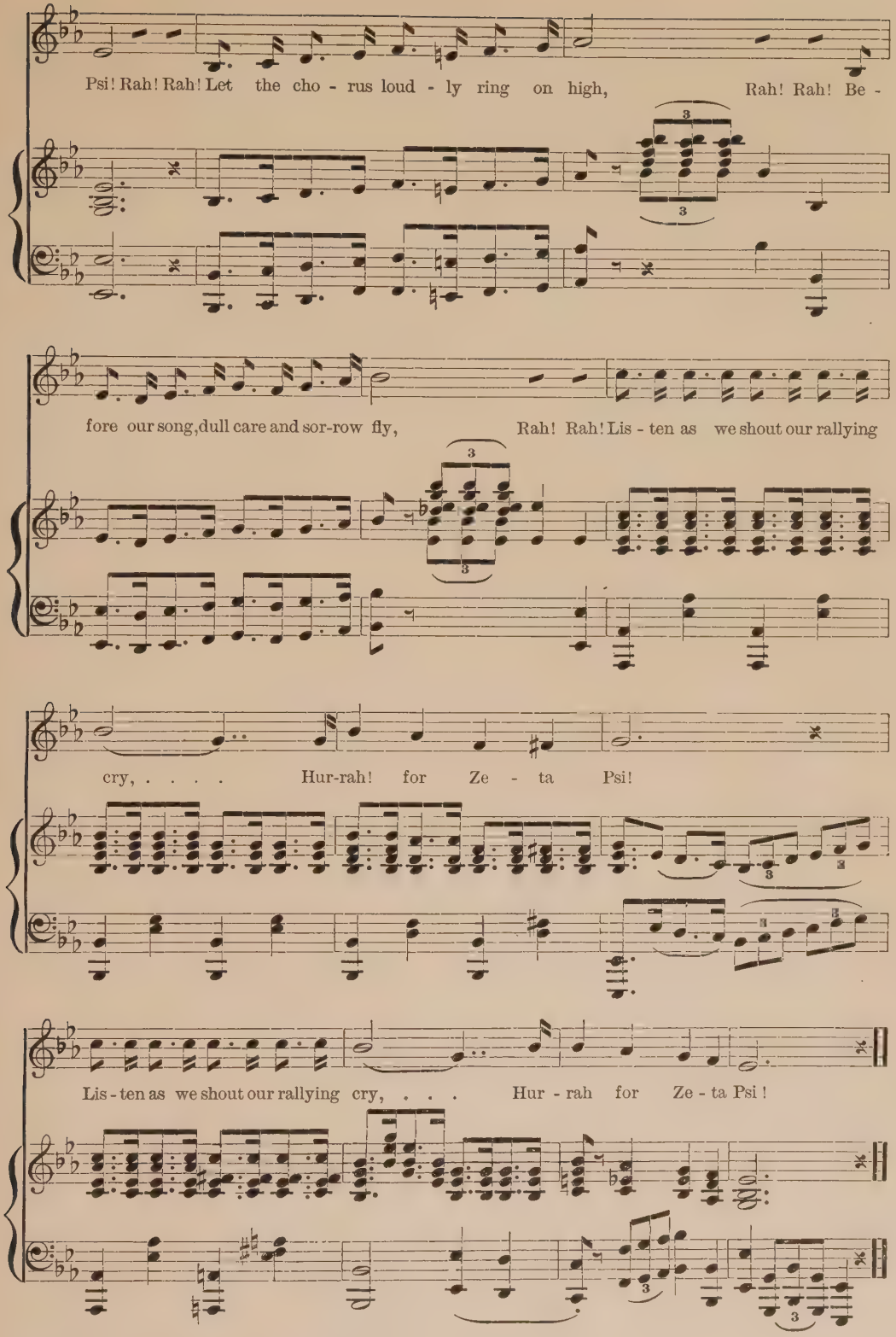
HURRAH FOR ZETA PSI.

Words by Edward L. Munson. Music by G. M. Peck.

Tempo di Marcia.

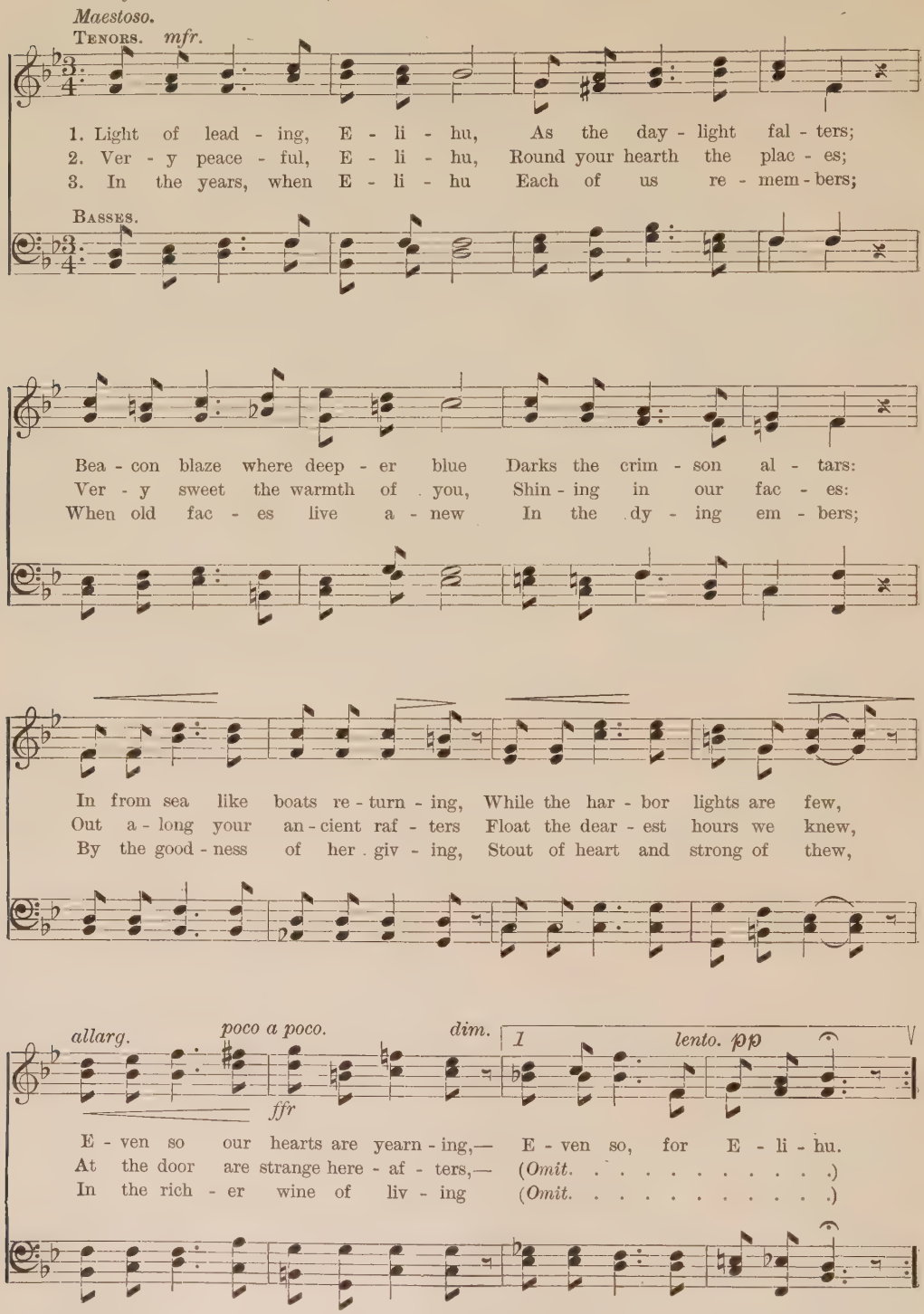

1. Come, all you jol - ly fel - lows now and let your voic - es ring, The
2. So hap - py are we here and ev - er hap - py shall we be, And
3. The mellowed ech-oes vi- brate on the balm -y breeze of night, The
prais - es of our Ze - ta Psi so hear - ti - ly we'll sing, While
hap - pi - ness of e - qual sort the cho - sen ones shall see, We
old brick row and tow - 'ring elms nev - er be - rate de - light, And
to the eve - ning breez-es now our ban - ner we will fling, Hur - rah! for Ze - ta
wel - come now so warm - ly in - to our fra - ter - ni - ty; Hur - rah! for Ze - ta
so our lips but ech - o what our throb-bing hearts in-dite: Hur - rah! for Ze - ta

Copyright, 1897, by G. M. Peck.

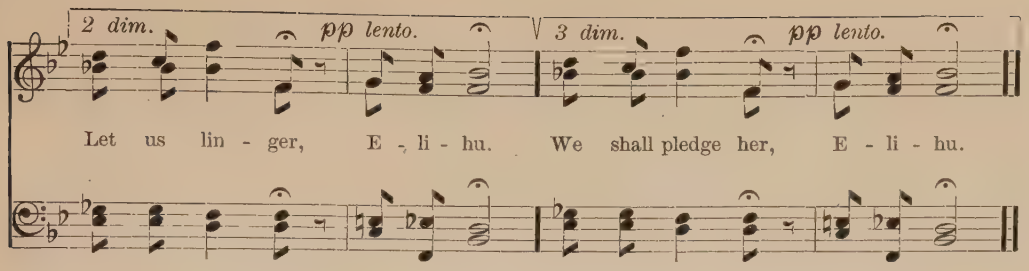

Psi! Rah! Rah! Let the cho - rus loud - ly ring on high, Rah! Rah! Be -
fore our song, dull care and sor-row fly, Rah! Rah! Lis - ten as we shout our rallying
cry, ... Hur-rah! for Ze - ta Psi!
Lis - ten as we shout our rallying cry, . . . Hur - rah for Ze - ta Psi!

EVENSONG FOR ELIHU.

Words by Benjamin R. C. Low, '02. Music by Giovanni E. Conterno.

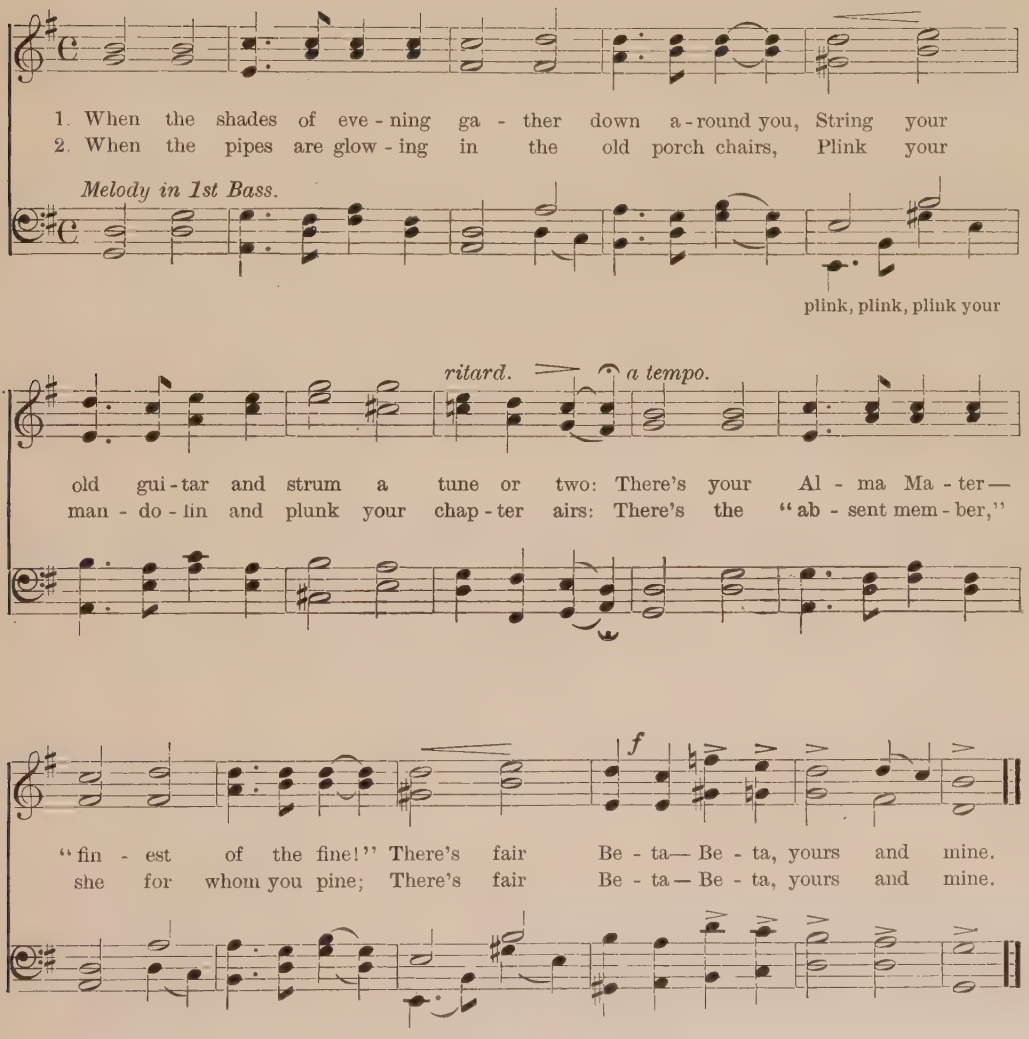

Maestoso.
Tenors. mfr.
1. Light of lead - ing, E - li - hu, As the day - light fal - ters;
2. Ver - y peace - ful, E - li - hu, Round your hearth the plac - es;
3. In the years, when E - li - hu Each of us re - mem - bers;
Basses.
Bea - con blaze where deep - er blue Darks the crim - son al - tars:
Ver - y sweet the warmth of you, Shin - ing in our fac - es:
When old fac - es live a - new In the dy - ing em - bers;
In from sea like boats re - turn - ing, While the har - bor lights are few,
Out a - long your an - cient raf - ters Float the dear - est hours we knew,
By the good - ness of her giv - ing, Stout of heart and strong of thew,
allarg.
poco a poco.
dim.
I
lento. pp
ffr
E - ven so our hearts are yearn - ing,— E - ven so, for E - li - hu.
At the door are strange here - af - ters,— (Omit. . . . . .)
In the rich - er wine of liv - ing (Omit. . . . . .)

Copyright, 1914, by B. R. C. Low.



IN THE OLD PORCH CHAIRS.

Words and Music by HORACE LOZIER.


1. When the shades of eve - ning ga - ther down a - round you, String your
2. When the pipes are glow - ing in the old porch chairs, Plink your
Melody in 1st Bass.
plink, plink, plink your
ritard.
a tempo.
old gui - tar and strum a tune or two: There's your Al - ma Ma - ter—
man - do - lin and plunk your chap - ter airs: There's the "ab - sent mem - ber,"
f
"fin - est of the fine!" There's fair Be - ta— Be - ta, yours and mine.
she for whom you pine; There's fair Be - ta — Be - ta, yours and mine.

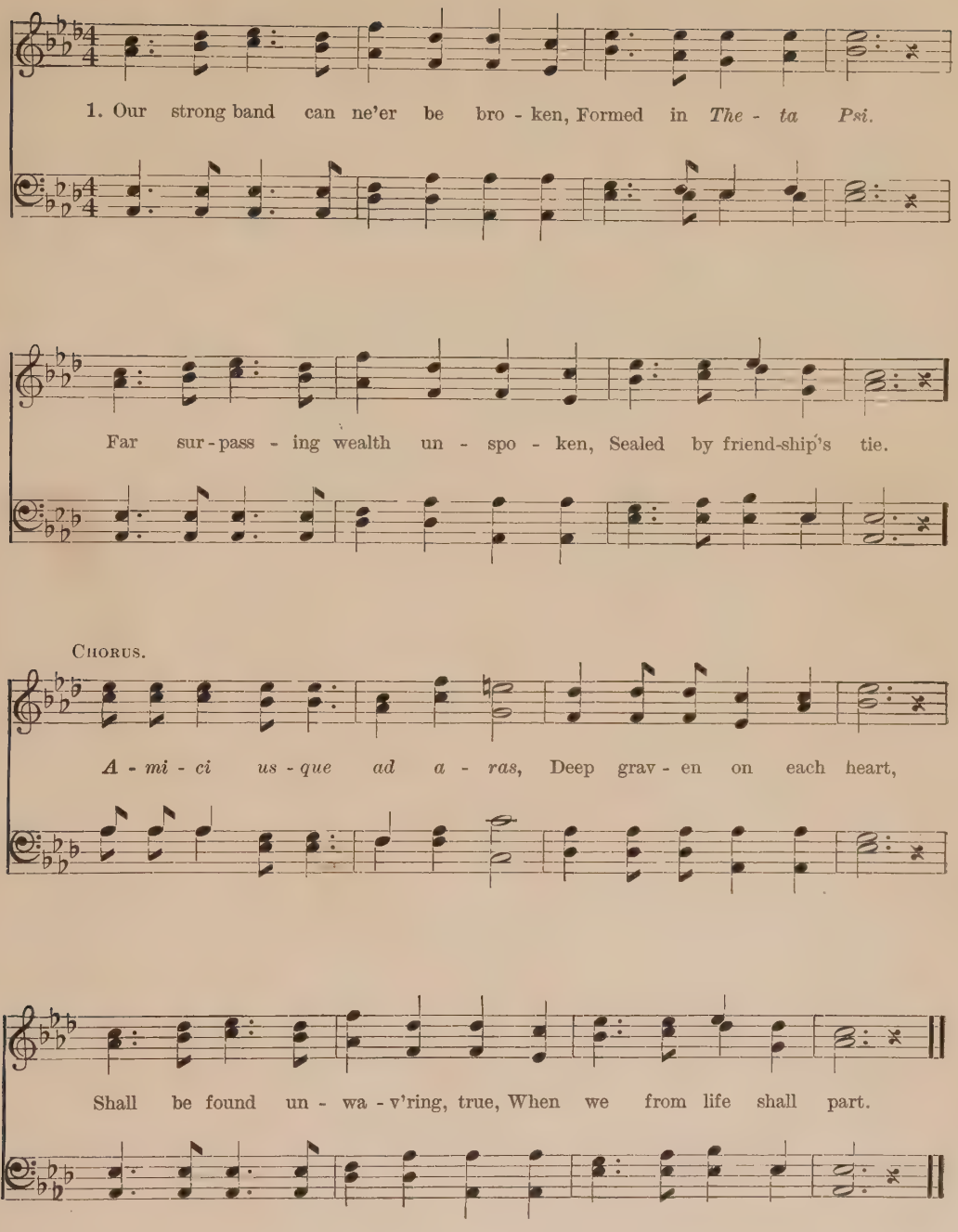
By permission of HORACE G. LOZIER.

RAVEN.

1. Now, thro' the mid-night, naught else re - veal - ing, Save her quaint and mys - tic cry,
2. Some are in sad - ness, while the dark ra - ven, Croak - ing, by their win - dow flies,
Fli - eth the ra - ven, sol - emn - ly deal - ing Fates of Phi The - ta Psi. Caw.
But glad - ly wel - come in - to the ha - ven, Un - to you now she cries.
Chorus.
Phi The - ta Psi, Caw, Phi The - ta Psi, O fresh - men dream - ing,
Wake to the mean - ing Of that ech - o - ing cry! Caw.
Phi The - ta Psi, Caw, Ring out the cry, Fresh! Heart - i - ly greet - ing,
Stand we re - peat - ing, Wel - come to Phi The - ta Psi.

THE ELMS OF THE GREEN

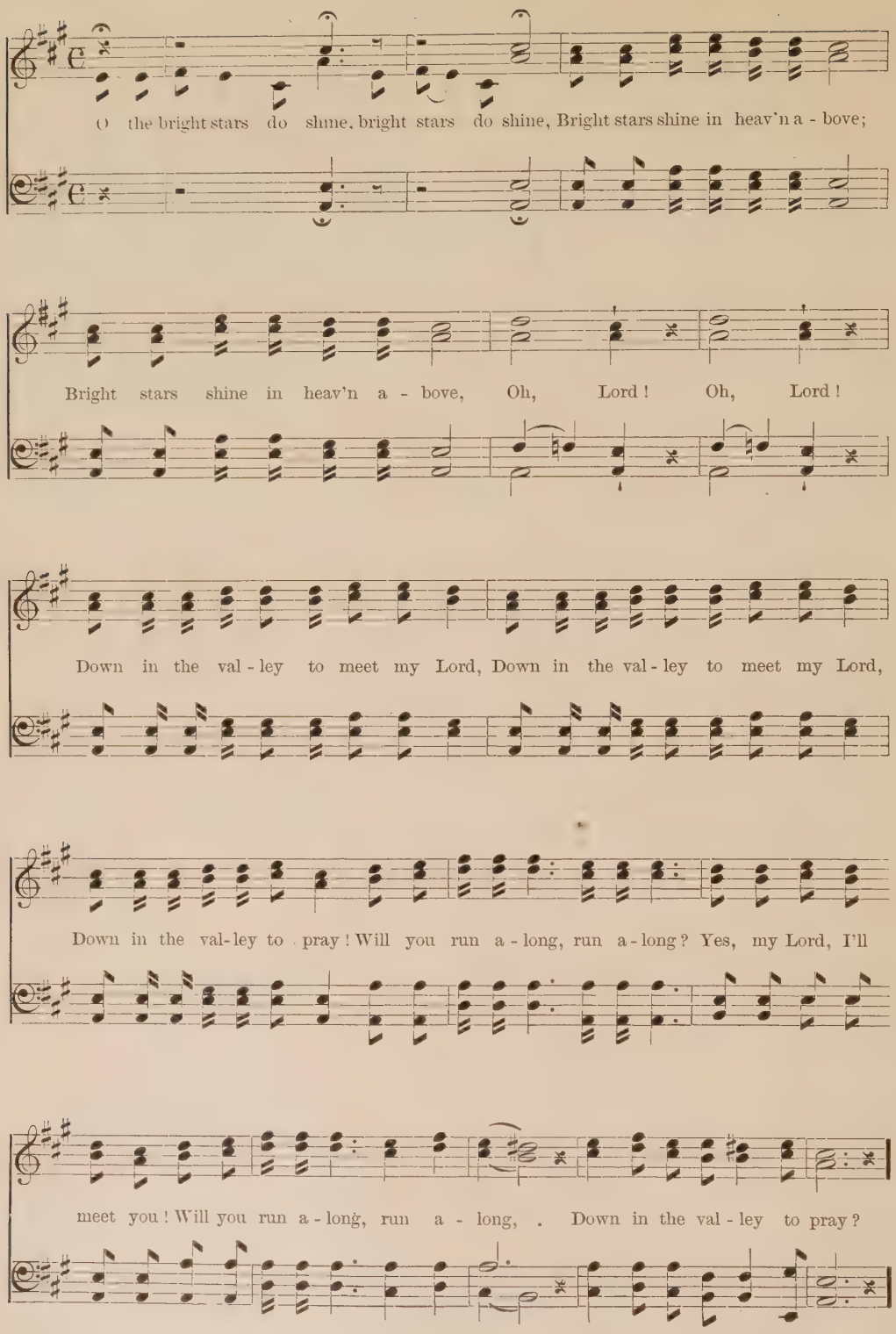
AMICI.


1. Our strong band can ne'er be bro - ken, Formed in *The - ta Psi.*
Far sur - pass - ing wealth un - spo - ken, Sealed by friend-ship's tie.
Chorus.
A - mi - ci us - que ad a - ras, Deep grav - en on each heart,
Shall be found un - wa - v'ring, true, When we from life shall part.

2 Memory's leaflets close shall twine
Around our hearts for aye,
And waft us back, o'er life's broad track,
To pleasures long gone by.

3 College life at best is passing,
Gliding swiftly by;
Then let us pledge in word and deed,
Our love for *Theta Psi.*

BRIGHT STARS DO SHINE.


O the bright stars do shine, bright stars do shine, Bright stars shine in heav'n a - bove;
Bright stars shine in heav'n a - bove, Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!
Down in the val - ley to meet my Lord, Down in the val - ley to meet my Lord,
Down in the val - ley to pray! Will you run a - long, run a - long? Yes, my Lord, I'll
meet you! Will you run a - long, run a - long, . Down in the val - ley to pray?

'Li - gion am sweet as a hon - ey - comb, Come a - long, chil - dren, let's go home;
'Li-gion am sweet as a hon - ey-comb! 'M my Lord! Oh, Ma - ry, poor Ma - ry
lost her lamb, lost her lamb,Oh, Ma - ry, poor Ma - ry lost her lit - tle woolly lamb.
Baa!
Baa!
(Spoken.) Oh, Ma - ry, poor Ma - ry lost her lamb, lost her lamb, Oh,
Baa!
Baa!
ritard.
(Spoken all.)
Ma - ry, poor Ma - ry lost her lit - tle wool - ly lamb. Baa!
ritard.

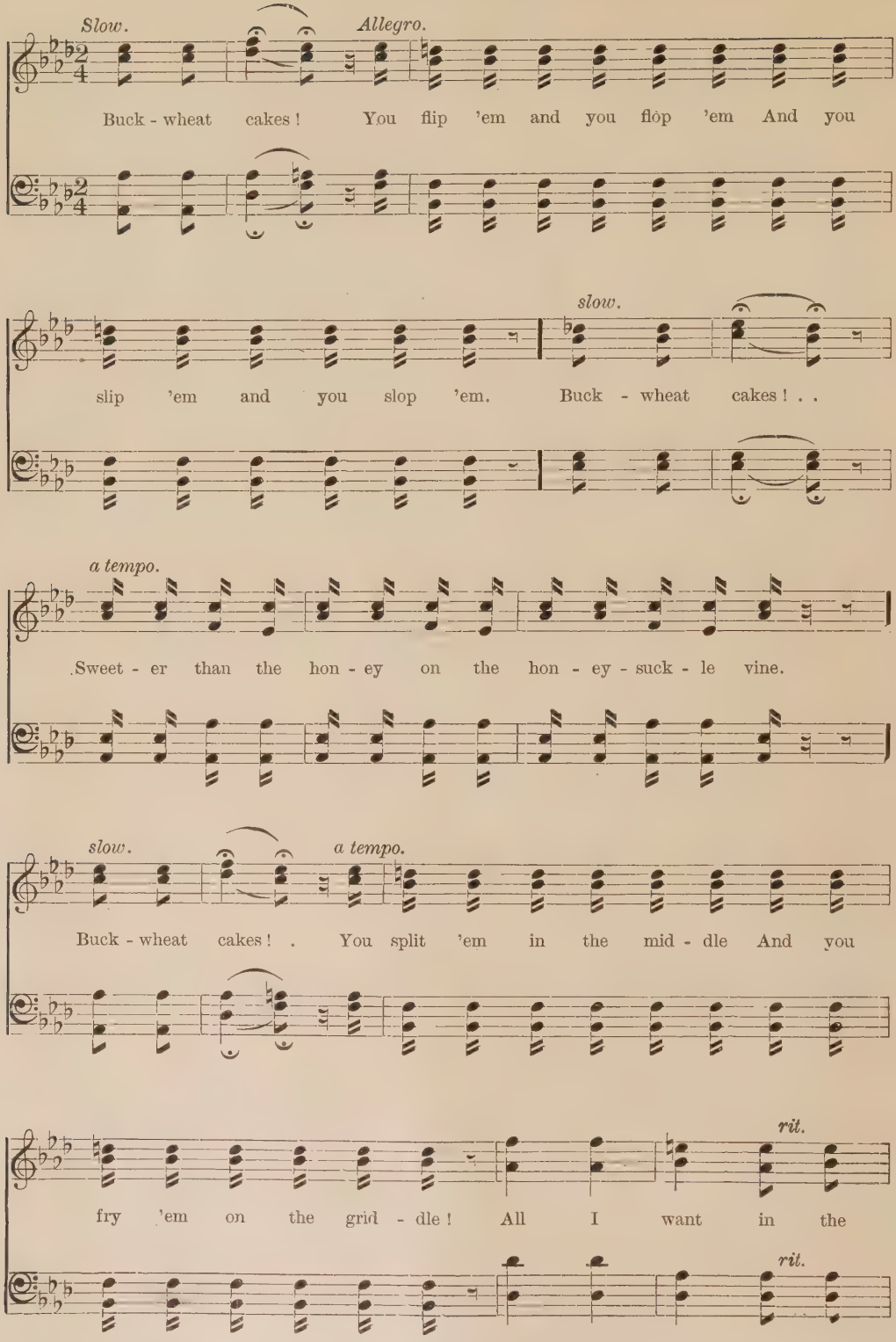
WAKE, FRESHMEN, WAKE!

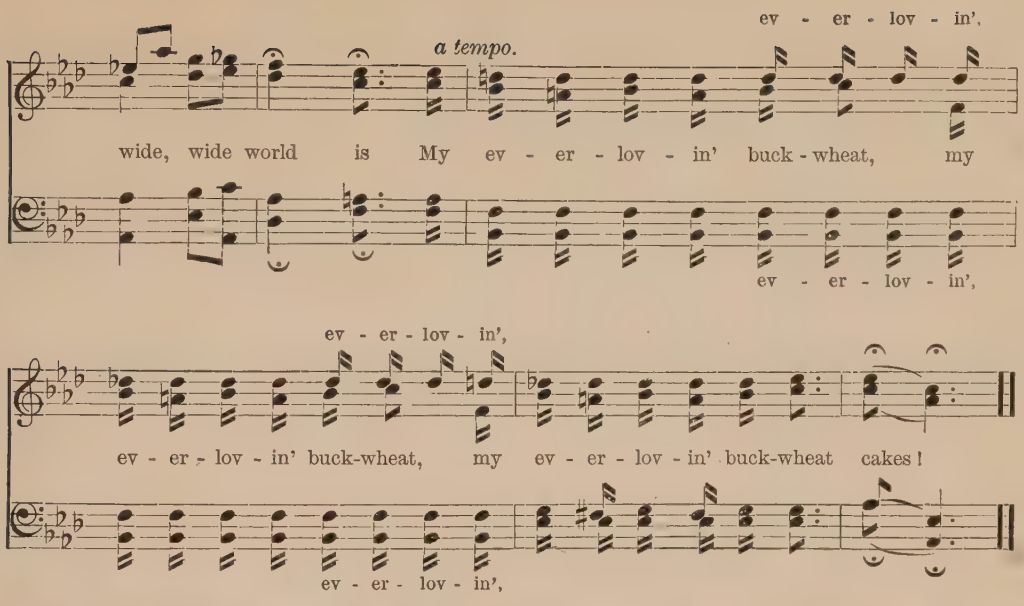
Allegro.
1. The stars bright - ly glanc - ing, Be - hold us ad - vanc - ing, And
2. While some sad - ly pon - der, Still oth - ers will won - der Why
kind - ly smile up - on us from on high; Our sum - mons a - wait - ing, With
we their doors in si - lence dead pass by; But, O for - tu - na - ti! O,
hearts loud - ly beat - ing, The Fresh-men trem-bling on their couch - es lie.
ter - que be - a - ti! Who hear the mys - tic call of Be - ta Xi.
Chorus.
Wake! wake! Fresh - men, wake! Wake while our song smites the sky, For
now, ere we leave you, We heart - i - ly give you A
wel - come in - to Del - ta Be - ta Xi.

DERE'S AN OLD CAMP-MEETIN'.

Dere's an old camp-meet-in' 'way down in the swamp, Oh mam-ma! hal-le-lu-jah! Where the
preach-er's so black that they had to get a lamp. Oh mam-ma! hal-le-lu-jah! The
(Imitate puffing of engine.)
(Imitate whistle.)
gos-pel train am a com-in' through, Choo choo choo choo choo! hoo! hoo!
Sin-ners, I am go-in' too In the good old bye and bye,
(Spoken.)
Bye and bye, When the stars am bright. Num-ber, num-ber one, num-ber
(Sung.)
Slow.
two, num-ber three, Good Lord; Byme-bye, byme-bye, Good Lord, byme-bye.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.


Slow.
Allegro.
Buck - wheat cakes ! You flip 'em and you flop 'em And you
slow.
slip 'em and you slop 'em. Buck - wheat cakes ! . .
a tempo.
Sweet - er than the hon - ey on the hon - ey - suck - le vine.
slow.
a tempo.
Buck - wheat cakes ! . You split 'em in the mid - dle And you
rit.
fry 'em on the grid - dle ! All I want in the
rit.


ev - er - lov - in',
a tempo.
wide, wide world is My ev - er - lov - in' buck - wheat, my
ev - er - lov - in',
ev - er - lov - in',
ev - er - lov - in' buck-wheat, my ev - er - lov - in' buck-wheat cakes!
ev - er - lov - in',

ENTRANCE TO WOOLSEY HALL

'ZEKIEL SAW THE WHEEL.

Some fine day 'bout eight o' - clock, 'Way up in the air,
This old world will be - gin to rock, 'Way up in the air.
'Ze - kiel saw the wheel, 'Way up in the mid - dle of the air,
'Ze - kiel saw the wheel, 'Way up in the air. . The big wheel turns by
faith, . And the lit - tle wheel turns by the grace of God, 'Tis a

wheel with - in a wheel, 'Way up in the air.

Josh - ua fit the bat - tle of Jer - i - cho. A - men.

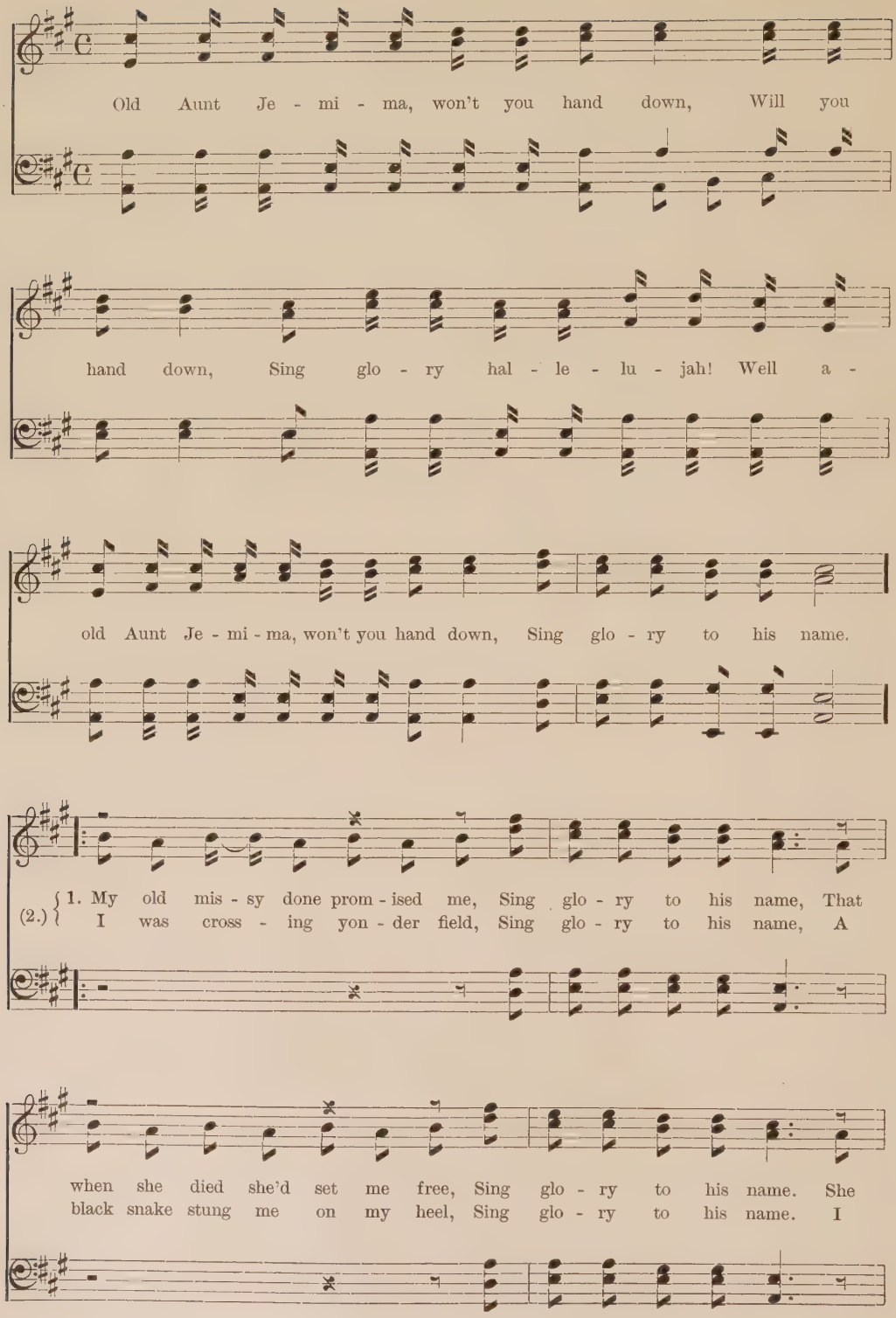
So - o glad! . Josh - ua fit the bat - tle of

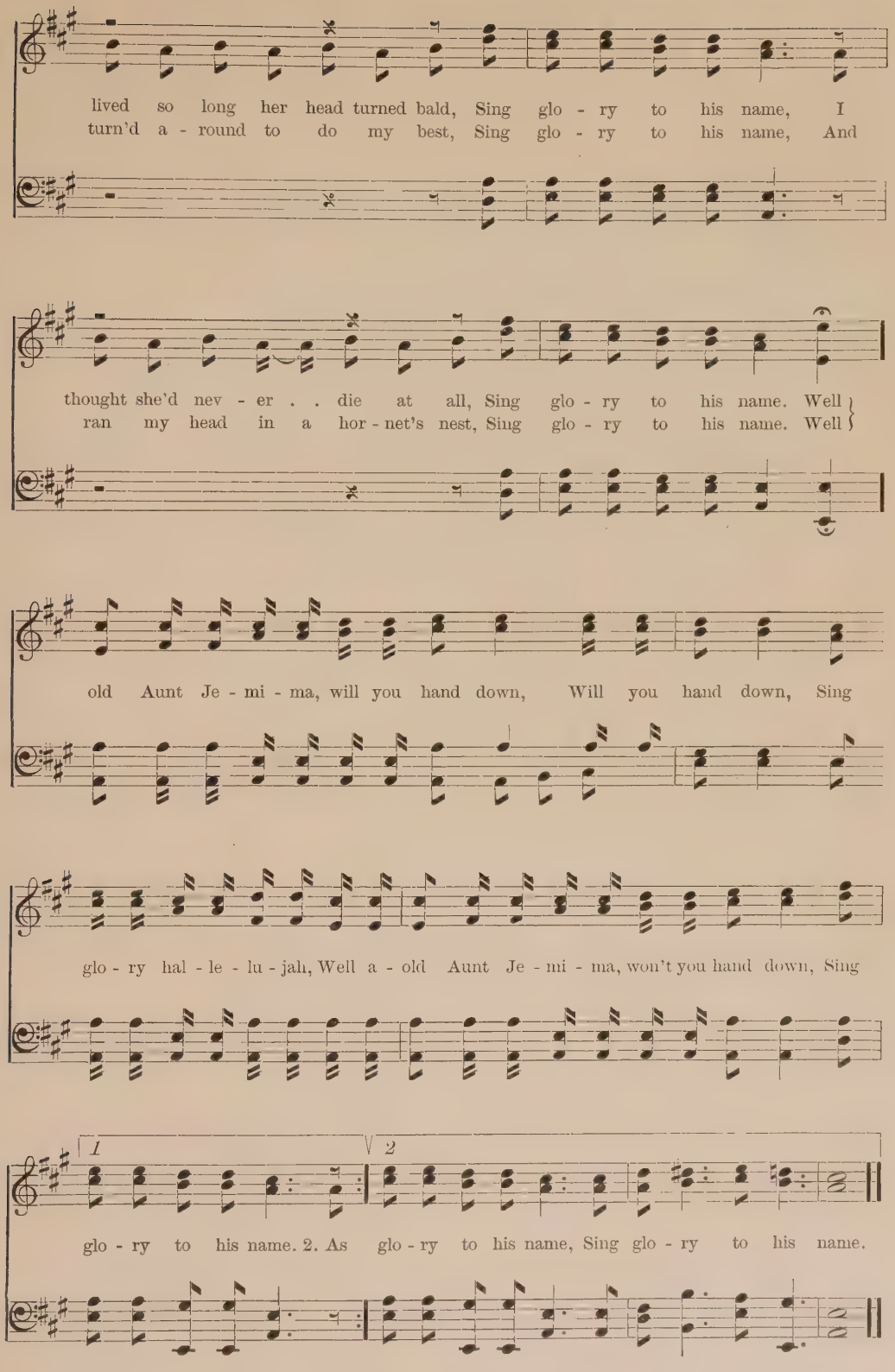
slowly.

Jer - i - cho, And the walls came tum - bling down: Too true! .

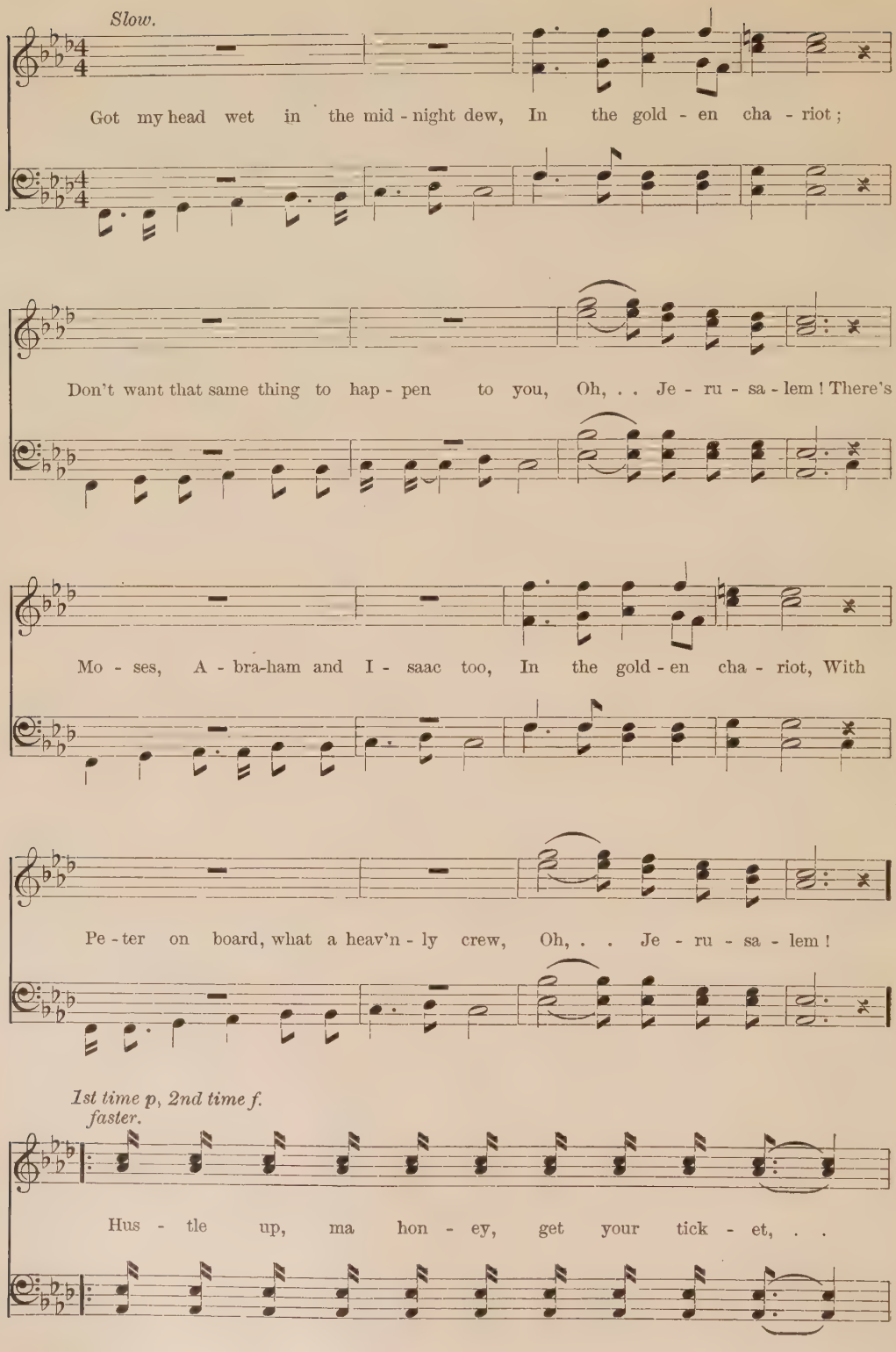
BEFORE CHAPEL

JEMIMA.


Old Aunt Je - mi - ma, won't you hand down, Will you
hand down, Sing glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Well a -
old Aunt Je - mi - ma, won't you hand down, Sing glo - ry to his name.
(2.) 1. My old mis - sy done prom - ised me, Sing glo - ry to his name, That
I was cross - ing yon - der field, Sing glo - ry to his name, A
when she died she'd set me free, Sing glo - ry to his name. She
black snake stung me on my heel, Sing glo - ry to his name. I


lived so long her head turned bald, Sing glo - ry to his name, I
turn'd a - round to do my best, Sing glo - ry to his name, And
thought she'd nev - er . . die at all, Sing glo - ry to his name. Well
ran my head in a hor - net's nest, Sing glo - ry to his name. Well
old Aunt Je - mi - ma, will you hand down, Will you hand down, Sing
glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Well a - old Aunt Je - mi - ma, won't you hand down, Sing
1
2
glo - ry to his name. 2. As glo - ry to his name, Sing glo - ry to his name.

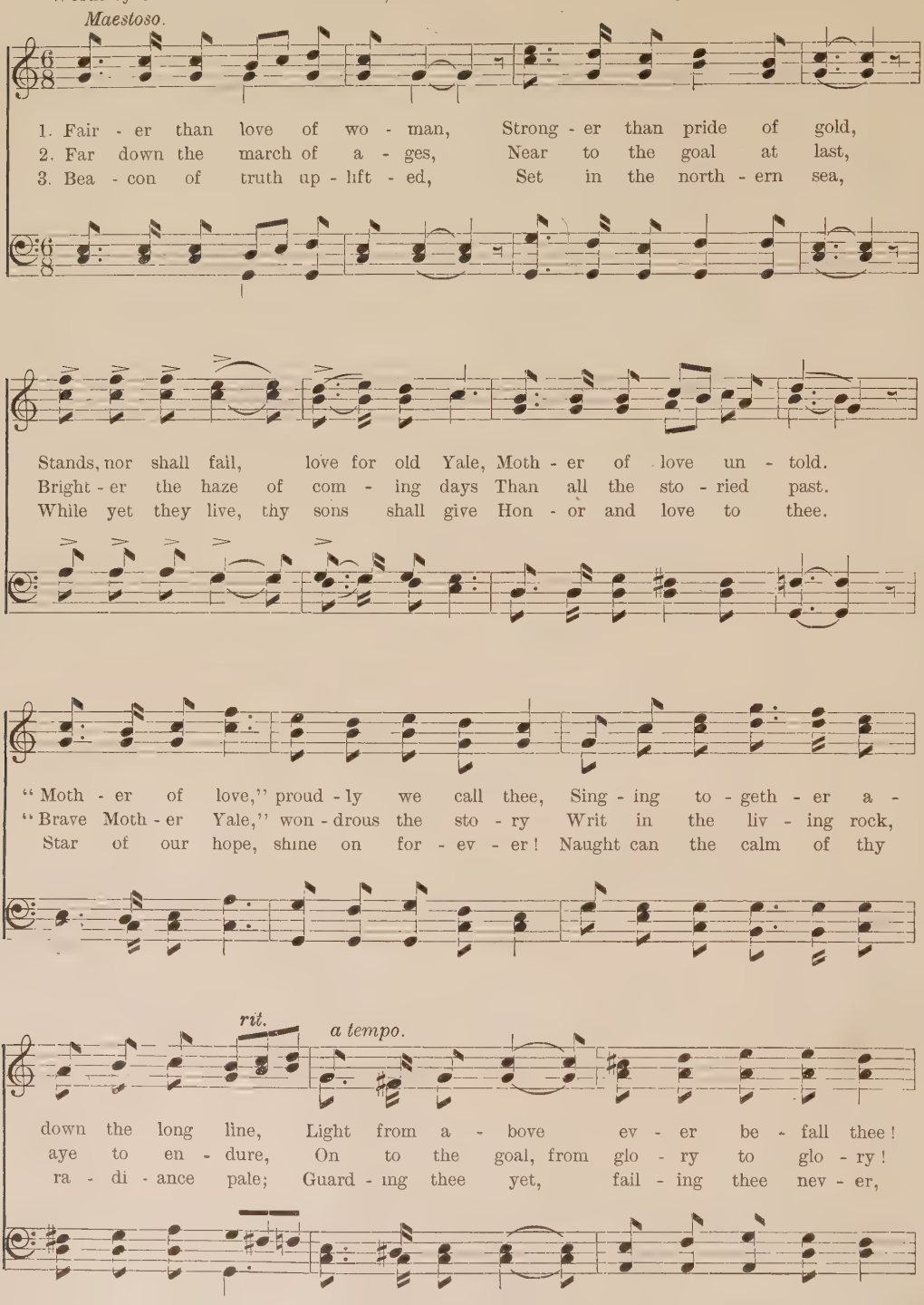
GOT MY HEAD WET.


Slow.
Got my head wet in the mid - night dew, In the gold - en cha - riot;
Don't want that same thing to hap - pen to you, Oh, . . Je - ru - sa - lem! There's
Mo - ses, A - bra-ham and I - saac too, In the gold - en cha - riot, With
Pe - ter on board, what a heav'n - ly crew, Oh, . . Je - ru - sa - lem!
1st time p, 2nd time f.
faster.
Hus - tle up, ma hon - ey, get your tick - et, . .

Don't you miss dat train, We'll all be dead and bur - ied, When that
1
2
cha - riot makes an - oth - er trip a - gain. Oh, ... gain.
slow.
Chil - dren, I will be there, Bright and ear - ly in the
morn - ing. I must go, I'll be there! When you
f faster.
gwine to be there? When the big bell rings that day.
f

BRAVE MOTHER YALE.

Words by CHARLES EDMUND MERRILL, '98. Music by THOMAS G. SHEPARD.


Maestoso.
1. Fair - er than love of wo - man, Strong - er than pride of gold,
2. Far down the march of a - ges, Near to the goal at last,
3. Bea - con of truth up - lift - ed, Set in the north - ern sea,
Stands, nor shall fail, love for old Yale, Moth - er of love un - told.
Bright - er the haze of com - ing days Than all the sto - ried past.
While yet they live, thy sons shall give Hon - or and love to thee.
"Moth - er of love," proud - ly we call thee, Sing - ing to - geth - er a -
"Brave Moth - er Yale," won - drous the sto - ry Writ in the liv - ing rock,
Star of our hope, shine on for - ev - er! Naught can the calm of thy
rit.
a tempo.
down the long line, Light from a - bove ev - er be - fall thee!
aye to en - dure, On to the goal, from glo - ry to glo - ry!
ra - di - ance pale; Guard - ing thee yet, fail - ing thee nev - er,

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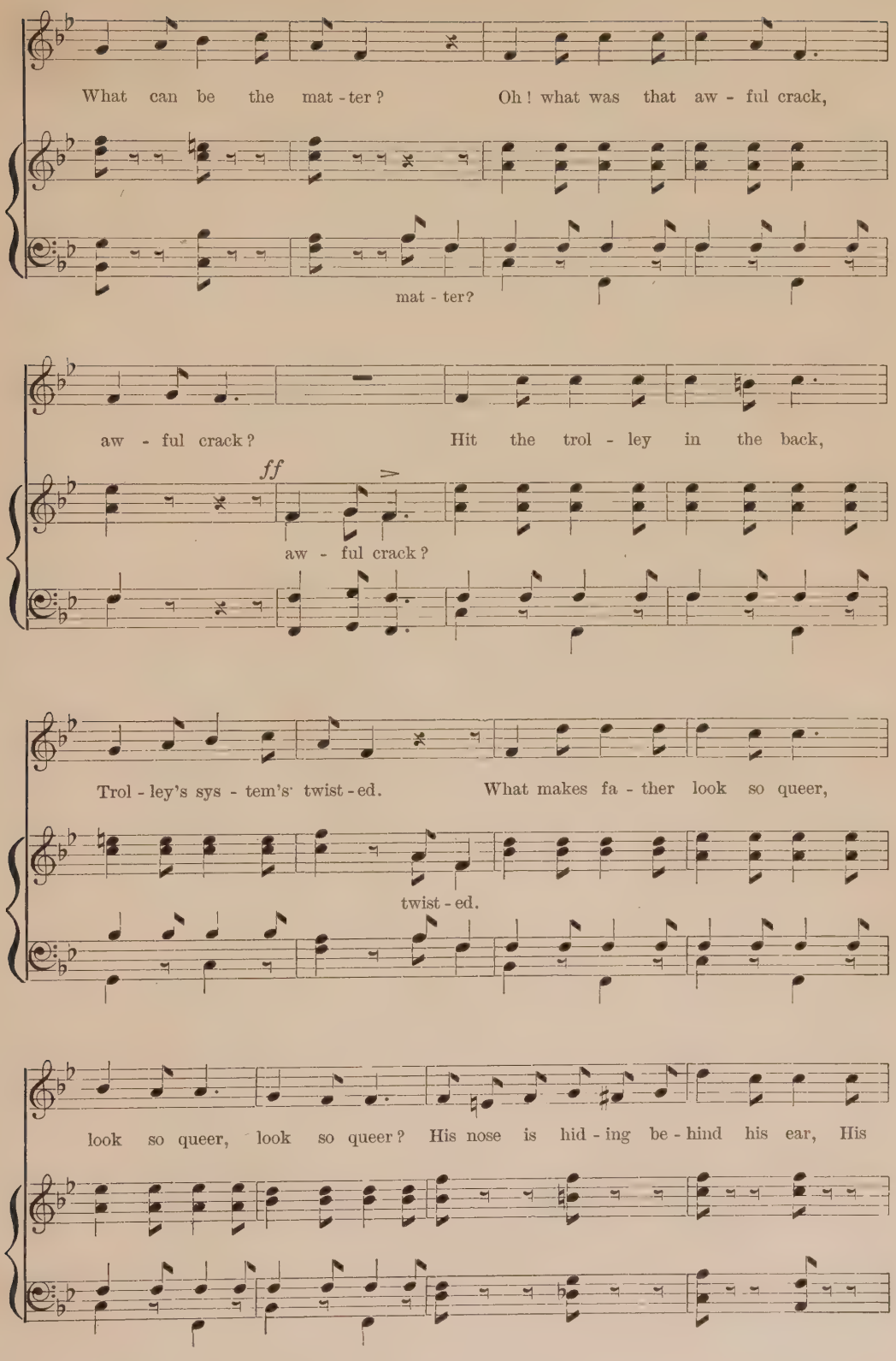
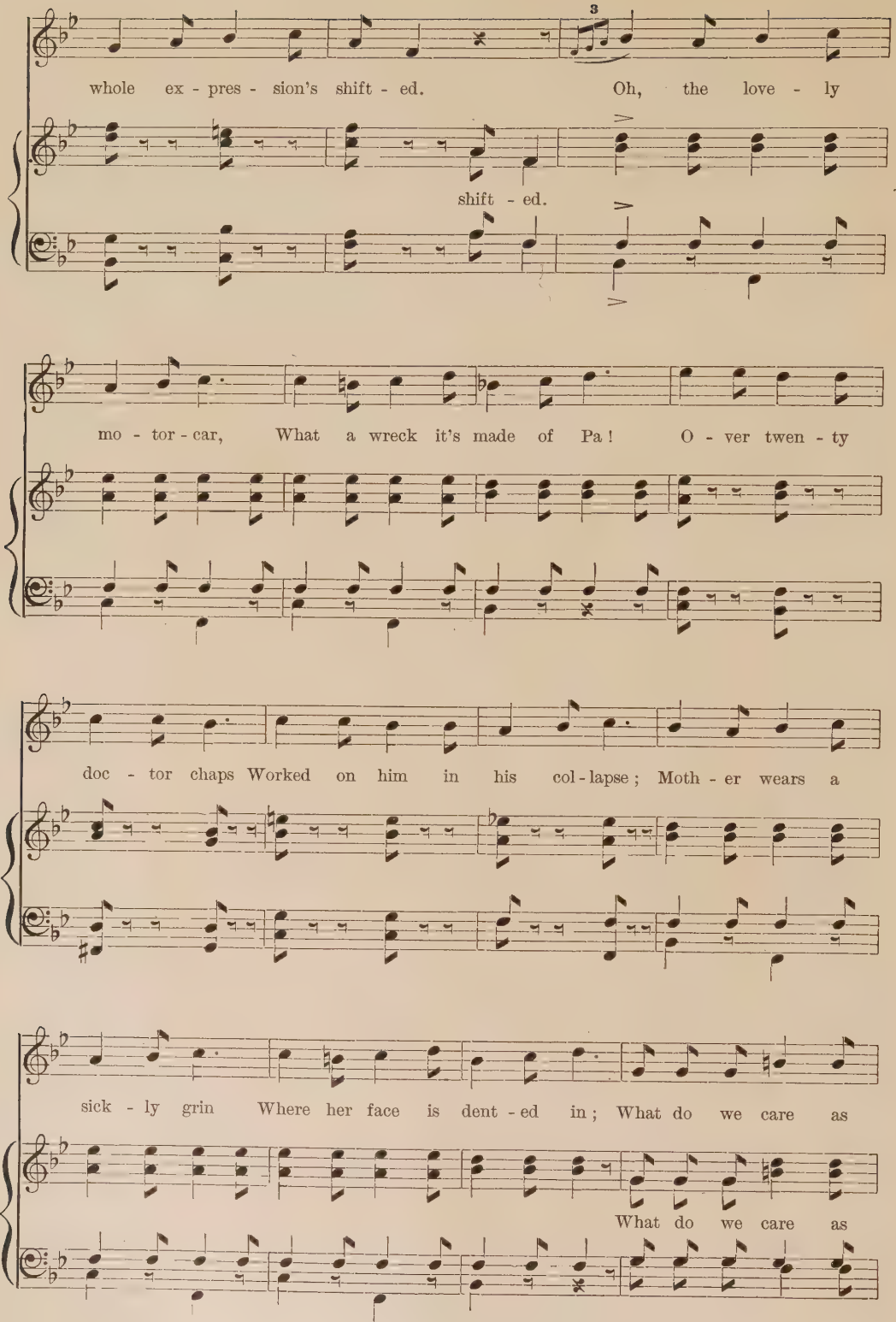
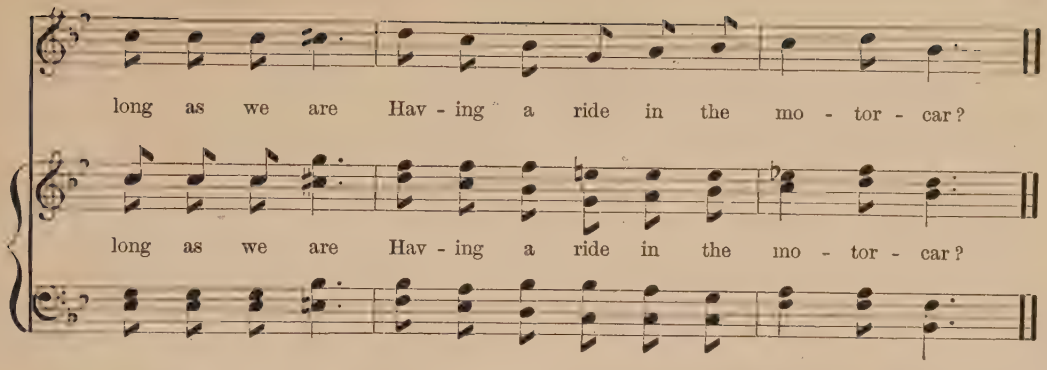
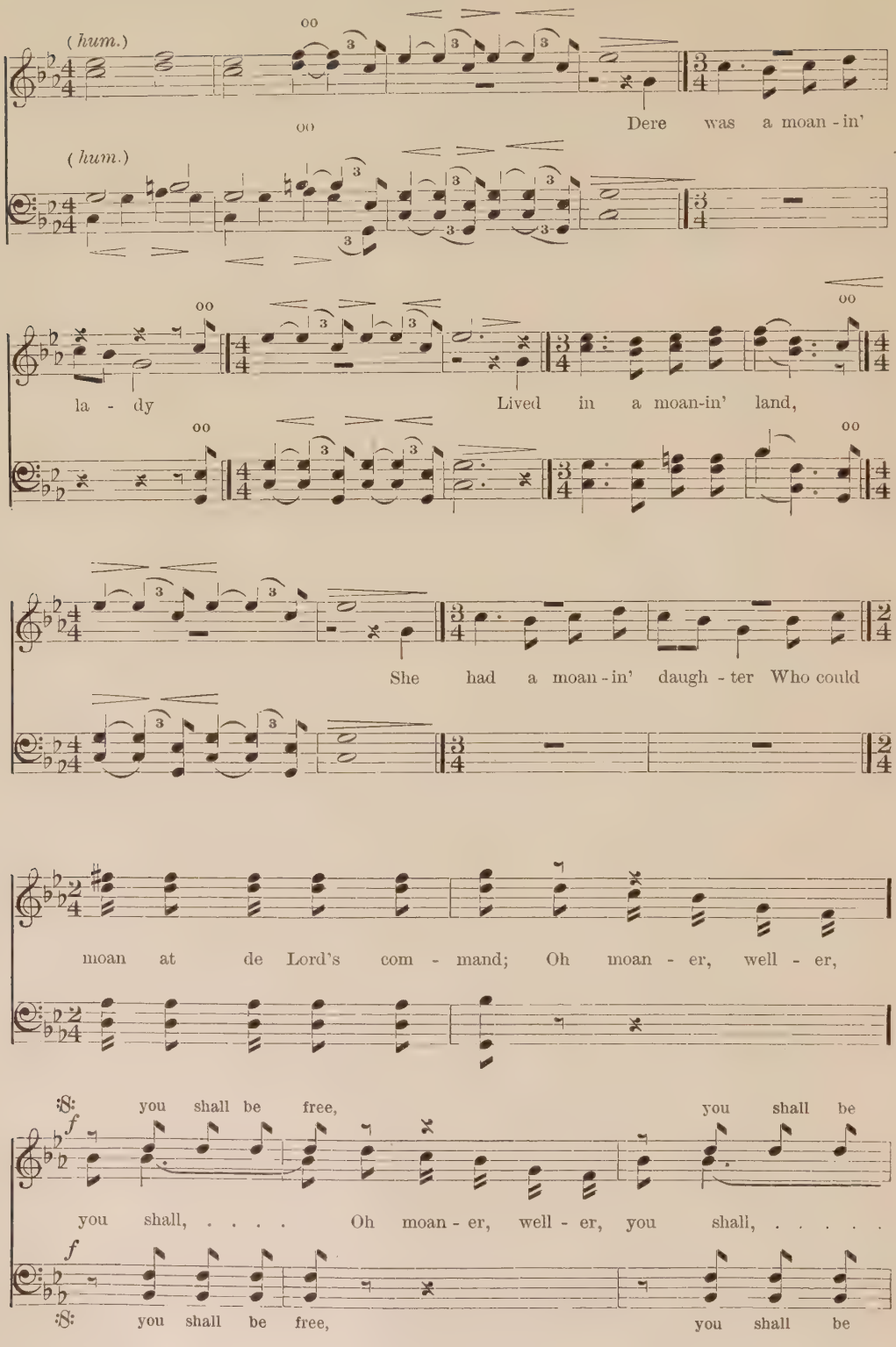

What can be the mat - ter? Oh! what was that aw - ful crack,
mat - ter?
aw - ful crack? Hit the trol - ley in the back,
ff
aw - ful crack?
Trol - ley's sys - tem's twist - ed. What makes fa - ther look so queer,
twist - ed.
look so queer, look so queer? His nose is hid - ing be - hind his ear, His

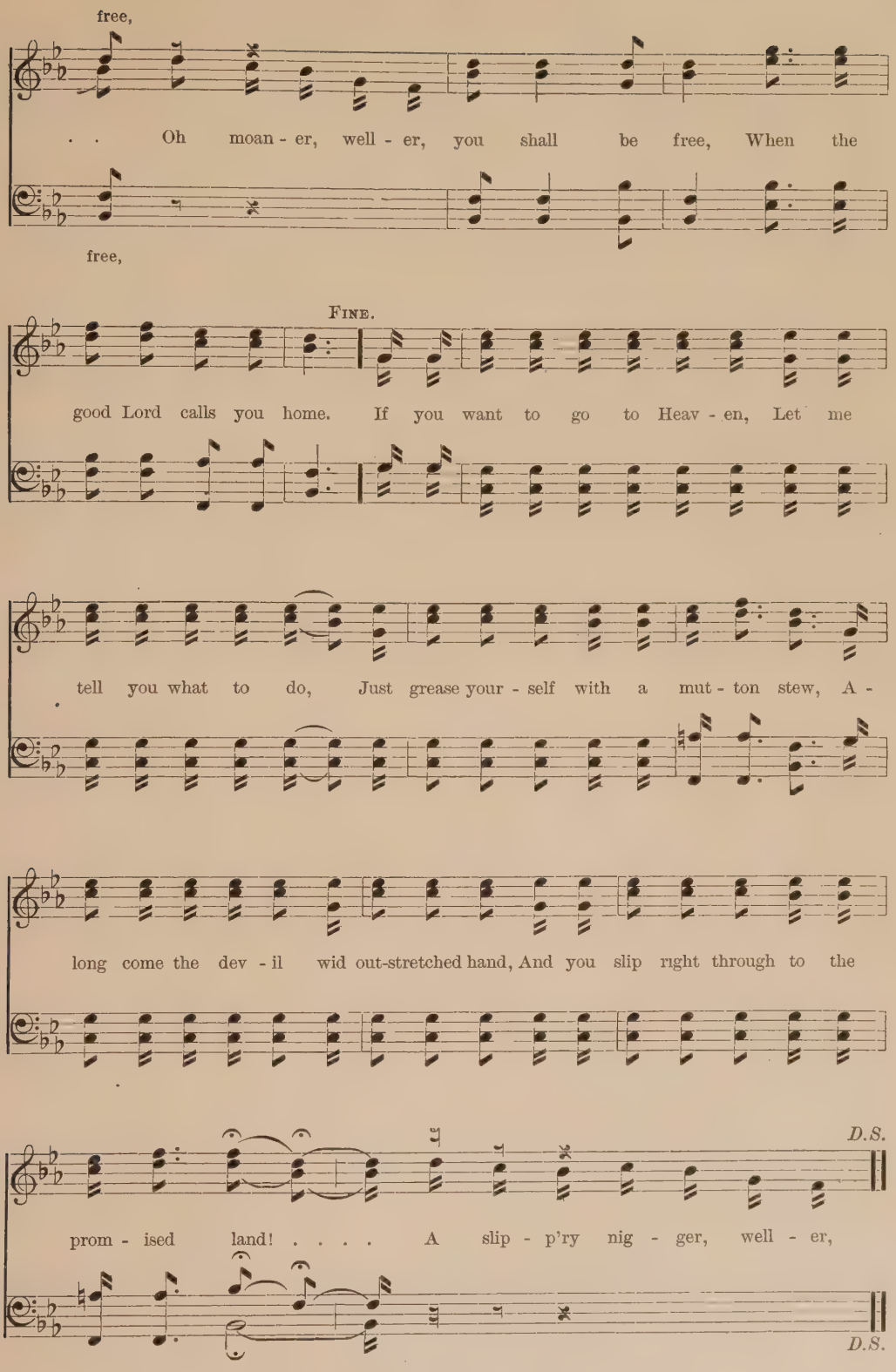

3
whole ex - pres - sion's shift - ed. Oh, the love - ly
shift - ed.
mo - tor - car, What a wreck it's made of Pa! O - ver twen - ty
doc - tor chaps Worked on him in his col - lapse; Moth - er wears a
sick - ly grin Where her face is dent - ed in; What do we care as
What do we care as



PHELPS GATEWAY

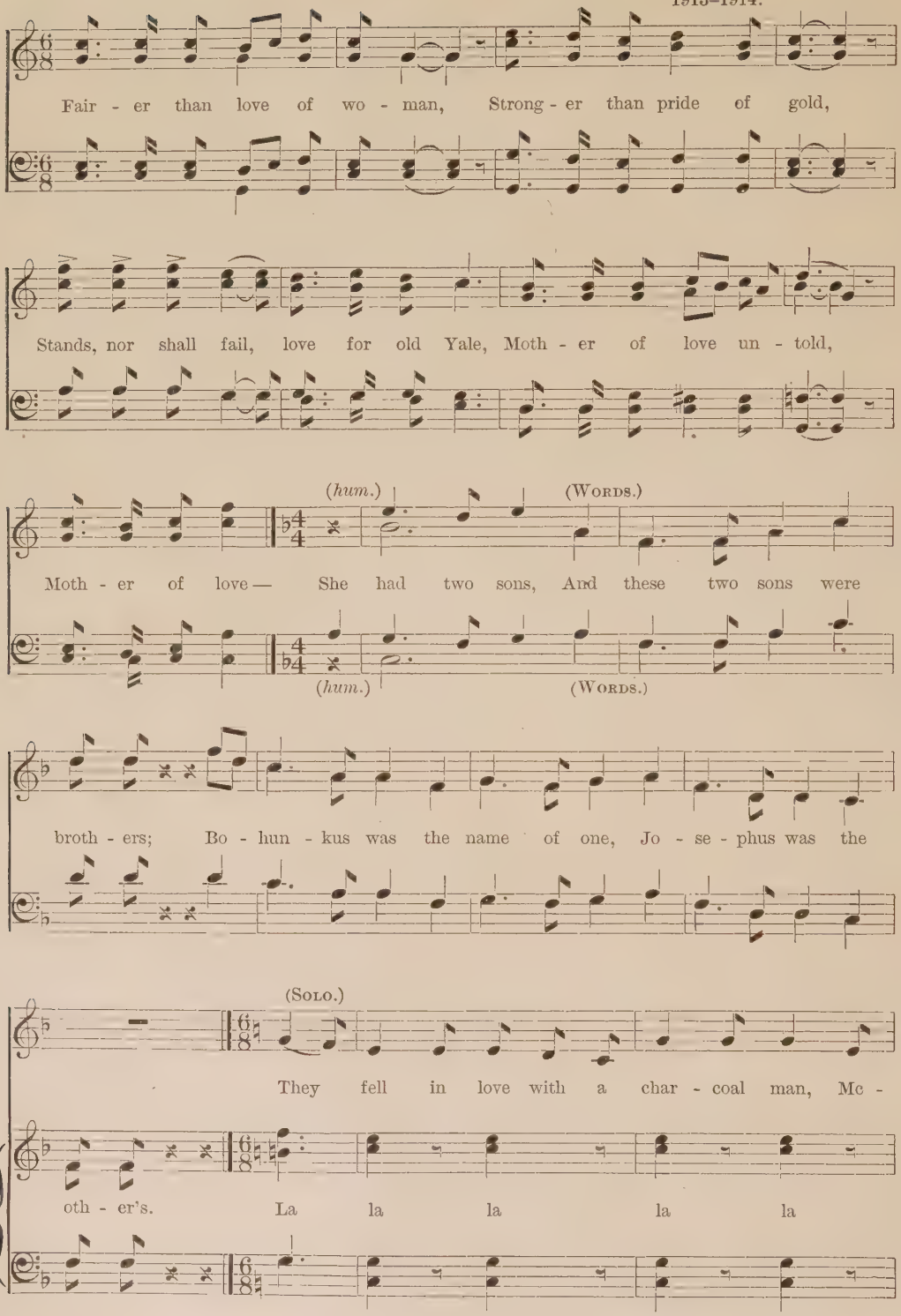
THE MOANING LADY.

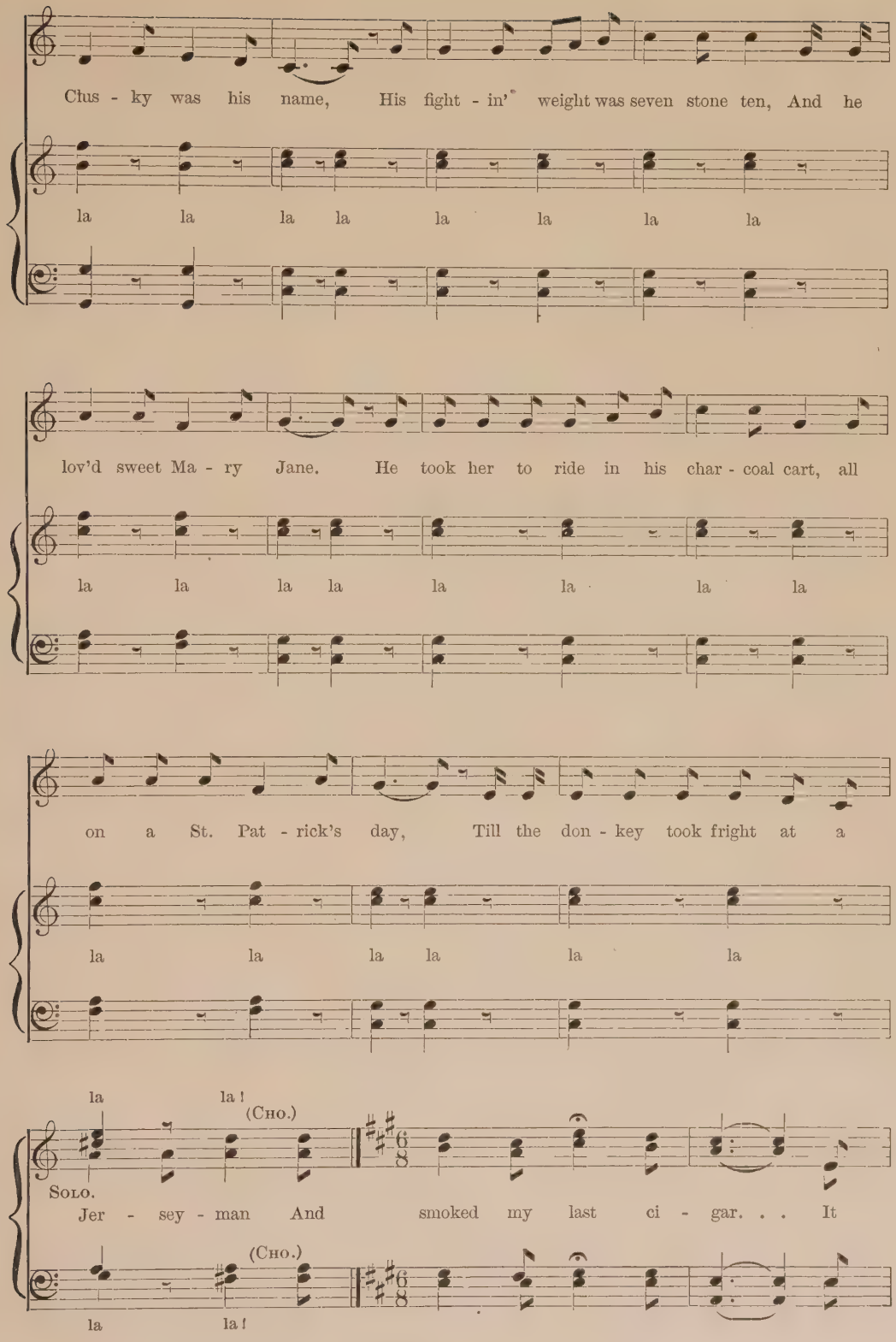

(hum.)
Dere was a moan - in'
(hum.)
la - dy
Lived in a moan-in' land,
She had a moan - in' daugh - ter Who could
moan at de Lord's com - mand; Oh moan - er, well - er,
you shall be free, you shall be
f
you shall, ... Oh moan - er, well - er, you shall, ...
f
you shall be free, you shall be

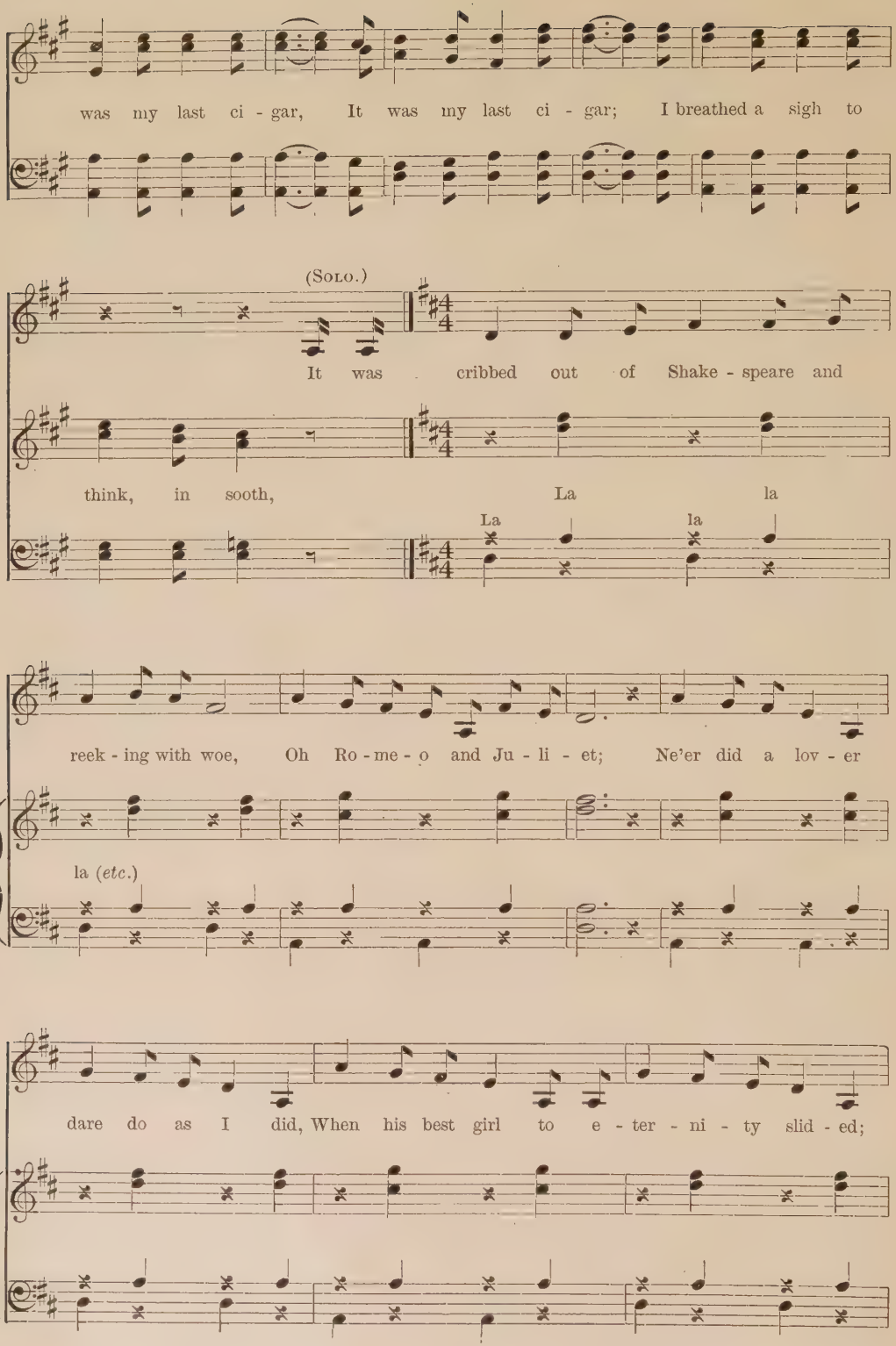

free,
. . Oh moan - er, well - er, you shall be free, When the
free,
FINE.
good Lord calls you home. If you want to go to Heav - en, Let me
tell you what to do, Just grease your - self with a mut - ton stew, A -
long come the dev - il wid out-stretched hand, And you slip right through to the
D.S.
prom - ised land! . . . . A slip - p'ry nig - ger, well - er,
D.S.

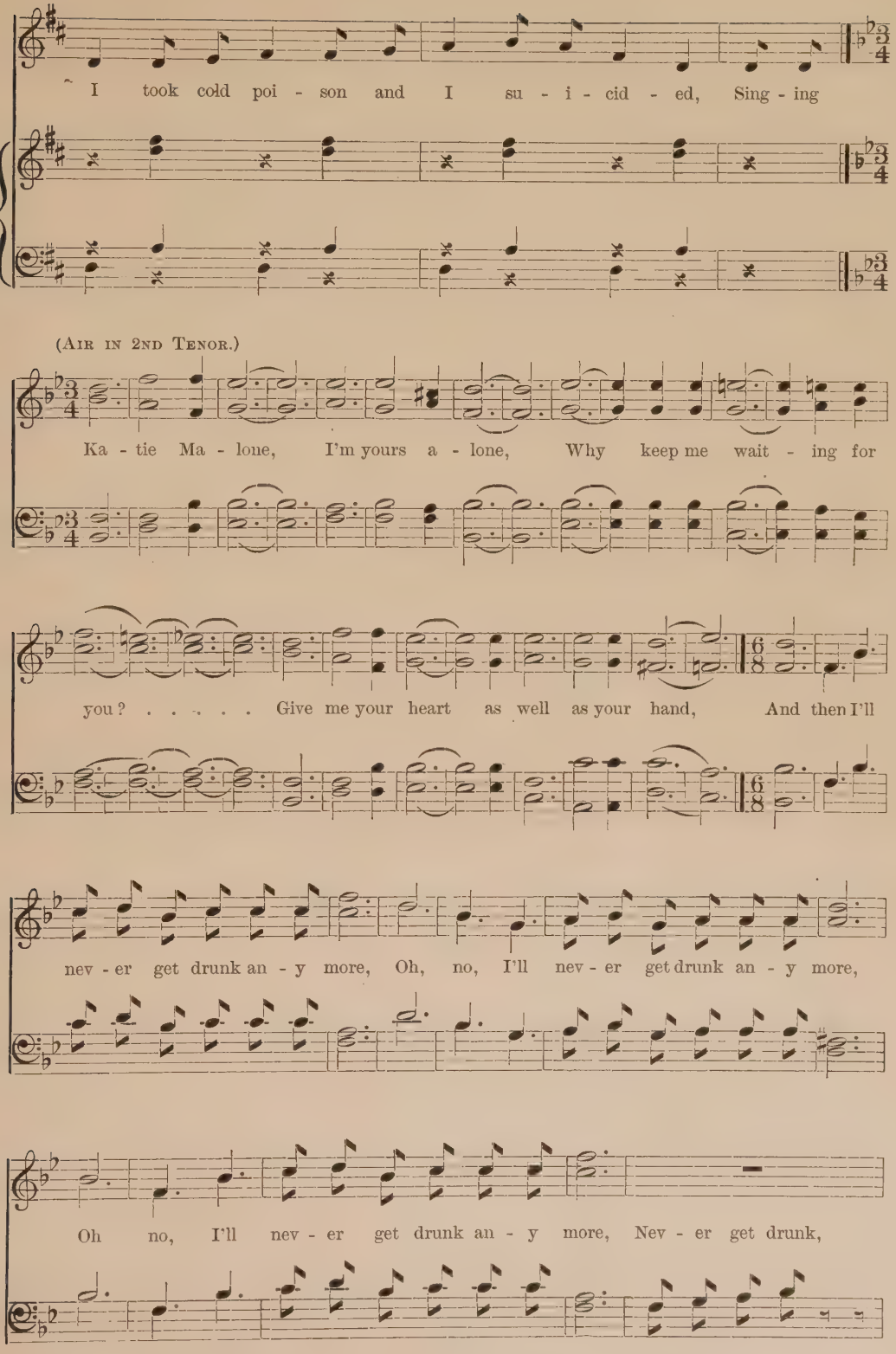
MEDLEY.

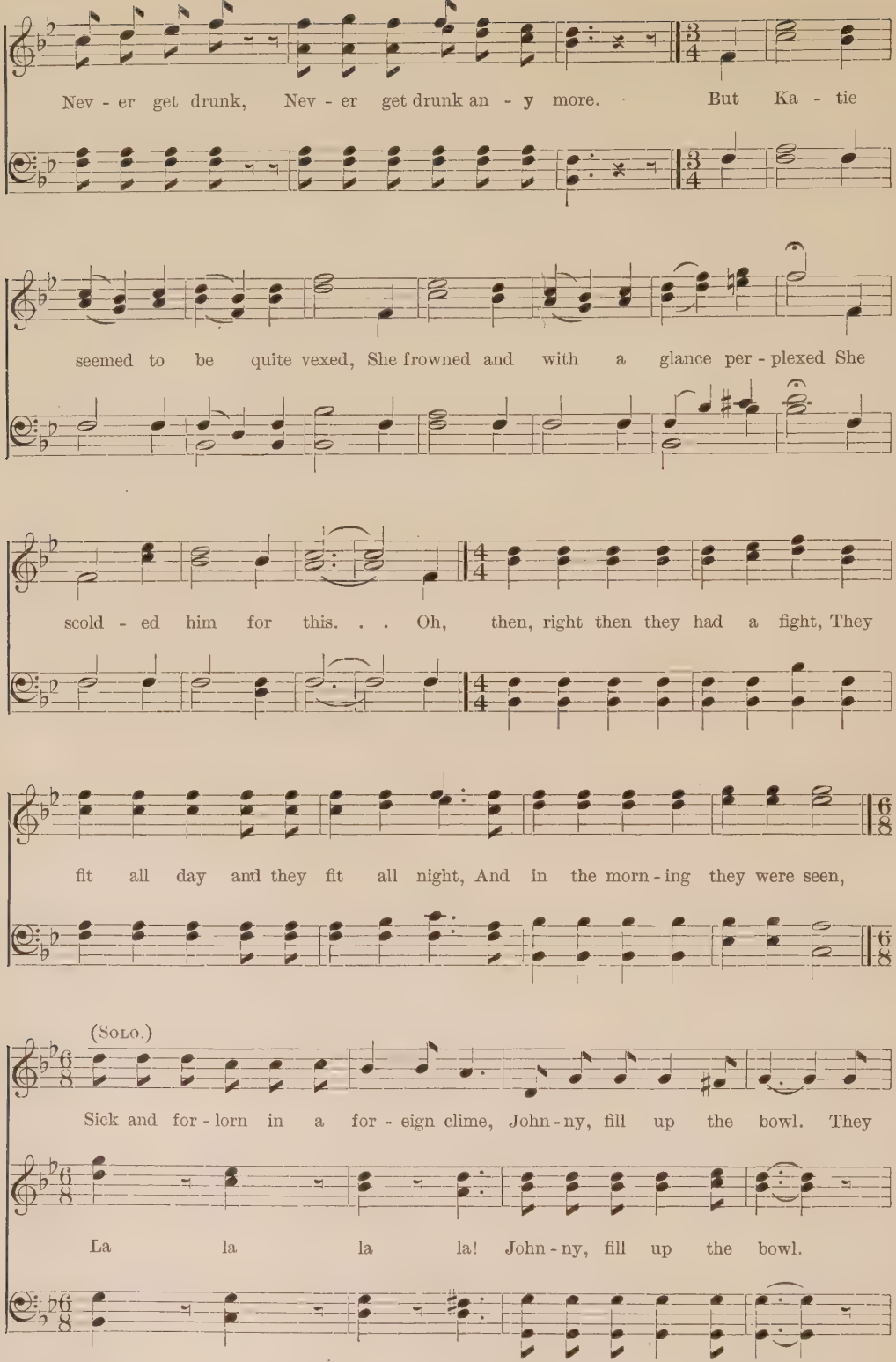
Arr. by G. Frank Goodale, '89 S
1913–1914.

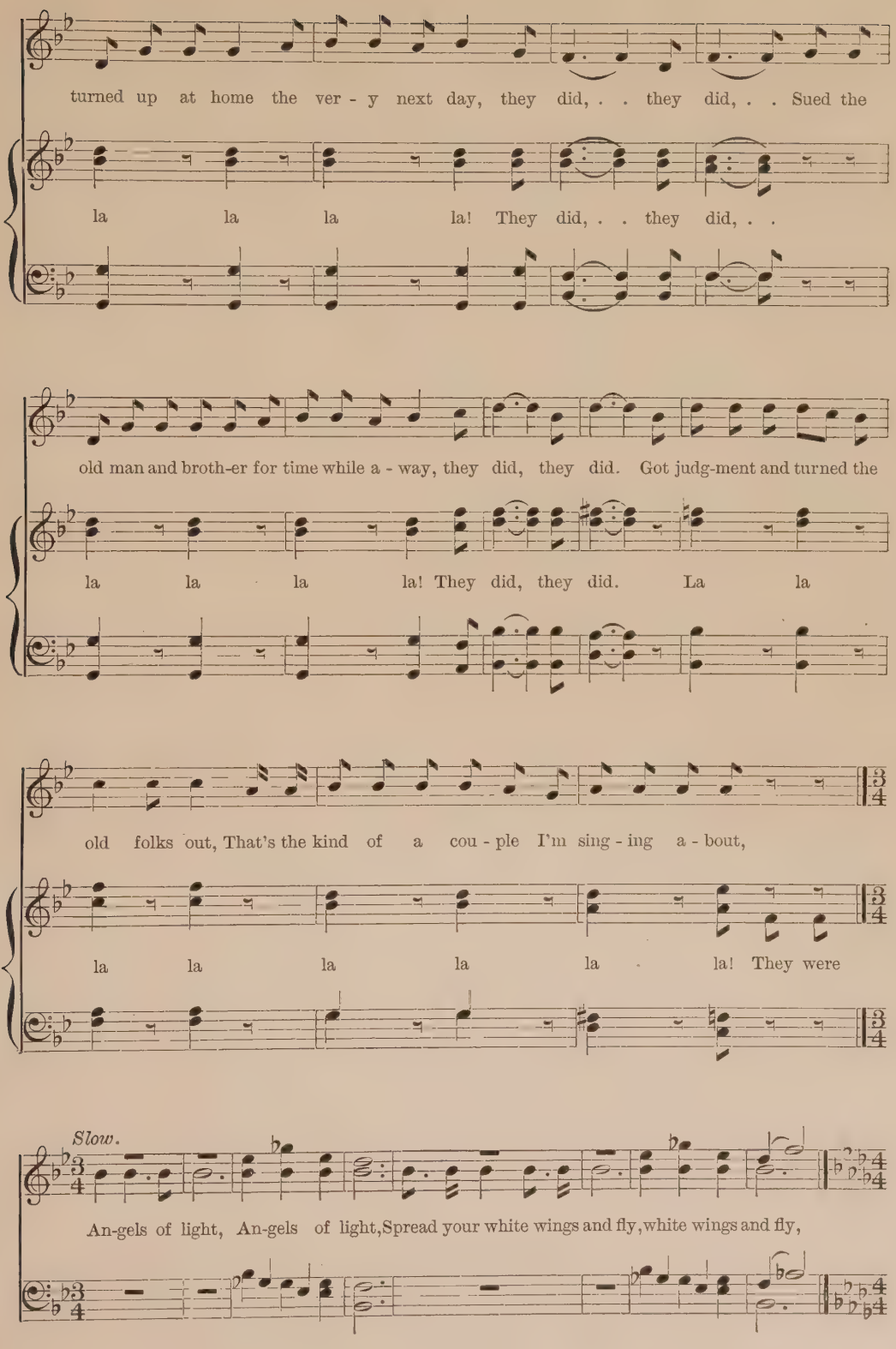

Fair - er than love of wo - man, Strong - er than pride of gold,
Stands, nor shall fail, love for old Yale, Moth - er of love un - told,
(hum.)
(Words.)
Moth - er of love— She had two sons, And these two sons were
(hum.)
(Words.)
broth - ers; Bo - hun - kus was the name of one, Jo - se - phus was the
(Solo.)
They fell in love with a char - coal man, Mc -
oth - er's. La la la la la

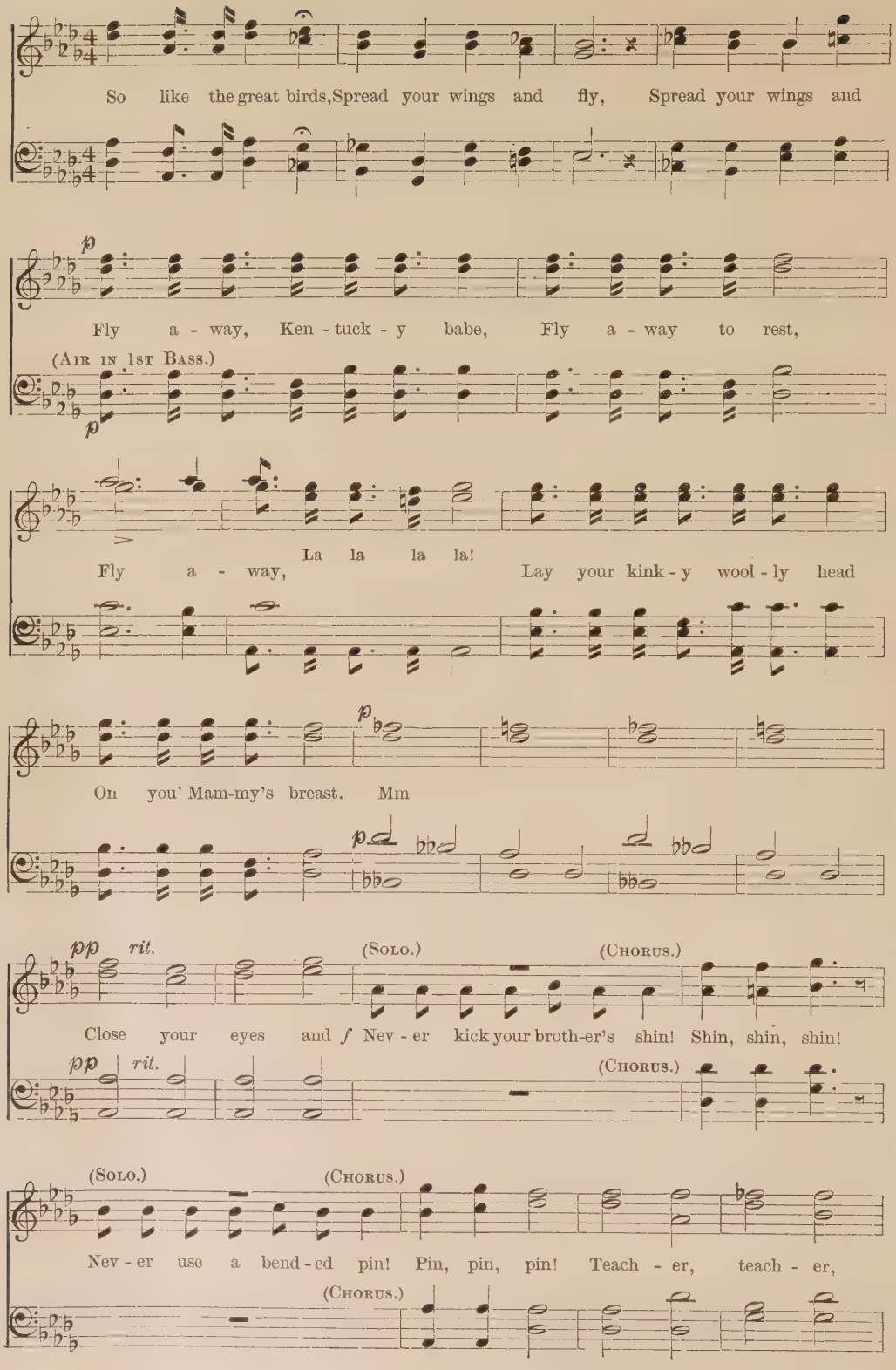

Clus - ky was his name, His fight - in' weight was seven stone ten, And he
la la la la la la la la
lov'd sweet Ma - ry Jane. He took her to ride in his char - coal cart, all
la la la la la la la la
on a St. Pat - rick's day, Till the don - key took fright at a
la la la la la la
la la !
(Cho.)
Solo.
Jer - sey - man And smoked my last ci - gar. . . It
(Cho.)
la la !


was my last ci - gar, It was my last ci - gar; I breathed a sigh to
(Solo.)
It was cribbed out of Shake - speare and
think, in sooth, La la
La la
reek - ing with woe, Oh Ro - me - o and Ju - li - et; Ne'er did a lov - er
la (etc.)
dare do as I did, When his best girl to e - ter - ni - ty slid - ed;

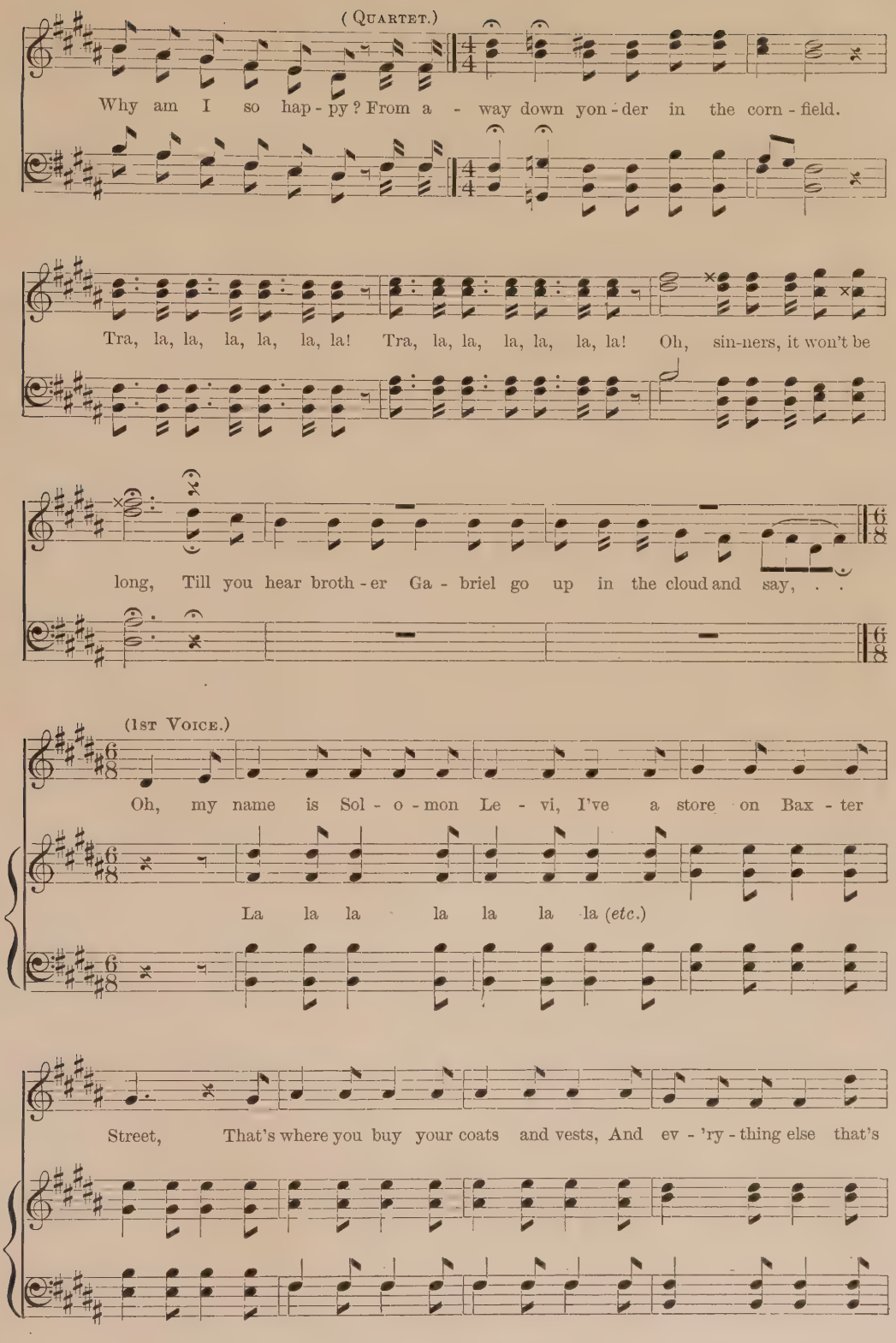

I took cold poi - son and I su - i - cid - ed, Sing - ing
(Air in 2nd Tenor.)
Ka - tie Ma - loue, I'm yours a - lone, Why keep me wait - ing for
you? . . . . . Give me your heart as well as your hand, And then I'll
nev - er get drunk an - y more, Oh, no, I'll nev - er get drunk an - y more,
Oh no, I'll nev - er get drunk an - y more, Nev - er get drunk,

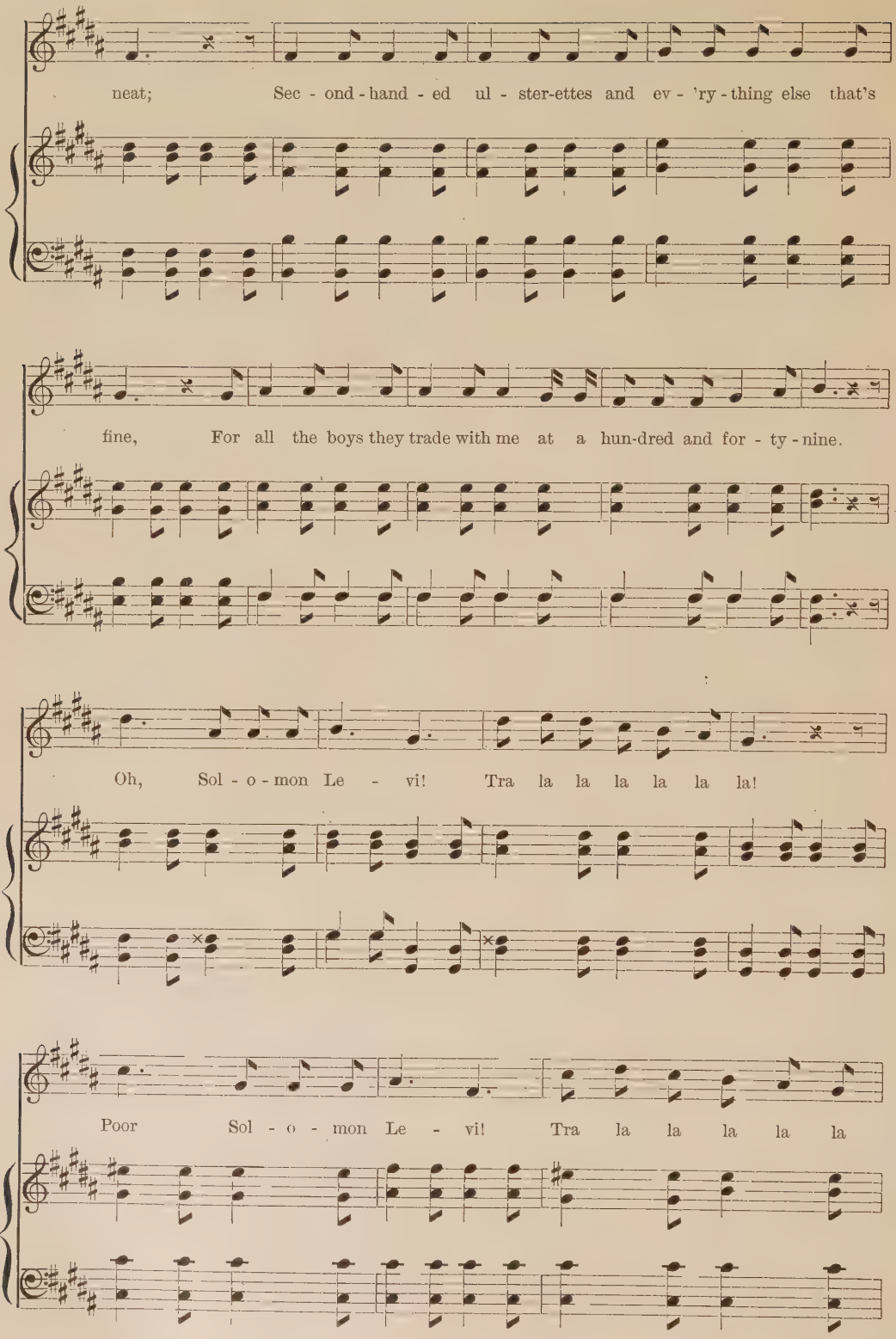

Nev - er get drunk, Nev - er get drunk an - y more. But Ka - tie
seemed to be quite vexed, She frowned and with a glance per - plexed She
scold - ed him for this. . . Oh, then, right then they had a fight, They
fit all day and they fit all night, And in the morn - ing they were seen,
(Solo.)
Sick and for - lorn in a for - eign clime, John - ny, fill up the bowl. They
La la la la! John - ny, fill up the bowl.

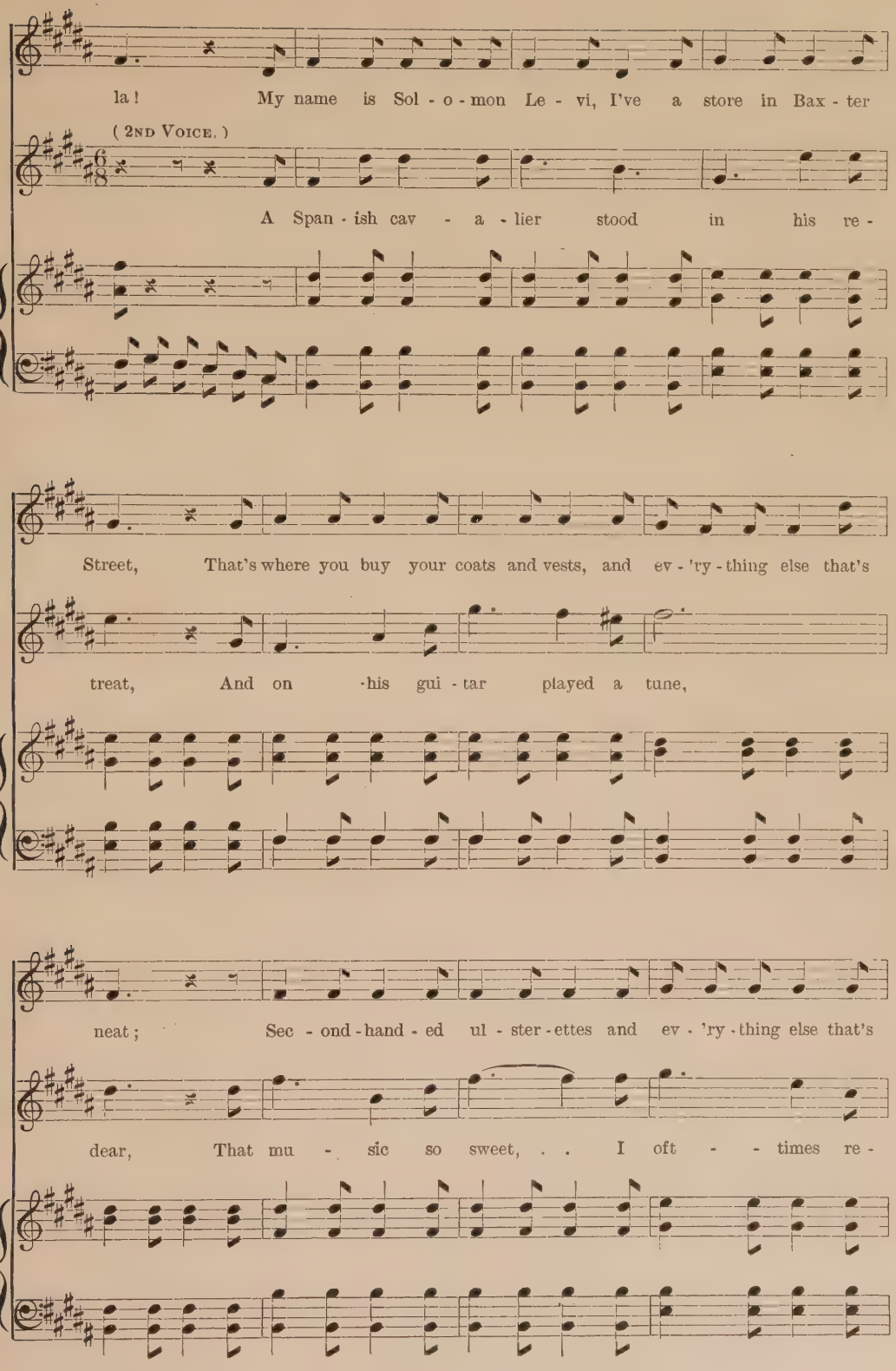

turned up at home the ver - y next day, they did, . . they did, . . Sued the
la la la la! They did, . . they did, . .
old man and broth-er for time while a - way, they did, they did. Got judg-ment and turned the
la la la la! They did, they did. La la
old folks out, That's the kind of a cou - ple I'm sing - ing a - bout,
la la la la la la! They were
Slow.
An-gels of light, An-gels of light, Spread your white wings and fly, white wings and fly,

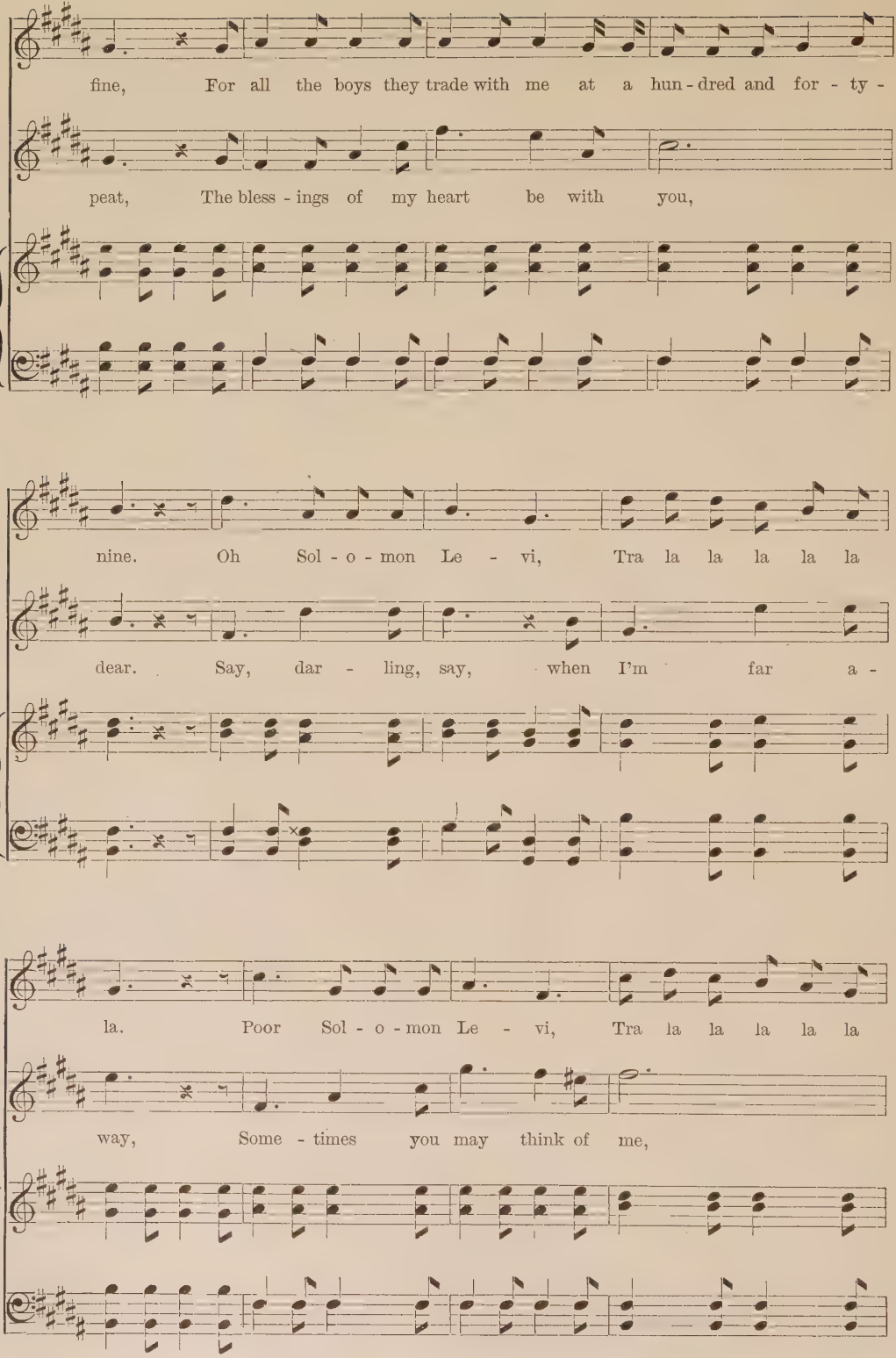

So like the great birds, Spread your wings and fly, Spread your wings and
p
Fly a - way, Ken - tuck - y babe, Fly a - way to rest,
(Air in 1st Bass.)
p
Fly a - way, La la la la! Lay your kink - y wool - ly head
On you' Mam-my's breast. Mm
p
pp rit.
(Solo.)
(Chorus.)
Close your eyes and f Nev - er kick your broth-er's shin! Shin, shin, shin!
pp rit.
(Chorus.)
(Solo.)
(Chorus.)
Nev - er use a bend - ed pin! Pin, pin, pin! Teach - er, teach - er,
(Chorus.)

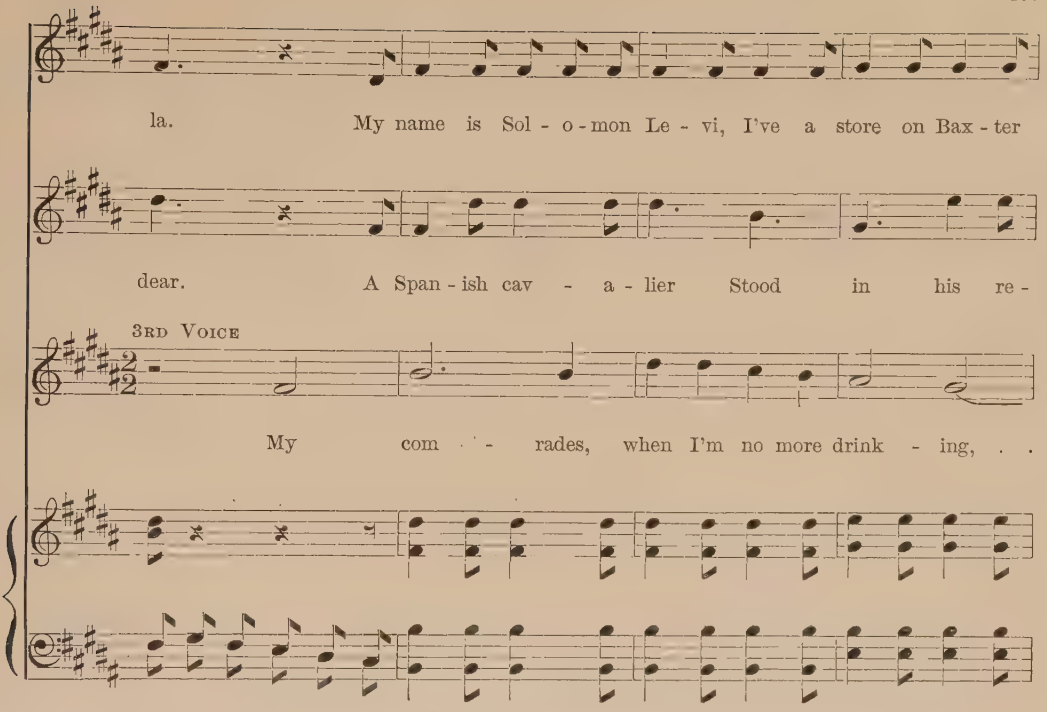
THE OLD FENCE

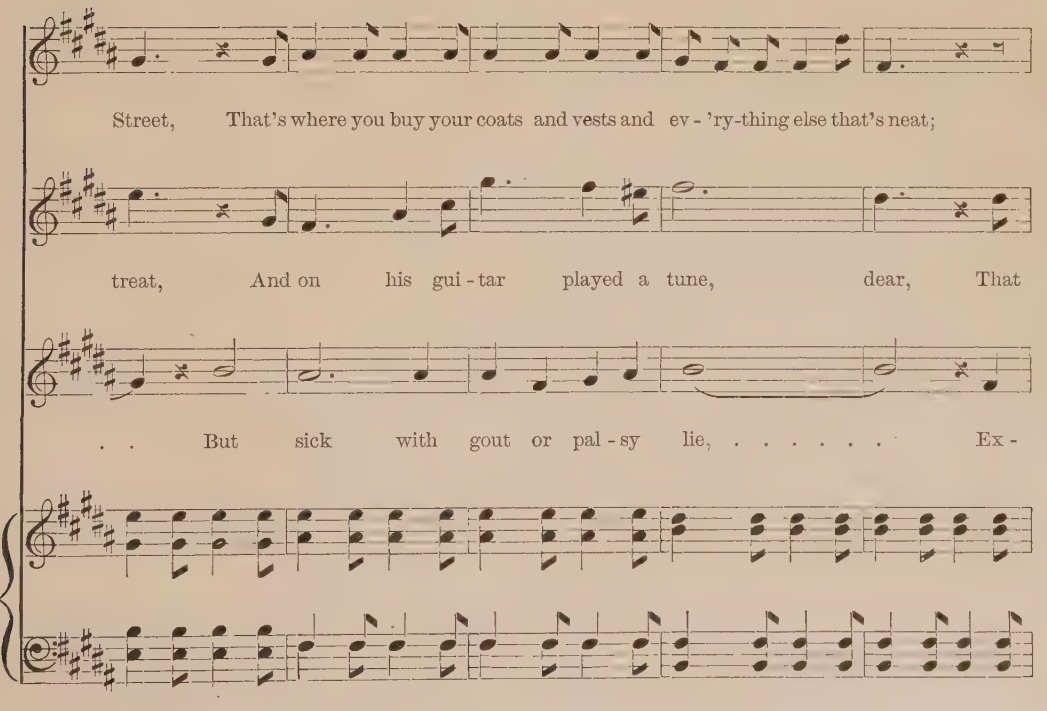

(Quartet.)
Why am I so hap - py? From a - way down yon - der in the corn - field.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la! Oh, sin-ners, it won't be
long, Till you hear broth - er Ga - briel go up in the cloud and say, . .
(1st Voice.)
Oh, my name is Sol - o - mon Le - vi, I've a store on Bax - ter
La la la la la la la (etc.)
Street, That's where you buy your coats and vests, And ev - 'ry - thing else that's

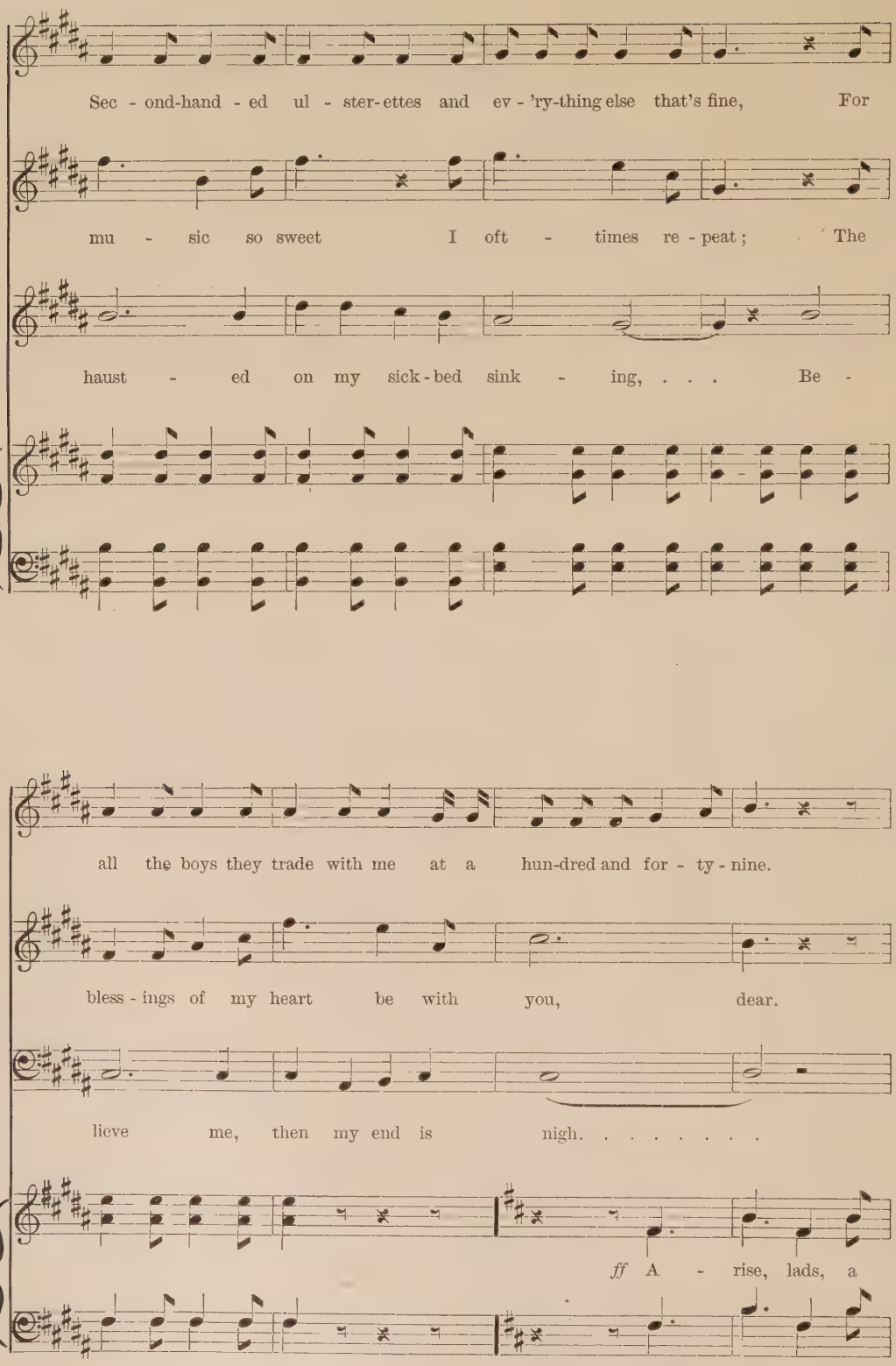

neat; Sec - ond - hand - ed ul - ster-ettes and ev - 'ry - thing else that's
fine, For all the boys they trade with me at a hun-dred and for - ty - nine.
Oh, Sol - o - mon Le - vi! Tra la la la la la la!
Poor Sol - o - mon Le - vi! Tra la la la la la

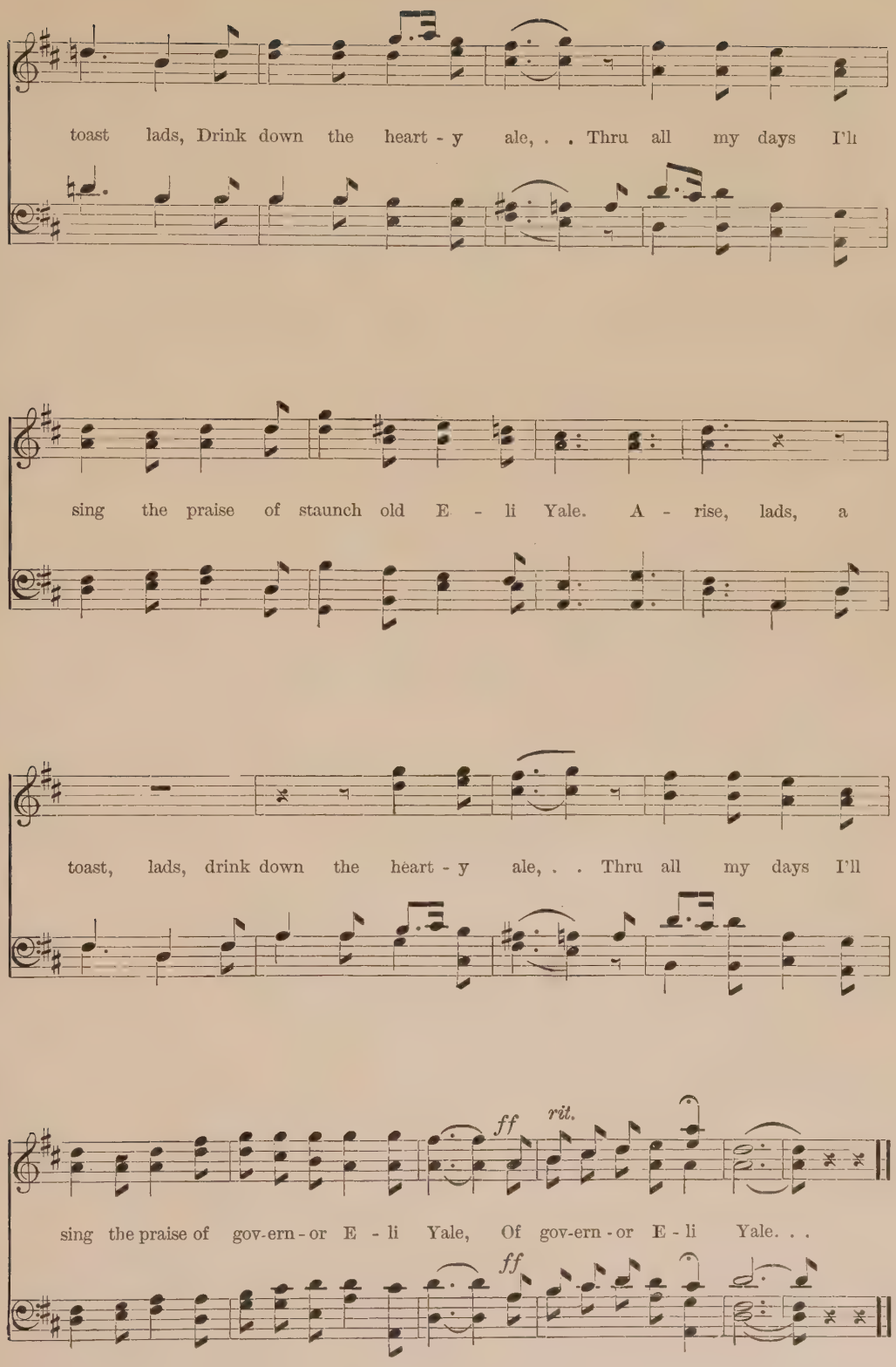

la! My name is Sol - o - mon Le - vi, I've a store in Bax - ter
(2ND VOICE.)
A Span - ish cav - a - lier stood in his re -
Street, That's where you buy your coats and vests, and ev - 'ry - thing else that's
treat, And on his gui - tar played a tune,
neat; Sec - ond - hand - ed ul - ster - ettes and ev - 'ry - thing else that's
dear, That mu - sic so sweet, . . I oft - - times re -


fine, For all the boys they trade with me at a hun - dred and for - ty -
peat, The bless - ings of my heart be with you,
nine. Oh Sol - o - mon Le - vi, Tra la la la la la
dear. Say, dar - ling, say, when I'm far a -
la. Poor Sol - o - mon Le - vi, Tra la la la la la
way, Some - times you may think of me,

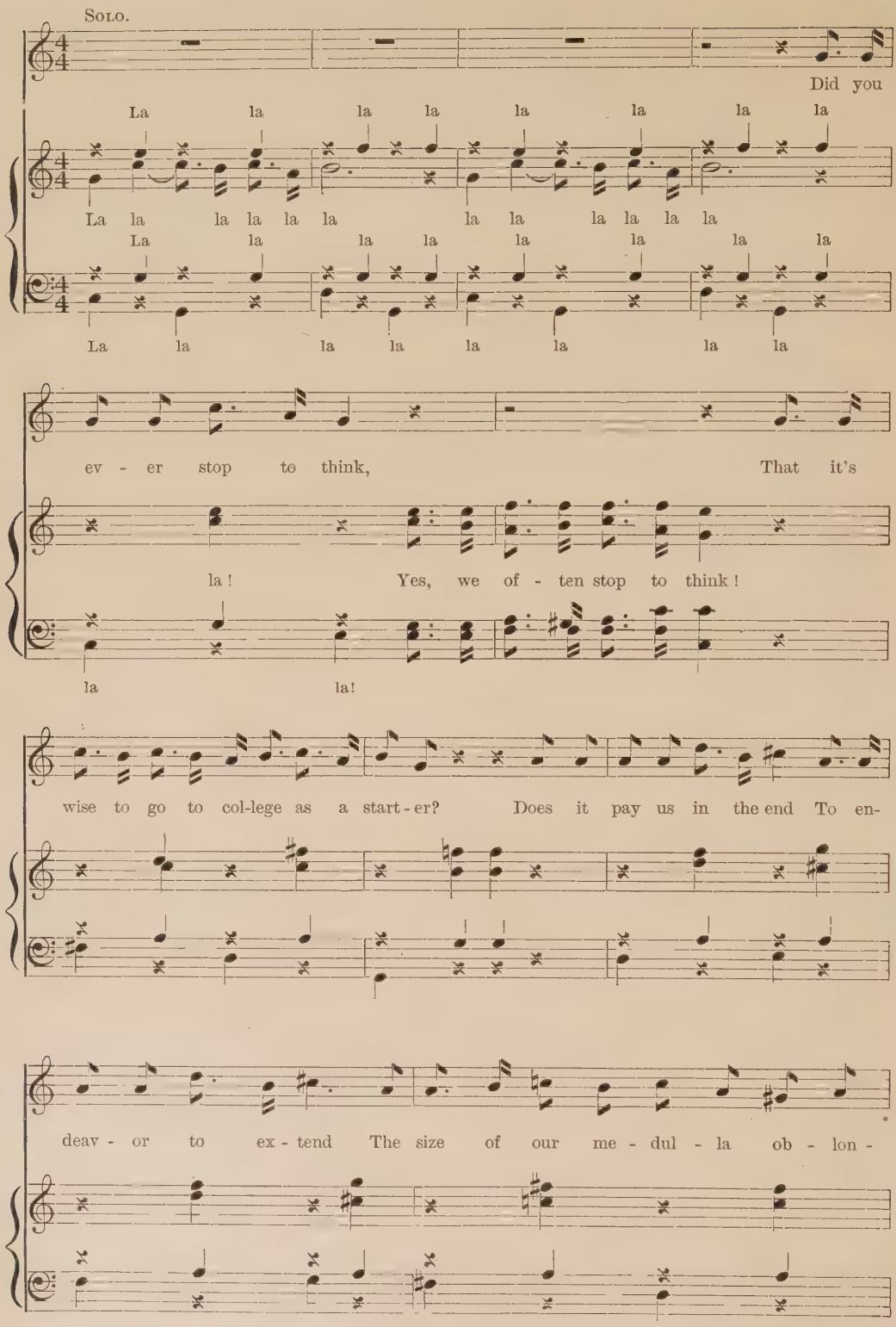

la. My name is Sol - o - mon Le - vi, I've a store on Bax - ter
dear. A Span - ish cav - a - lier Stood in his re -
3RD VOICE
My com - rades, when I'm no more drink - ing, . .

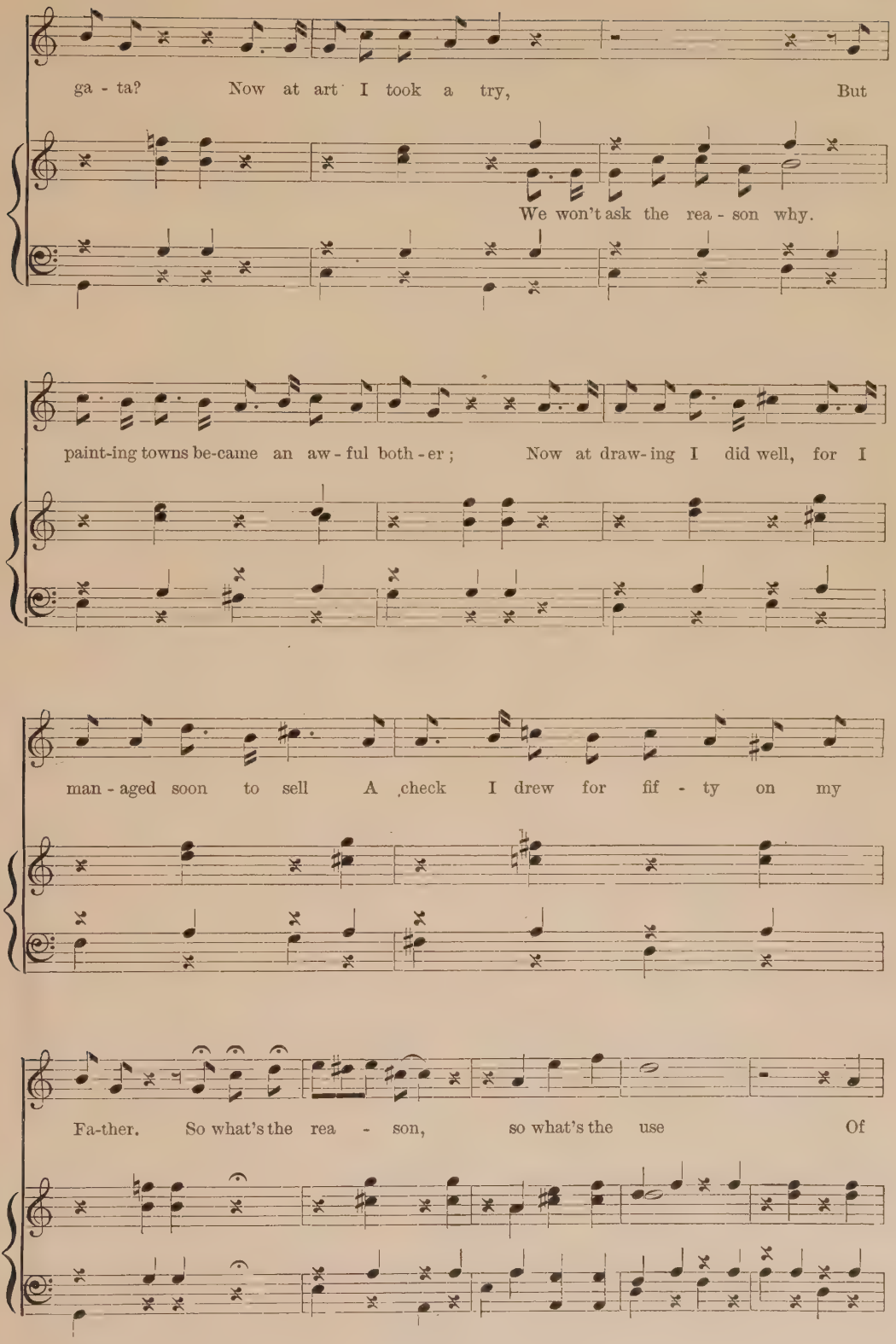

Street, That's where you buy your coats and vests and ev - 'ry-thing else that's neat;
treat, And on his gui - tar played a tune, dear, That
. . But sick with gout or pal - sy lie, ... Ex -

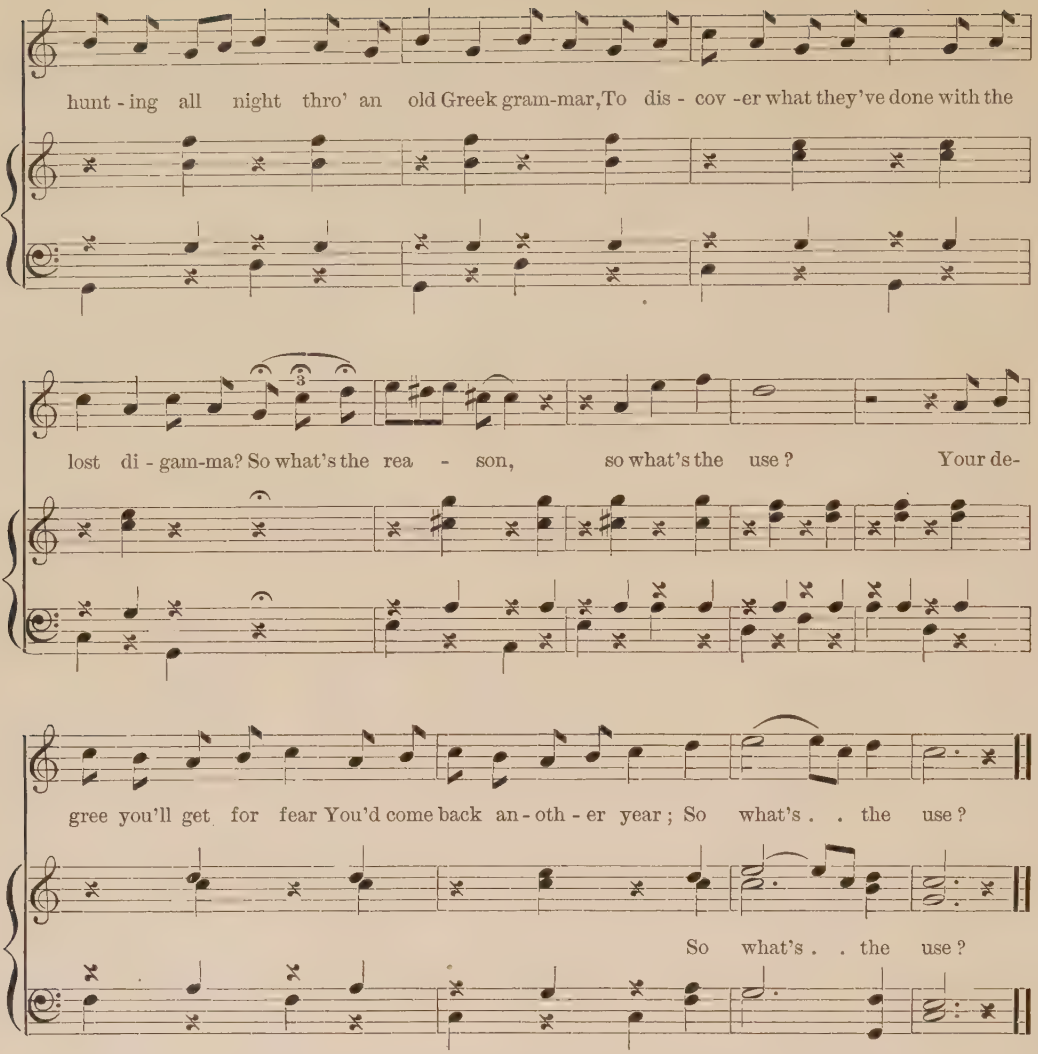

Sec - ond-hand - ed ul - ster-ettes and ev - 'ry-thing else that's fine, For
mu - sic so sweet I oft - times re - peat; The
haust - ed on my sick-bed sink - ing, . . . Be -
all the boys they trade with me at a hun-dred and for - ty - nine.
bless - ings of my heart be with you, dear.
lieve me, then my end is nigh. . . . . .
ff A - rise, lads, a


toast lads, Drink down the heart - y ale, . . Thru all my days I'll
sing the praise of staunch old E - li Yale. A - rise, lads, a
toast, lads, drink down the heart - y ale, . . Thru all my days I'll
ff
rit.
sing the praise of gov-ern - or E - li Yale, Of gov-ern - or E - li Yale. . .
ff

SO WHAT'S THE USE?

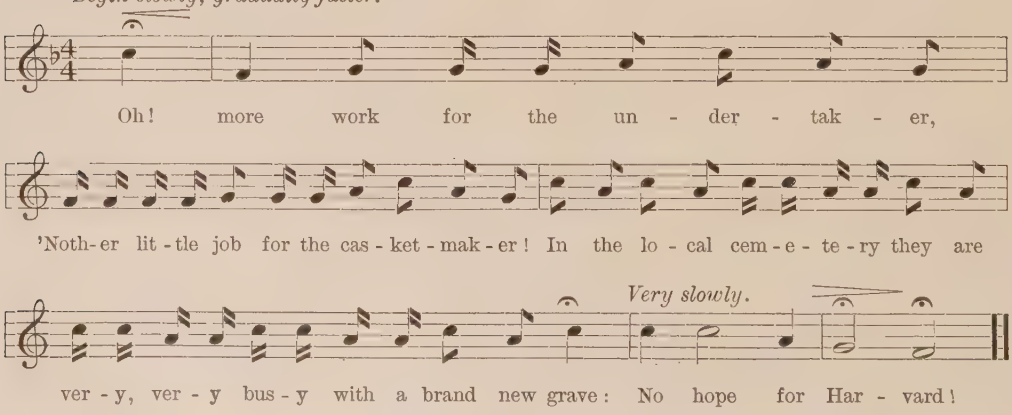

Solo.
Did you
La la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la
ev - er stop to think, That it's
la! Yes, we of - ten stop to think!
la la!
wise to go to col-lege as a start-er? Does it pay us in the end To en-
deav - or to ex - tend The size of our me - dul - la ob - lon -


ga - ta? Now at art I took a try, But
We won't ask the rea - son why.
paint-ing towns be-came an aw - ful both - er; Now at draw-ing I did well, for I
man - aged soon to sell A check I drew for fif - ty on my
Fa-ther. So what's the rea - son, so what's the use Of


hunt - ing all night thro' an old Greek gram-mar, To dis - cov - er what they've done with the
lost di - gam-ma? So what's the rea - son, so what's the use? Your de-
gree you'll get for fear You'd come back an - oth - er year; So what's . . the use?
So what's . . the use?

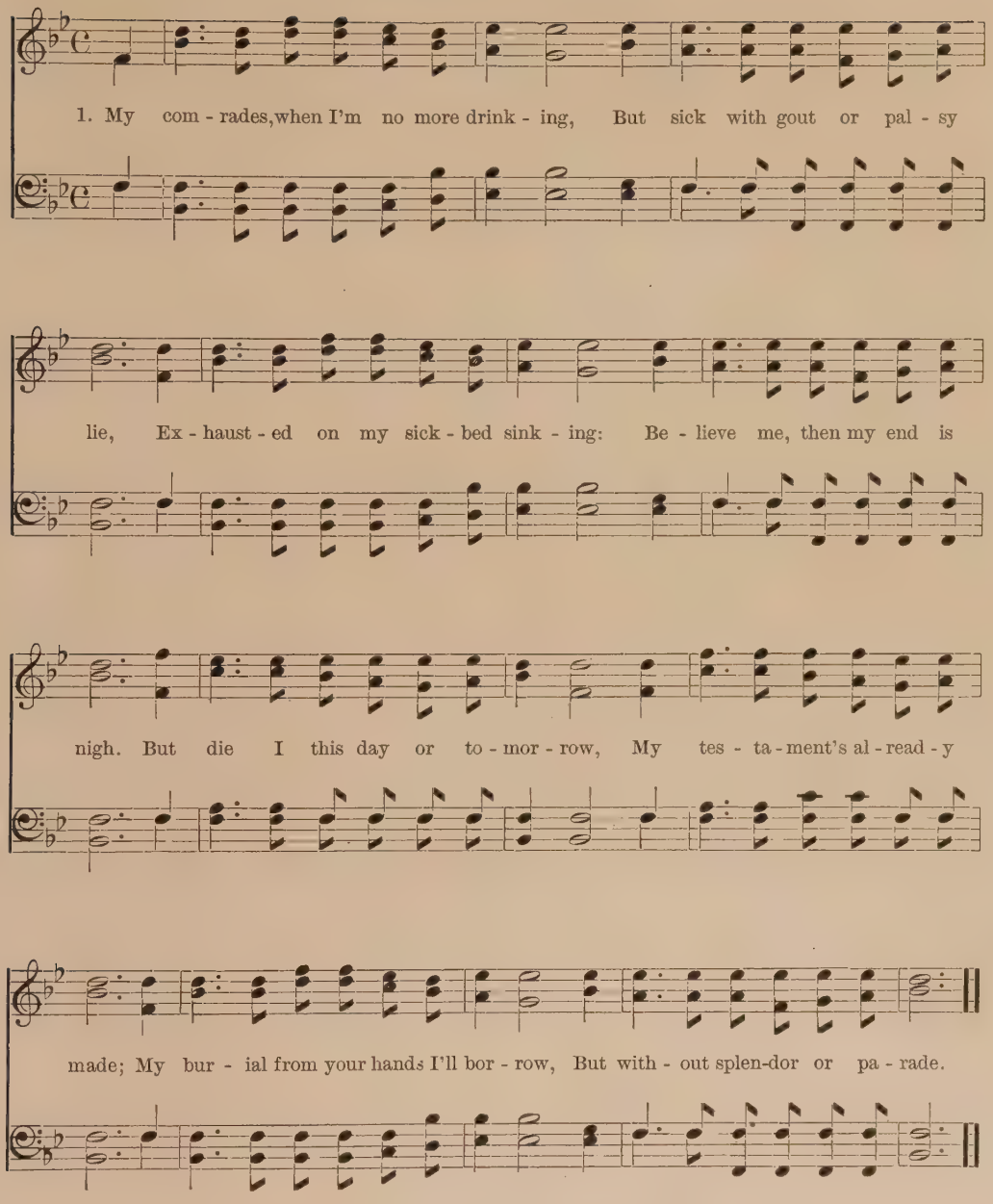
UNDERTAKER SONG.

Begin slowly, gradually faster.


Oh! more work for the un - der - tak - er,
'Noth-er lit - tle job for the cas - ket - mak - er! In the lo - cal cem - e - te - ry they are
Very slowly.
ver - y, ver - y bus - y with a brand new grave: No hope for Har - vard!

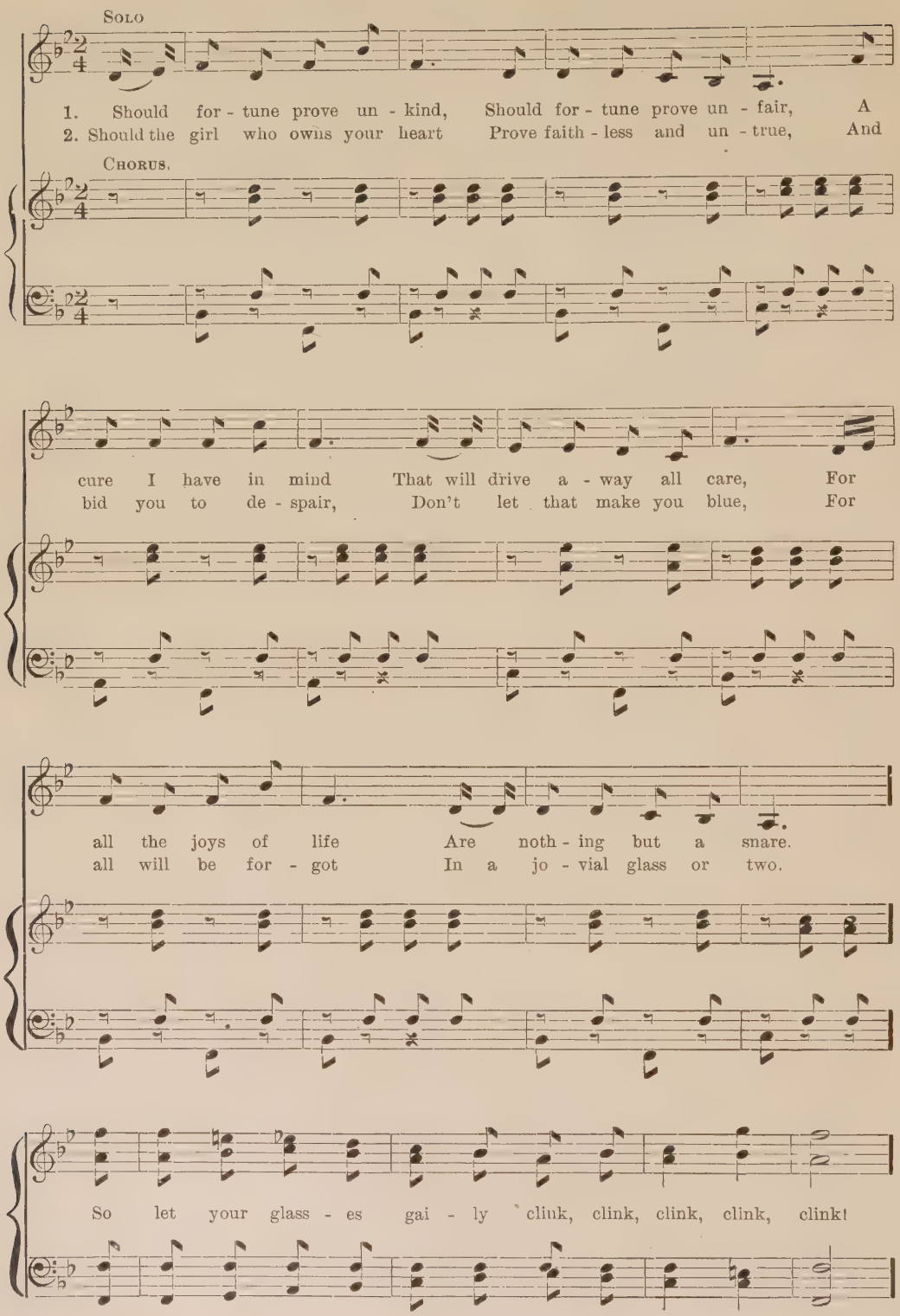
THE LIBRARY

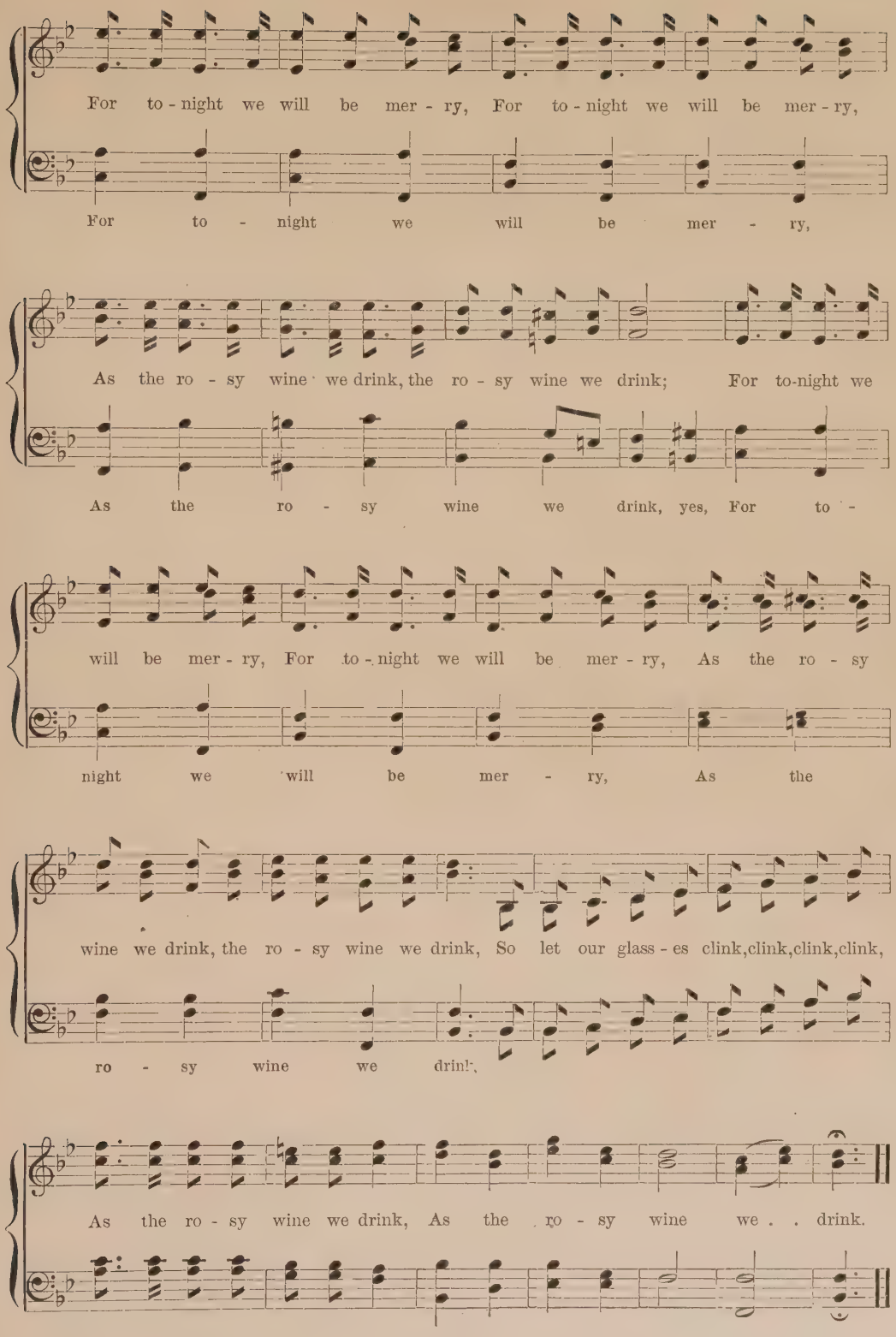
DRINKING-SONG.


1. My com - rades, when I'm no more drink - ing, But sick with gout or pal - sy
lie, Ex - haust - ed on my sick - bed sink - ing: Be - lieve me, then my end is
nigh. But die I this day or to - mor - row, My tes - ta - ment's al - read - y
made; My bur - ial from your hands I'll bor - row, But with - out splen-dor or pa - rade.

2 And when me to my grave you're bringing,
Then follow after, man by man;
Let no sad funeral bells be ringing,
But tinkling glasses be your plan.
And on my tombstone be inscribèd,
"This man was born, lived, drank and died;
And now he lies here who inbibèd,
In all life's joy the purple tide."

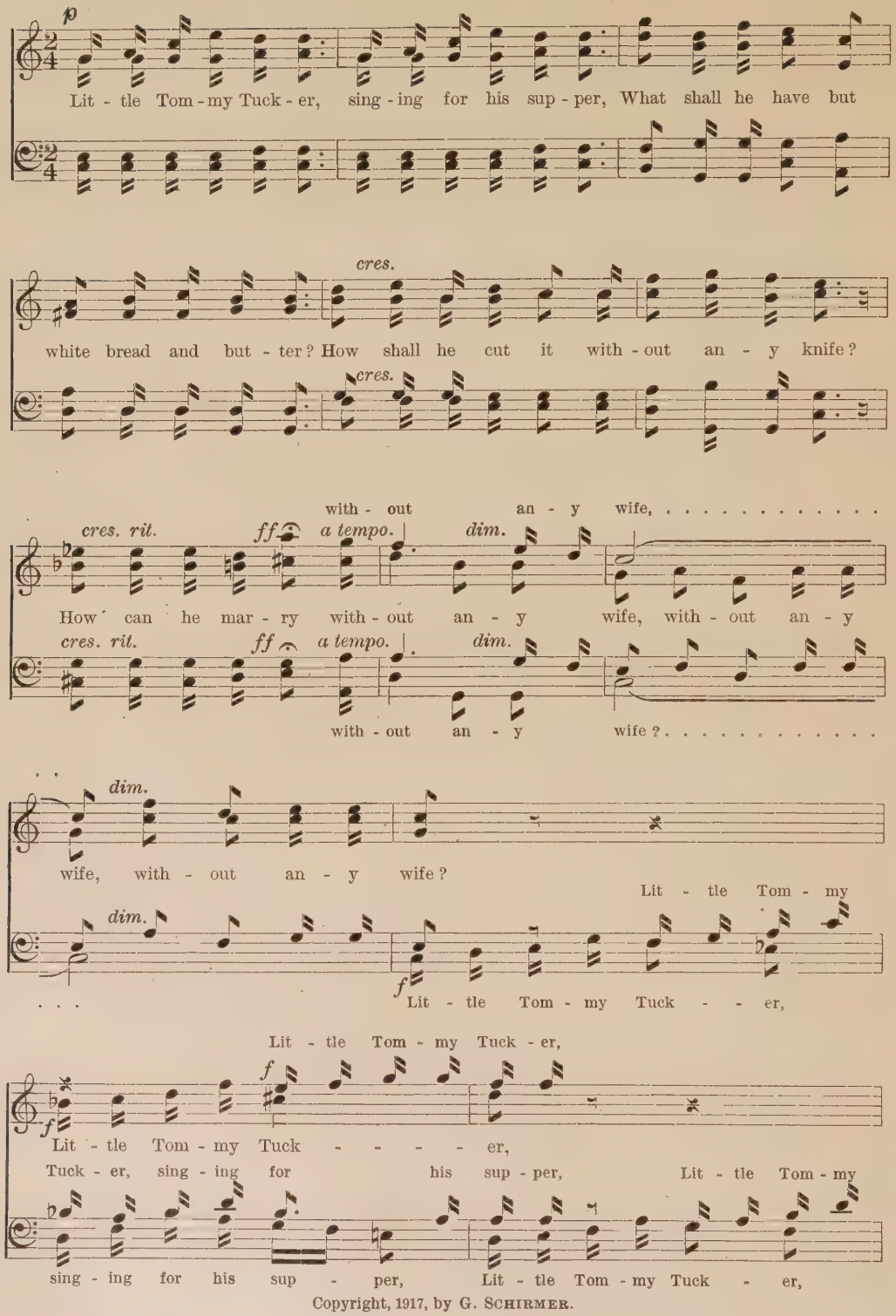
SHOULD FORTUNE PROVE UNKIND.


Solo
1. Should for - tune prove un - kind, Should for - tune prove un - fair, A
2. Should the girl who owns your heart Prove faith - less and un - true, And
Chorus.
cure I have in mind That will drive a - way all care, For
bid you to de - spair, Don't let that make you blue, For
all the joys of life Are noth - ing but a snare.
all will be for - got In a jo - vial glass or two.
So let your glass - es gai - ly clink, clink, clink, clink, clink!


For to - night we will be mer - ry, For to - night we will be mer - ry,
For to - night we will be mer - ry,
As the ro - sy wine we drink, the ro - sy wine we drink; For to-night we
As the ro - sy wine we drink, yes, For to -
will be mer - ry, For to - night we will be mer - ry, As the ro - sy
night we will be mer - ry, As the
wine we drink, the ro - sy wine we drink, So let our glass - es clink,clink,clink,clink,
ro - sy wine we drink,
As the ro - sy wine we drink, As the ro - sy wine we . . drink.

LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER.

Music by G. Frank Goodale, '89 S.


p
Lit - tle Tom - my Tuck - er, sing - ing for his sup - per, What shall he have but
cres.
white bread and but - ter? How shall he cut it with - out an - y knife?
cres.
with - out an - y wife,
cres. rit.
ff
a tempo.
dim.
How can he mar - ry with - out an - y wife, with - out an - y
cres. rit.
ff
a tempo.
dim.
with - out an - y wife?
dim.
wife, with - out an - y wife?
Lit - tle Tom - my
dim.
f
Lit - tle Tom - my Tuck - - er,
Lit - tle Tom - my Tuck - er,
f
f
Lit - tle Tom - my Tuck - - - - - er,
Tuck - er, sing - ing for his sup - per, Lit - tle Tom - my
sing - ing for his sup - per, Lit - tle Tom - my Tuck - er,

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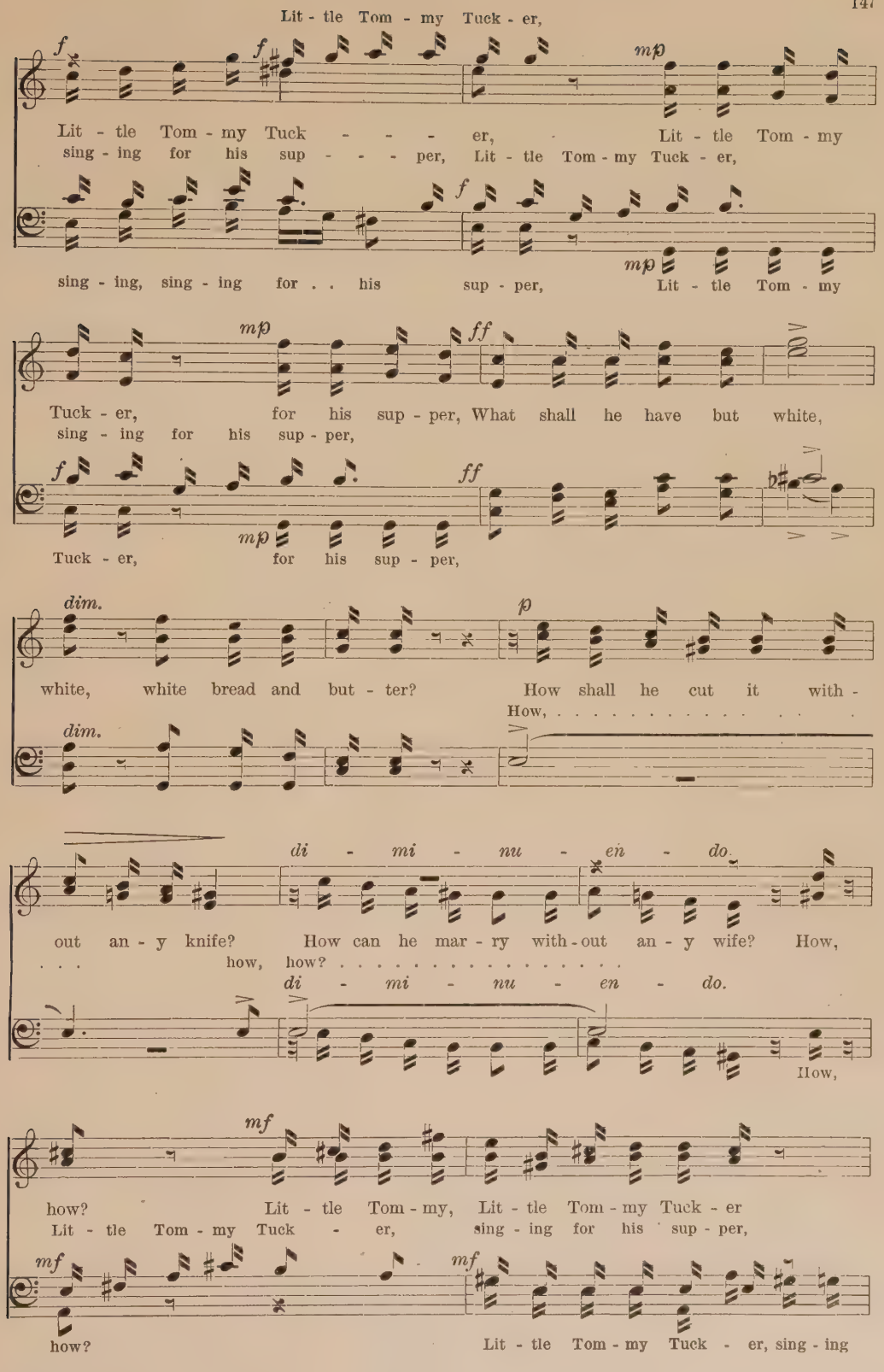
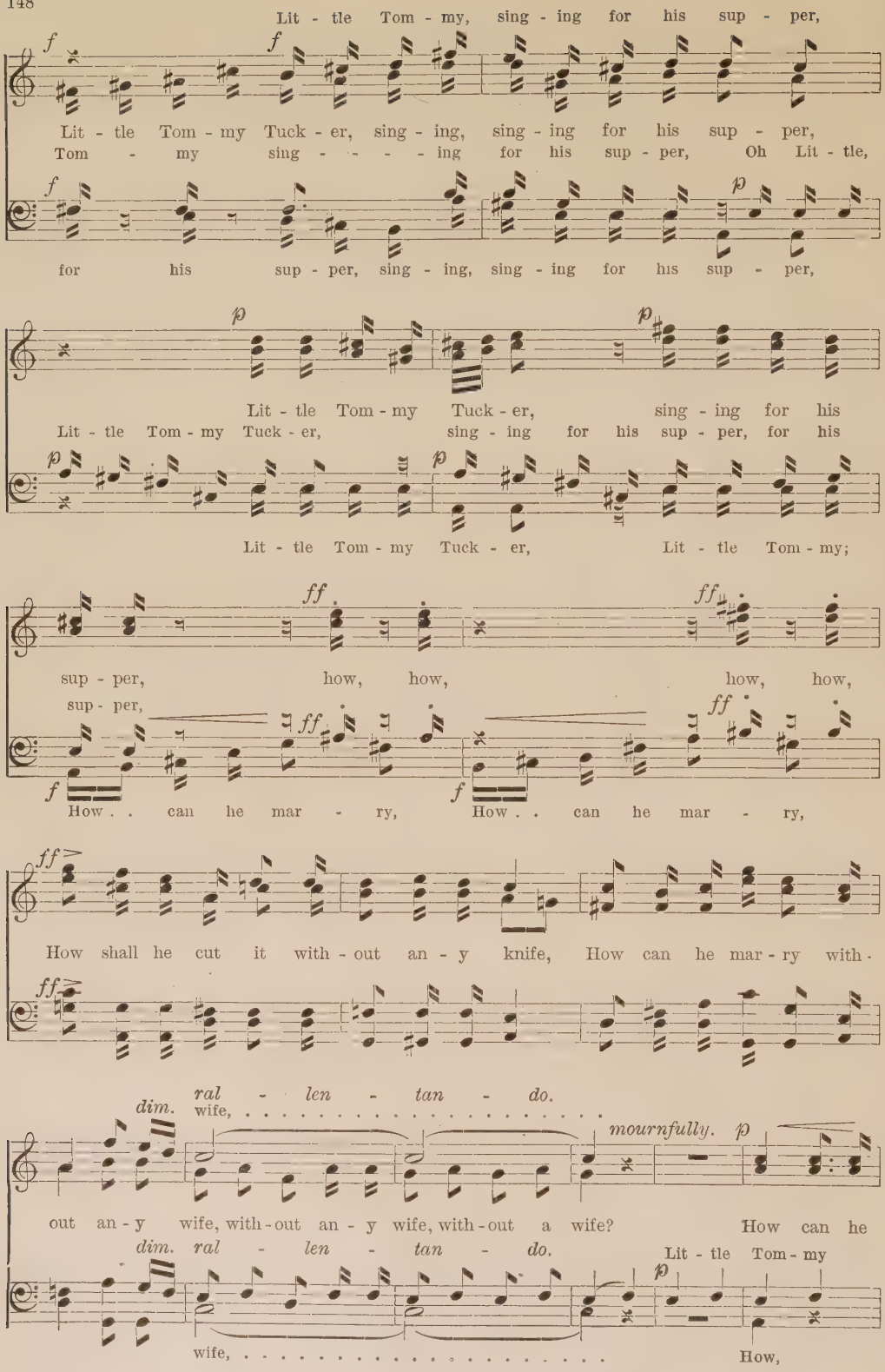
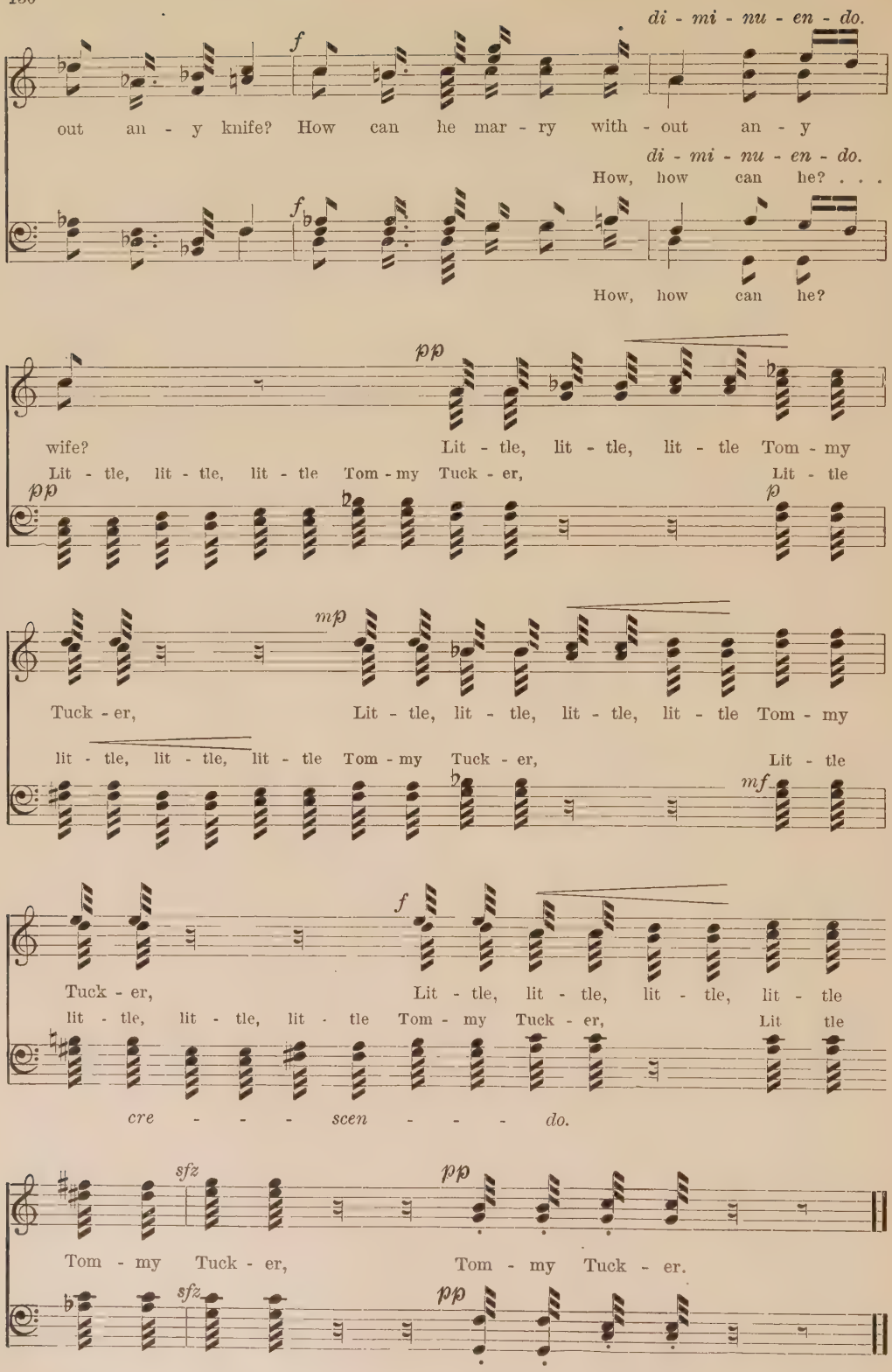

Lit - tle Tom - my Tuck - er,
Lit - tle Tom - my Tuck - - - - er, Lit - tle Tom - my
sing - ing for his sup - - - - per, Lit - tle Tom - my Tuck - er,
sing - ing, sing - ing for . . his sup - per, Lit - tle Tom - my
Tuck - er, for his sup - per, What shall he have but white,
sing - ing for his sup - per,
Tuck - er, for his sup - per,
white, white bread and but - ter? How shall he cut it with -
How, ...
out an - y knife? How can he mar - ry with - out an - y wife? How,
. . . how, how? . . . . . .
how?
how? Lit - tle Tom - my, Lit - tle Tom - my Tuck - er
Lit - tle Tom - my Tuck - er, sing - ing for his sup - per,
how? Lit - tle Tom - my Tuck - er, sing - ing

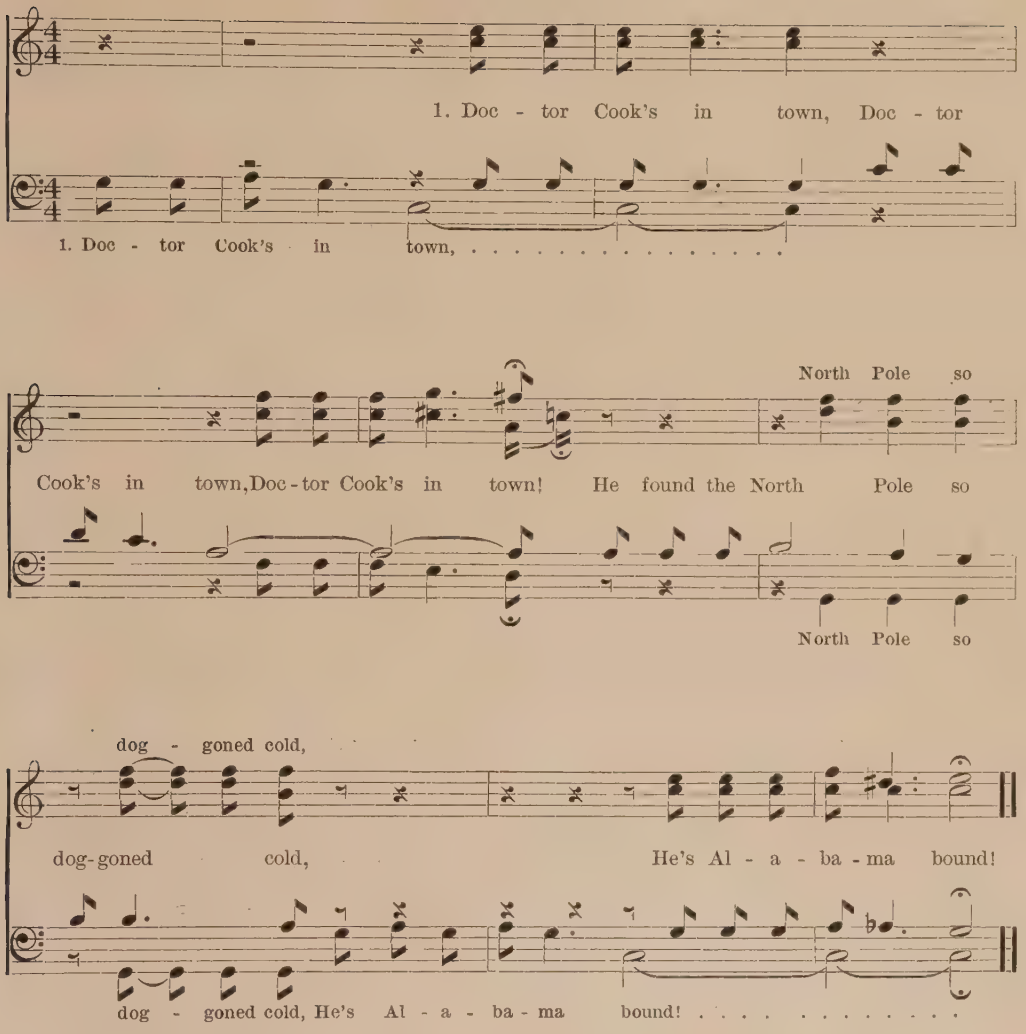

Lit - tle Tom - my, sing - ing for his sup - per,
Lit - tle Tom - my Tuck - er, sing - ing, sing - ing for his sup - per,
Tom - my sing - - - - ing for his sup - per, Oh Lit - tle,
for his sup - per, sing - ing, sing - ing for his sup - per,
Lit - tle Tom - my Tuck - er, sing - ing for his
Lit - tle Tom - my Tuck - er, sing - ing for his sup - per, for his
Lit - tle Tom - my Tuck - er, Lit - tle Tom - my;
sup - per, how, how, how, how,
sup - per,
How . . can he mar - ry, How . . can he mar - ry,
How shall he cut it with - out an - y knife, How can he mar - ry with -
dim. ral - len - tan - do.
wife,
mournfully.
out an - y wife, with - out an - y wife, with - out a wife? How can he
dim. ral - len - tan - do.
Lit - tle Tom - my
wife,
How,

mar - ry with - out an - y wife? How shall he cut it with -
Tuck - er, sing - - - - ing . . . . . for his sup - per,
how, how? Lit - tle Tom - my Tuck - er, how,
out . . an - y knife? How can he mar - ry with - out an - y
how . . . . shall he cut . . . it with - out . .
how, Sing-ing for his sup-per, How, how?
wife, ... mar - ry with - out an - y wife, ...
an - - - - - y knife? How can he mar - - - - - -
Lit - tle Tom - my Tuck - er, ...
Sing - ing for his sup - per,
dim.
dim.
ritard.
. . with - out . . . . . an - y wife?
ry with - - out . . . . . an - y wife? . . . . . .
Lit - tle Tom - my Tuck-er,
Sing - ing for his sup - per,
a tempo.
cre - scen - do.
Lit - tle Tom-my Tuck-er, Lit - tle Tom-my Tuck - er, How shall he cut it with -
a tempo.
cre - scen - do.


di - mi - nu - en - do.
f
out an - y knife? How can he mar - ry with - out an - y
di - mi - nu - en - do.
How, how can he? . . .
f
How, how can he?
pp
wife? Lit - tle, lit - tle, lit - tle Tom - my
Lit - tle, lit - tle, lit - tle Tom - my Tuck - er, Lit - tle
pp
p
mp
Tuck - er, Lit - tle, lit - tle, lit - tle, lit - tle Tom - my
lit - tle, lit - tle, lit - tle Tom - my Tuck - er, Lit - tle
mf
f
Tuck - er, Lit - tle, lit - tle, lit - tle, lit - tle
lit - tle, lit - tle, lit - tle Tom - my Tuck - er, Lit tle
cre - - - scen - - - do.
sfz
pp
Tom - my Tuck - er, Tom - my Tuck - er.
sfz
pp

SHEFF QUADRANGLE

DOCTOR COOK'S IN TOWN.

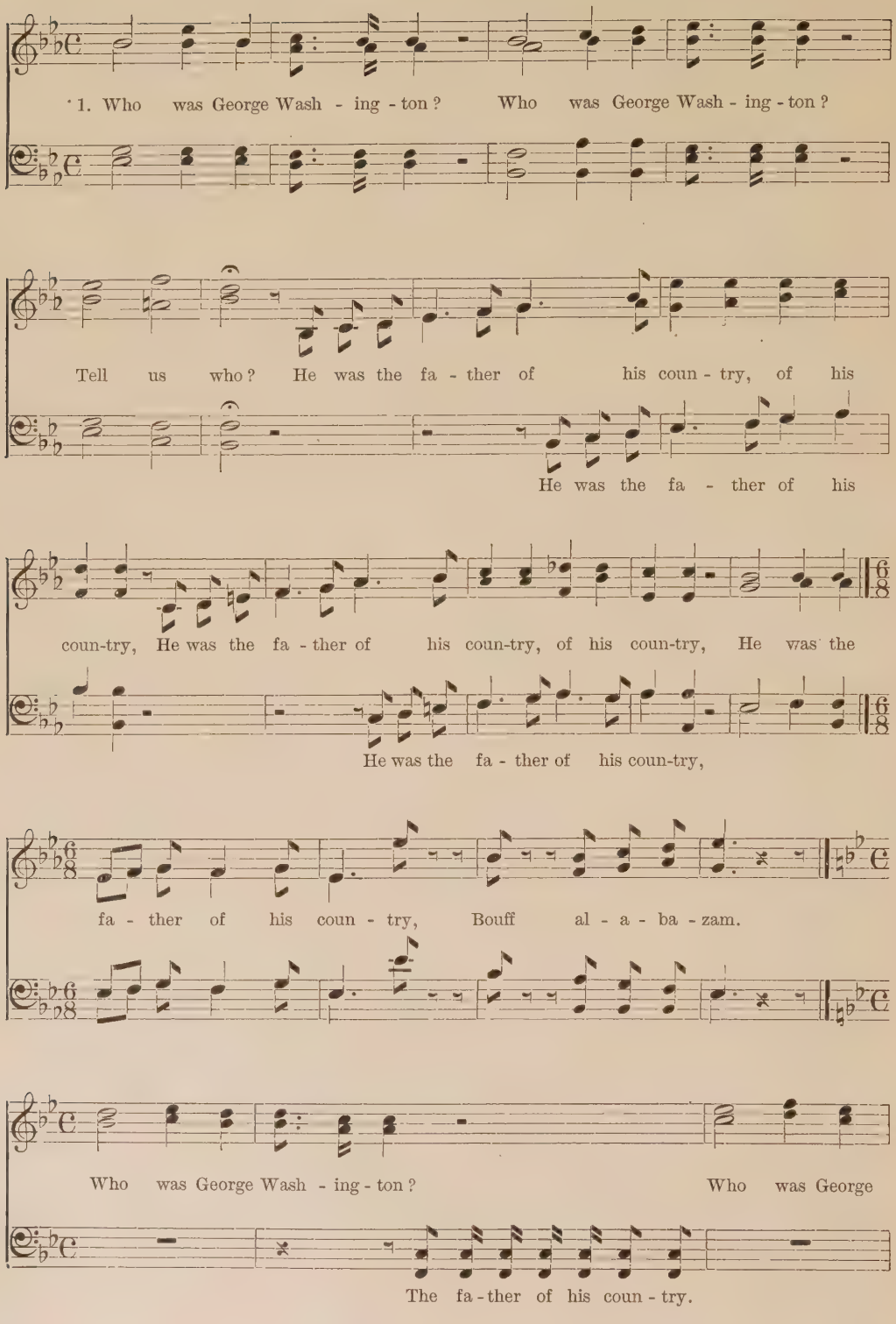

1. Doc - tor Cook's in town, Doc - tor
1. Doc - tor Cook's in town,
North Pole so
Cook's in town, Doc - tor Cook's in town! He found the North Pole so
North Pole so
dog - goned cold,
dog-goned cold, He's Al - a - ba - ma bound!
dog - goned cold, He's Al - a - ba - ma bound!

2 Oh! the preacher stood
With his bible in his hand,
And all the sisters over
In the Amen corner shouted,
"Dat's my man."

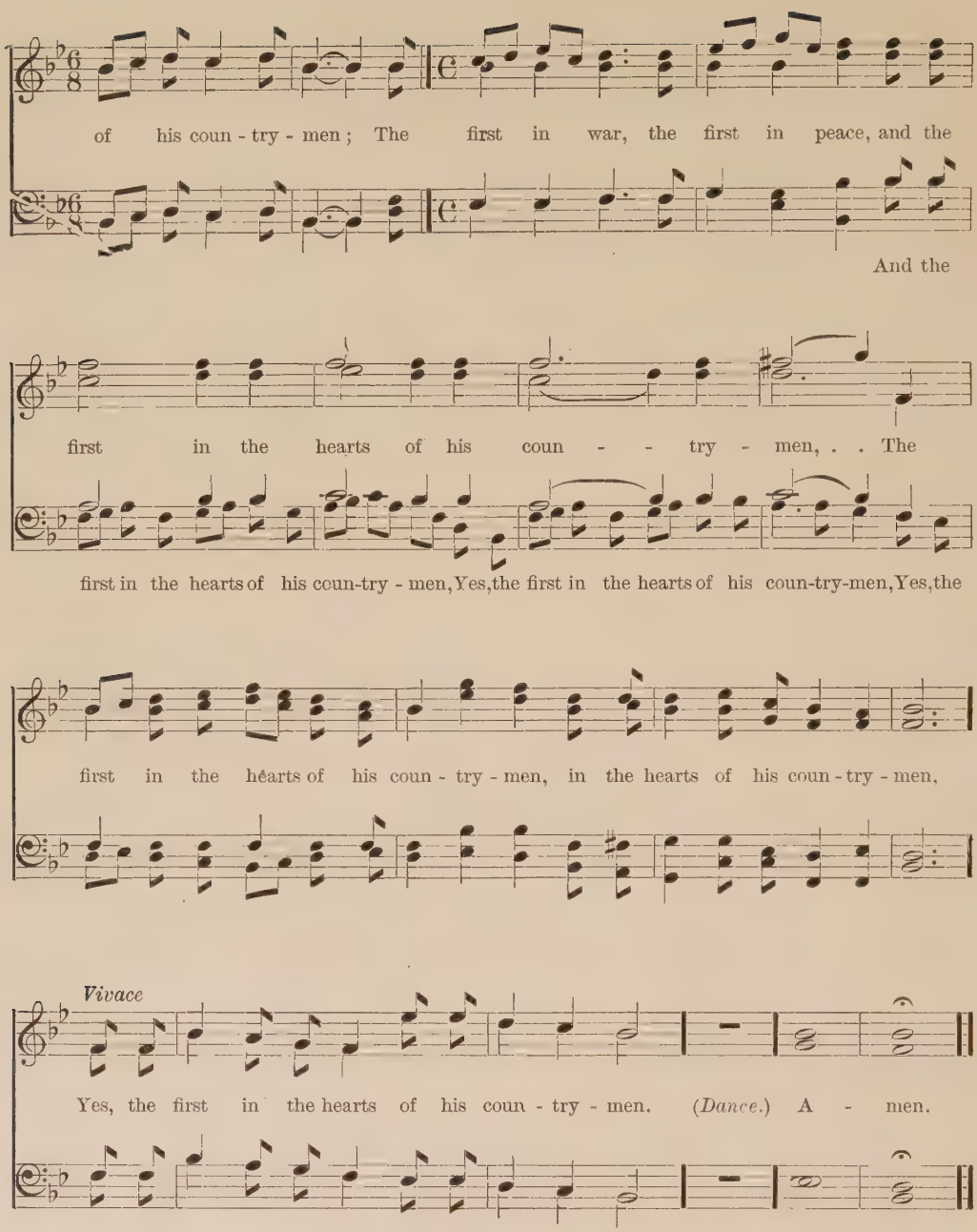
3 I'm Alabama bound.
I'm Alabama bound,
When the Frisco train
Leaves the Memphis yard,
I'm Alabama bound.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

J. H. Ryley. By Permission.


1. Who was George Wash - ing - ton? Who was George Wash - ing - ton?
Tell us who? He was the fa - ther of his coun - try, of his
He was the fa - ther of his
coun-try, He was the fa - ther of his coun-try, of his coun-try, He was the
He was the fa - ther of his coun-try,
fa - ther of his coun - try, Bouff al - a - ba - zam.
Who was George Wash - ing - ton? Who was George
The fa - ther of his coun - try.

Wash-ing-ton ? Who was George Washing-ton ? O tell us
The fa-ther of his country, O
who ? Who was George
The fa-ther of his coun-try, the fa-ther of his coun-try, the fa-ther of his coun-try, the
Wash - ing-ton ? Who
fa-ther of his coun-try, the fa-ther of his coun-try, the fa-ther of his coun-try, the
was George Wash - ing-ton ?
fa-ther of his coun-try, the fa-ther of his coun-try, the fa-ther of his coun-try.
Who was George Wash-ing-ton ? O tell us who ? The
Who was he ? O
first in war, the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of his coun-try-men,

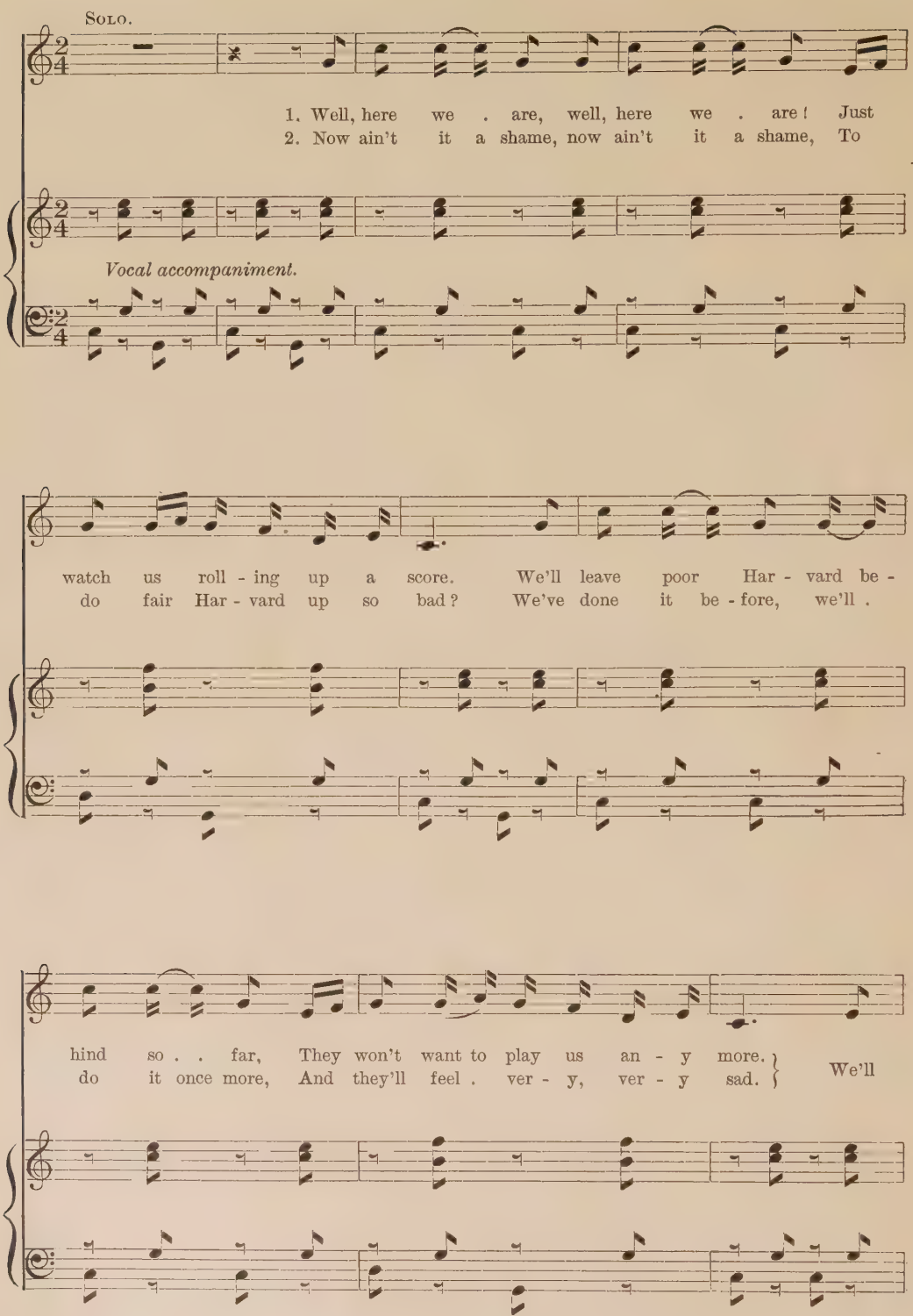

of his coun - try - men; The first in war, the first in peace, and the
And the
first in the hearts of his coun - - try - men, . . The
first in the hearts of his coun-try - men, Yes, the first in the hearts of his coun-try-men, Yes, the
first in the hearts of his coun - try - men, in the hearts of his coun - try - men,
Vivace
Yes, the first in the hearts of his coun - try - men. (Dance.) A - men.

Who was George Washington?
Who was George Washington?
Tell us who?
He was the chopper of the cherry-tree,
The chopper of the cherry-tree;
He would not lie, but told the truth,
That he hacked at the trunk of the cherry-tree.

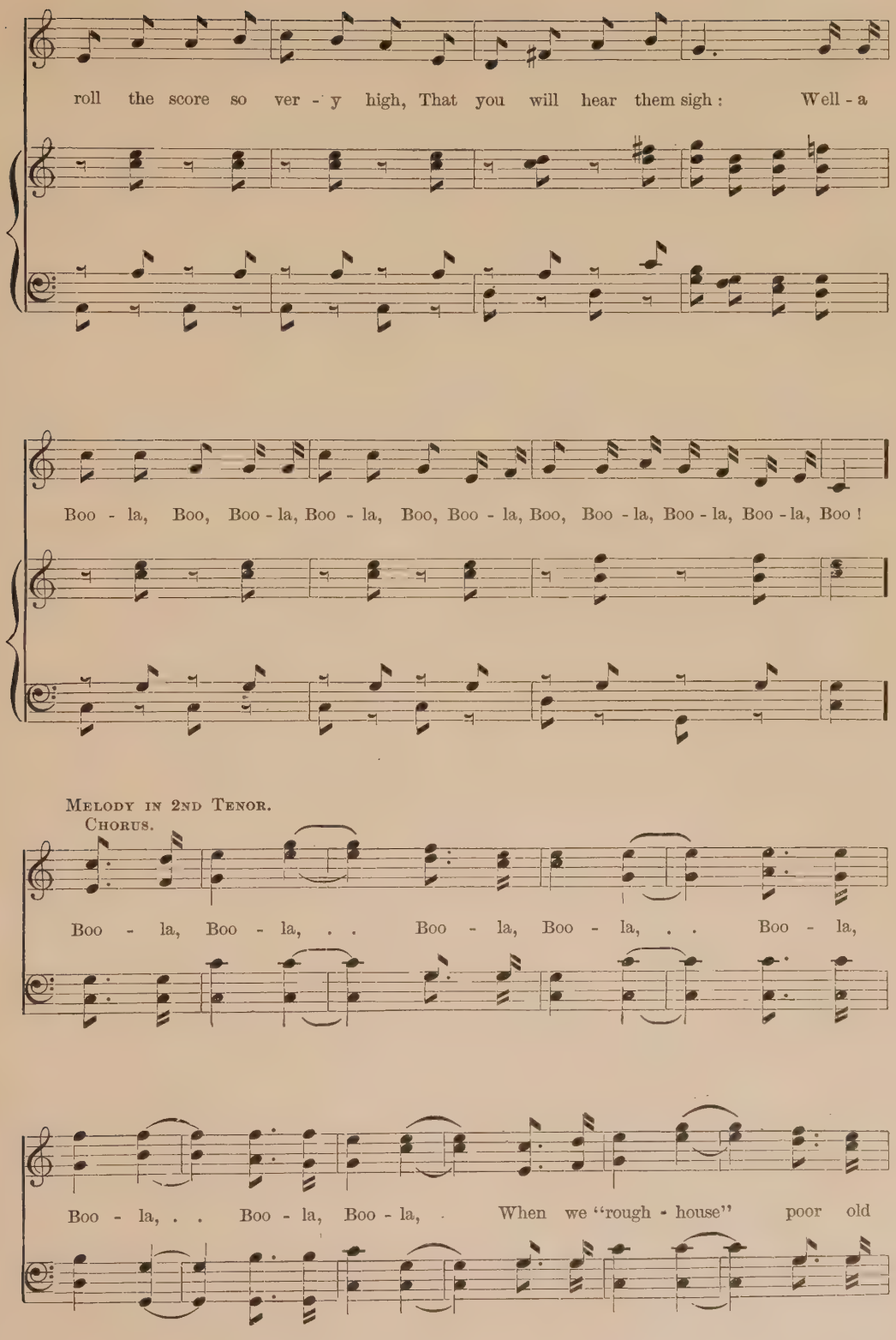
ROLL DEM BONES.

Slow.
Ba - by needs a new pair of shoes; Come on, sev - en, Come, e - lev - en! But
Slow.
he won't get them if I lose. Come on, sev - en, Come, e - lev - en!
Roll dem bones, roll dem bones, roll dem on de square,
Roll dem on de side - walk, the street, or an - y - where.
Slow.
rit.
a tempo.
Roll dem in de morn - ing, roll dem in de night; Well, I'll
Slow.
roll dem bones de whole day long, When de cops are out of sight.

BOOLA.


Solo.
1. Well, here we . are, well, here we . are! Just
2. Now ain't it a shame, now ain't it a shame, To
Vocal accompaniment.
watch us roll - ing up a score. We'll leave poor Har - vard be -
do fair Har - vard up so bad? We've done it be - fore, we'll .
hind so . . far, They won't want to play us an - y more.
do it once more, And they'll feel . ver - y, ver - y sad.
We'll

Used by per. of Charles H. Loomis, publisher of "Yale Boola March."

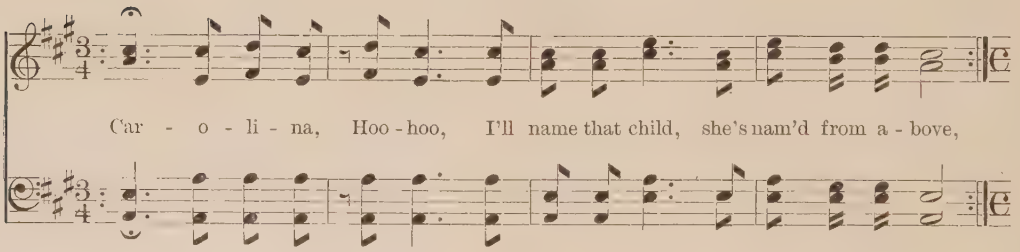

roll the score so ver - y high, That you will hear them sigh : Well - a
Boo - la, Boo, Boo - la, Boo - la, Boo, Boo - la, Boo, Boo - la, Boo - la, Boo - la, Boo !
Melody in 2nd Tenor.
Chorus.
Boo - la, Boo - la, . . Boo - la, Boo - la, . . Boo - la,
Boo - la, . . Boo - la, Boo - la, When we "rough - house" poor old

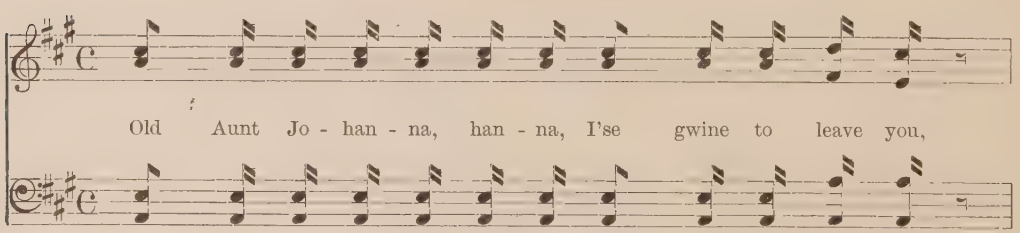
Har - vard, . They will hol - ler . . Boo - , Boo. Rah! Rah! Rah!

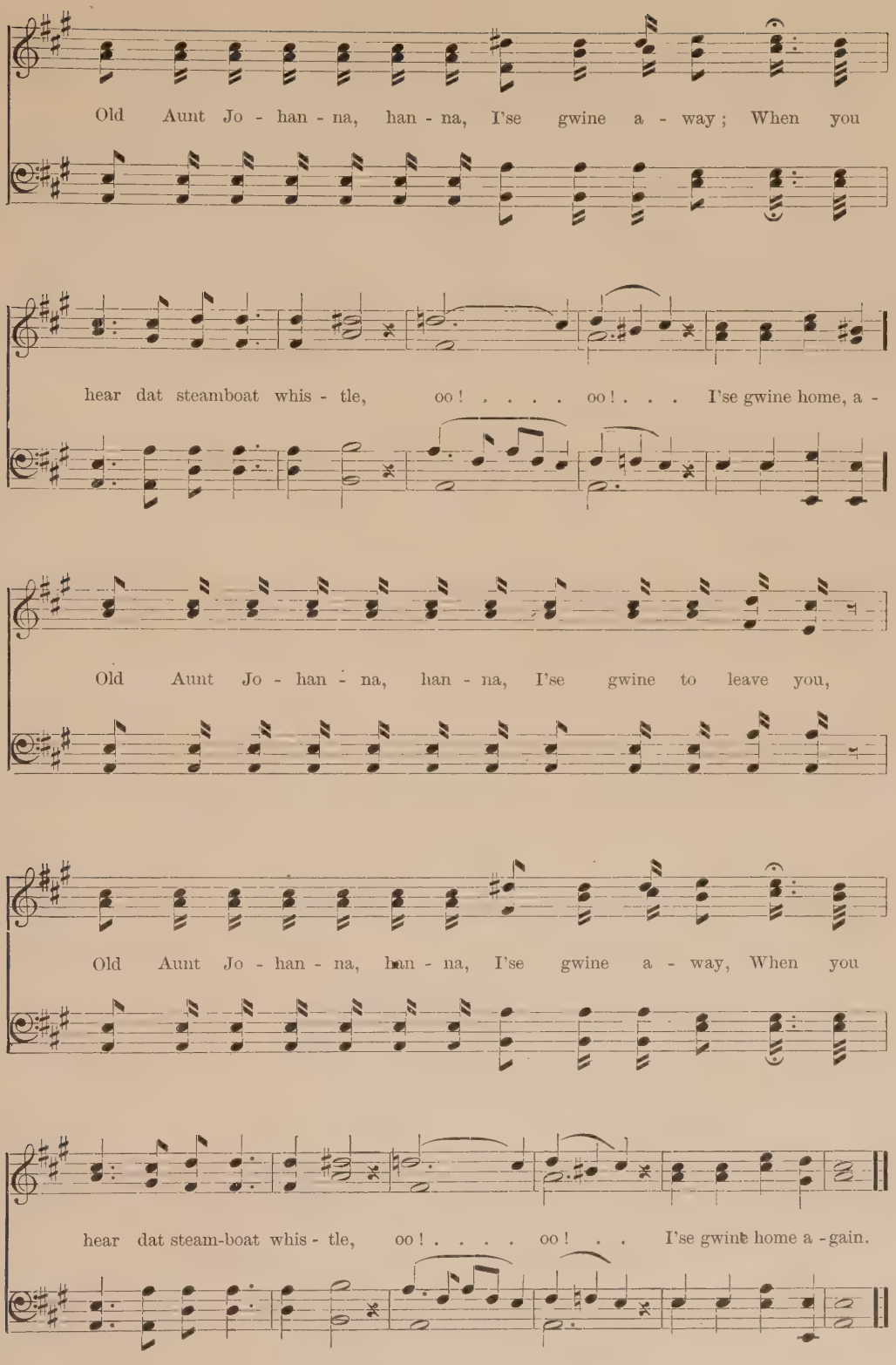
Yale. . . . E - li Yale! . . . Oh! Yale, . . . E - li Yale! . . Oh!

Yale, . . E - li Yale! . . Oh! Yale, . . E - li Yale! .

CAROLINA.

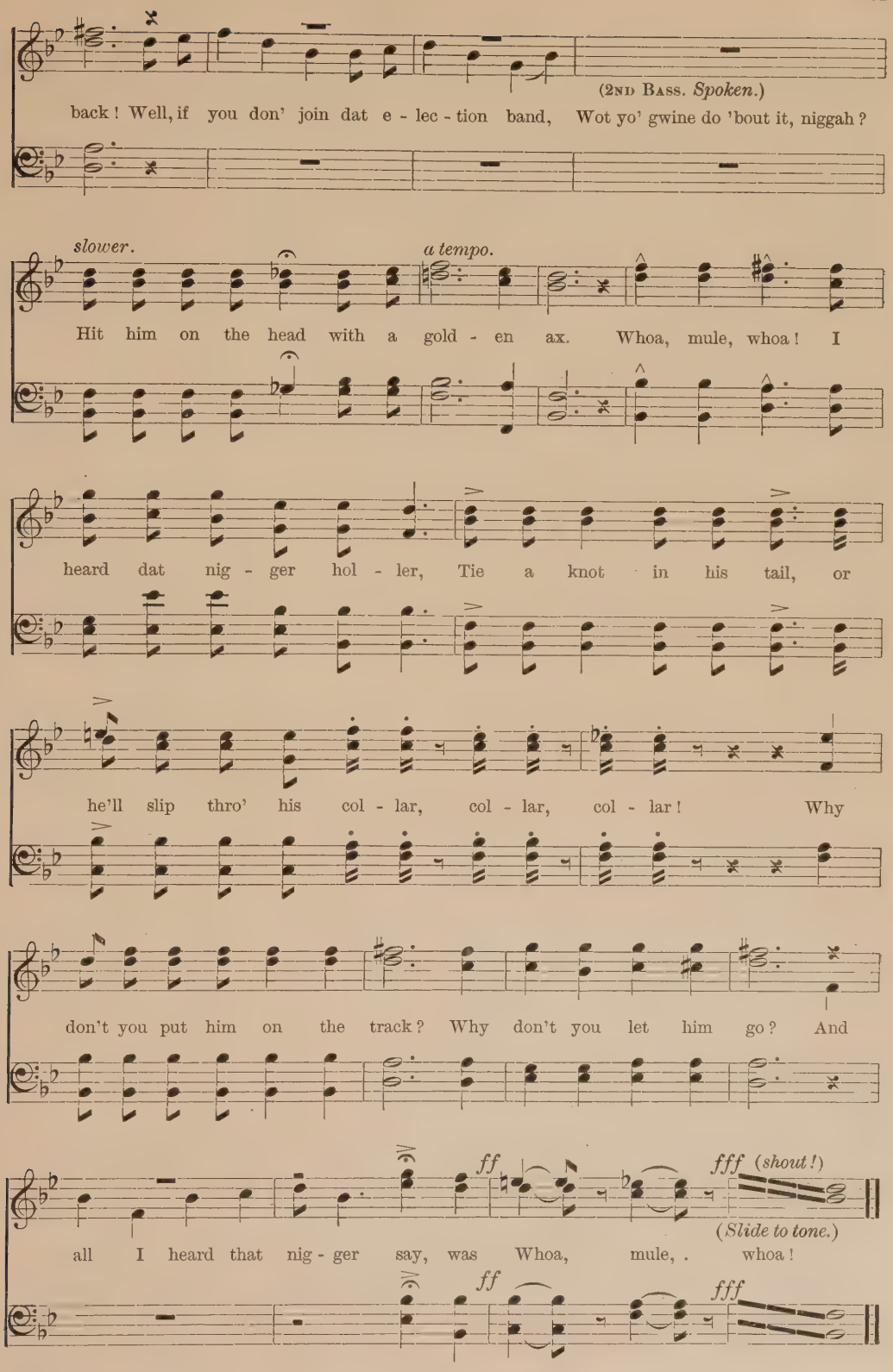

Car - o - li - na, Hoo - hoo, I'll name that child, she's nam'd from a - bove,


Old Aunt Jo - han - na, han - na, I'se gwine to leave you,


Old Aunt Jo - han - na, han - na, I'se gwine a - way; When you
hear dat steamboat whis - tle, oo! . . . . oo! . . . I'se gwine home, a -
Old Aunt Jo - han - na, han - na, I'se gwine to leave you,
Old Aunt Jo - han - na, han - na, I'se gwine a - way, When you
hear dat steam-boat whis - tle, oo! . . . . oo! . . . I'se gwine home a - gain.

WHOA, MULE!

Not too fast.
My Aunt Di - nah was a good old sin - ner, Used to catch chick - ens in a
rit.
a tempo.
cof - fee sack; 'F you don' watch out you won't git no din - ner,
strict time.
Ride up to Heav - en an' you nev - er come back. Don't you hear dat trum - pet
soun'? Stand up and don't sit down. Skip so light - ly roun', You sure ain't got no
rit.
tac', tac' tac'! Ride up in the gold - en hack, . Ride up and nev - er come

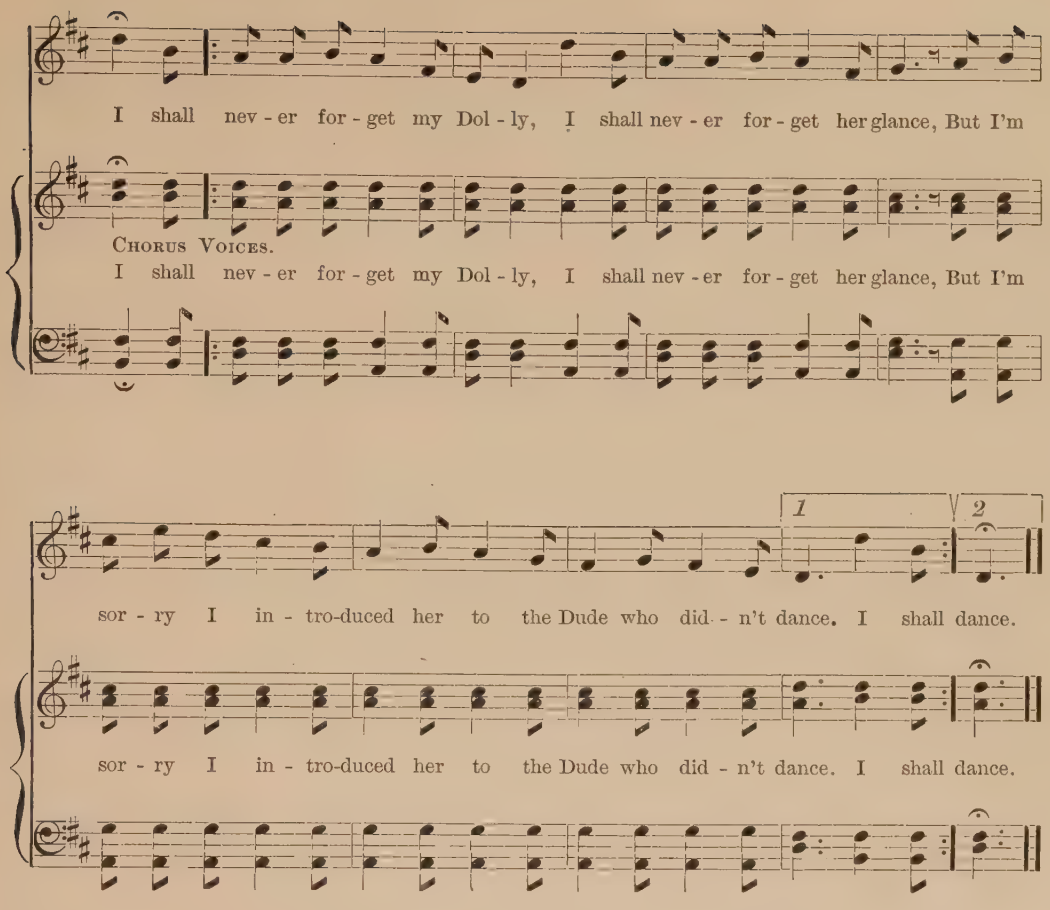

(2ND BASS. Spoken.)
back! Well, if you don' join dat e - lec - tion band, Wot yo' gwine do 'bout it, niggah?
slower.
a tempo.
Hit him on the head with a gold - en ax. Whoa, mule, whoa! I
heard dat nig - ger hol - ler, Tie a knot in his tail, or
he'll slip thro' his col - lar, col - lar, col - lar! Why
don't you put him on the track? Why don't you let him go? And
ff
fff (shout!)
(Slide to tone.)
all I heard that nig - ger say, was Whoa, mule, . whoa!
ff
fff

THE DUDE WHO DIDN'T DANCE.

Words by Alfred R. Raymond, '88.

Solo.
1. I took my charm - ing Dol - ly to the Se - nior Prom - e - nade, I
2. I thought I would be fox - y and mo - nop - o - lize her quite, I
Instrumental accompaniment.
waltzed her round and treat - ed her to punch and lem - on - ade, I
didn't want an - y oth - er chap to dance with her that night, So I
whis - pered ten - der words of love when - e'er I got a chance; But I'm
sought and found a man who could not e - ven waltz or dance; Now I'm
sor - ry I in - tro - duced her to the Dude who did - n't dance.
sor - ry I in - tro - duced her to the Dude who did - n't dance.

THE DINING-HALL


I shall nev - er for - get my Dol - ly, I shall nev - er for - get her glance, But I'm
Chorus Voices.
I shall nev - er for - get my Dol - ly, I shall nev - er for - get her glance, But I'm
1
2
sor - ry I in - tro-duced her to the Dude who did - n't dance. I shall dance.
sor - ry I in - tro-duced her to the Dude who did - n't dance. I shall dance.

3.

I waltzed with other partners then in old Alumni Hall,
But Dolly's face and figure trim did far surpass them all ;
I sauntered to the chapel steps, and as I did advance
I saw her madly flirting with the Dude who didn't dance.—Cho.

4.

I led her to a corner dim and on the glassy floor
I knelt and vowed my burning love until my throat was sore ;
She only smiled a cruel smile and looked at me askance,
Egad !. she'd thrown me over for the Dude who didn't dance.—Cho.

5.

And now I mean to travel over every sea and land,
A gatling gun upon my back, a bomb in either hand ;
I mean to search in Ireland, in England and in France,
For I'm bound to find and massacre that Dude who didn't dance.—Cho.

6.

So when my mission's over, and this Dude is laid to rest,
The mourning that my Dolly wears will soothe my aching breast ;
I'll help her to inter him and his tombstone I'll enhance
With these carved words upon it : " Here's the Dude who didn't dance."—Cho.

A FOOTBALL KING

Words and Music by Cole Porter, 1913

Solo
Now I'm in an aw - ful con - di - tion,
(hum) Tenors.
No,
Oh no,
Basses.
No,
Filled with a vault - ing am - bi - tion.
no, no, no, no!
(hum)
no, no! . . .
(hum)
Oh woe, woe,
no, no, no, no, no, no!
While I rave on de - li - rious - ly,
woe! . La la la la la . . . . . .
La la la la la la la la
Please don't take me too se - rious - ly, I mere - ly want to
la la (etc.)
la

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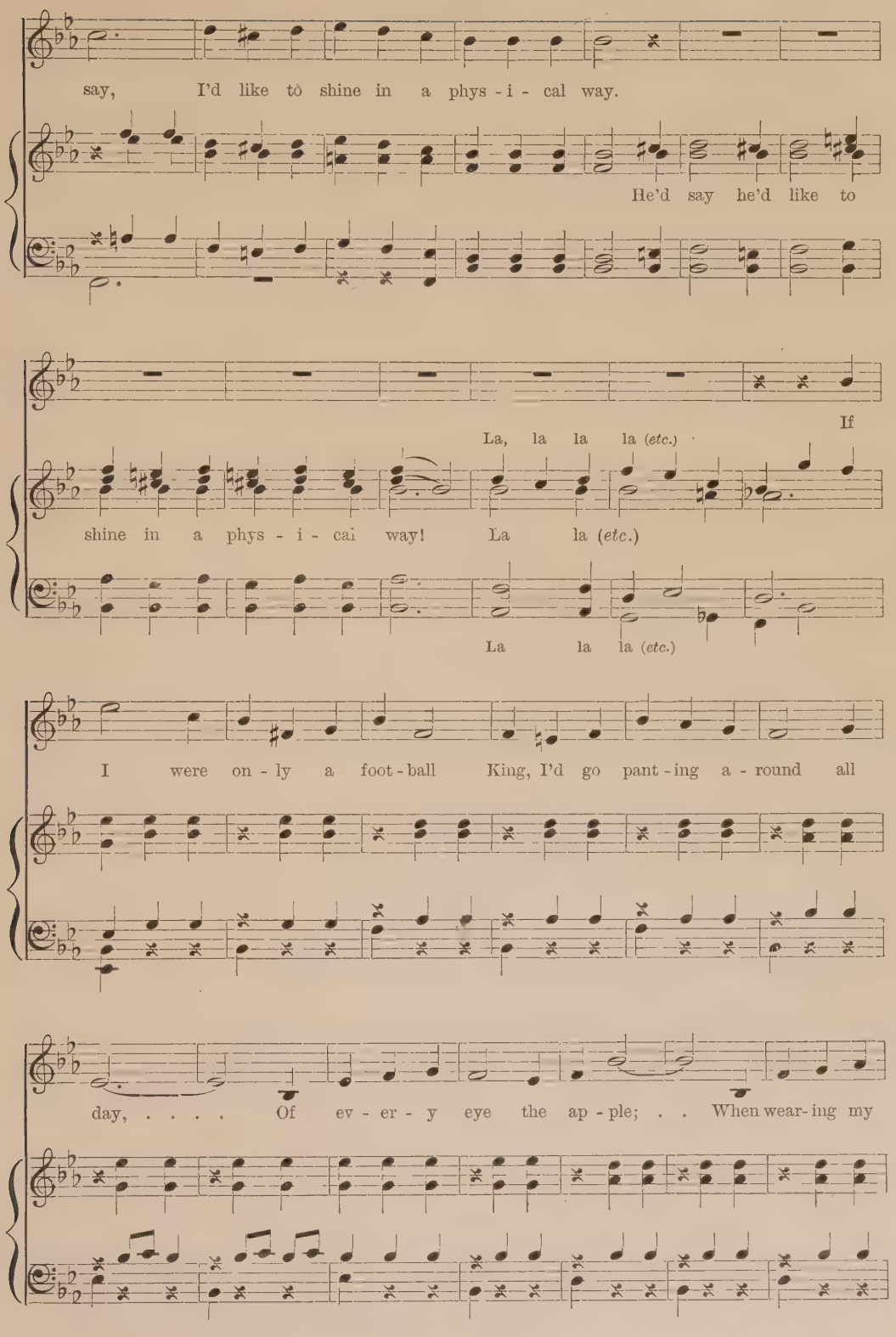
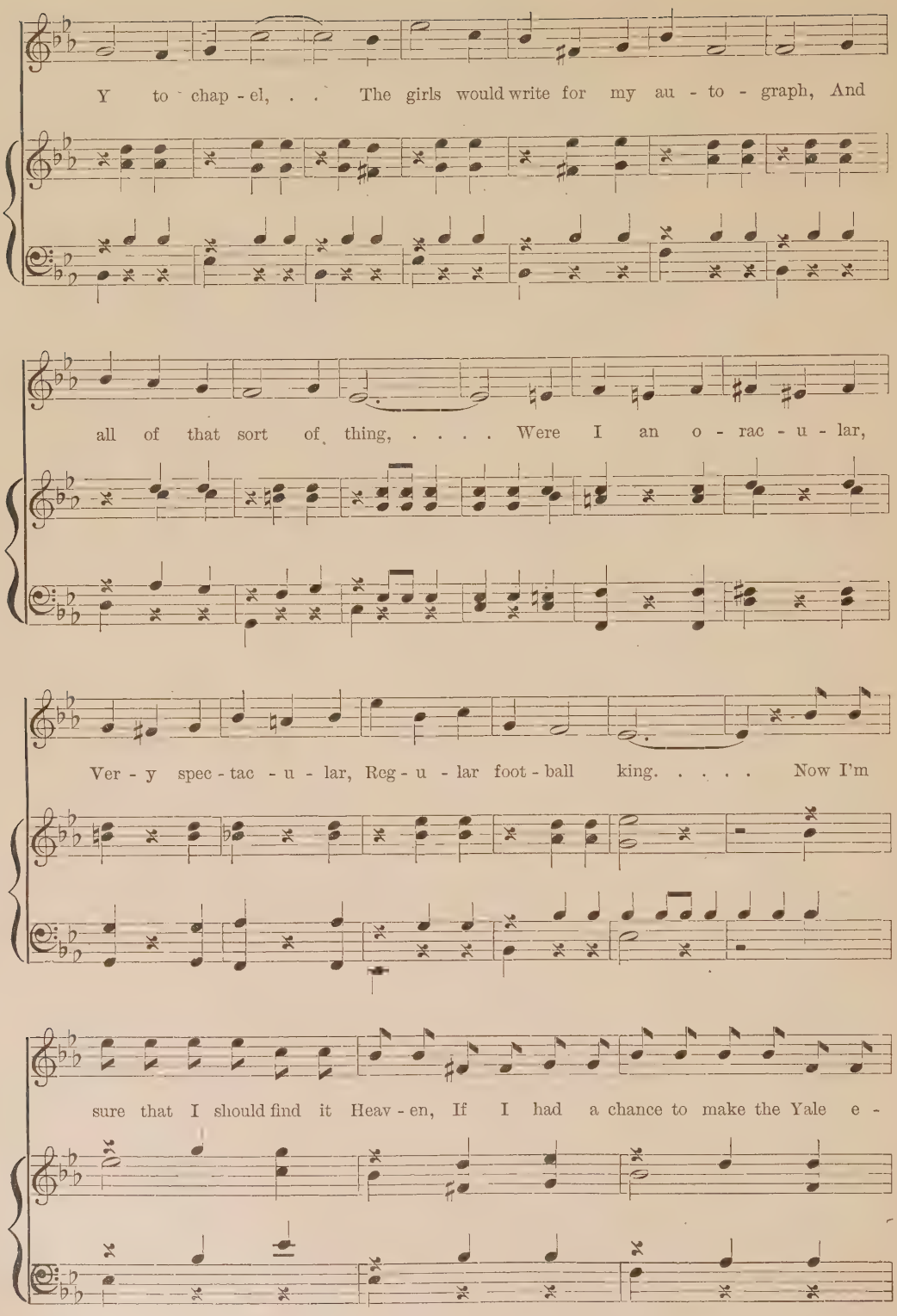
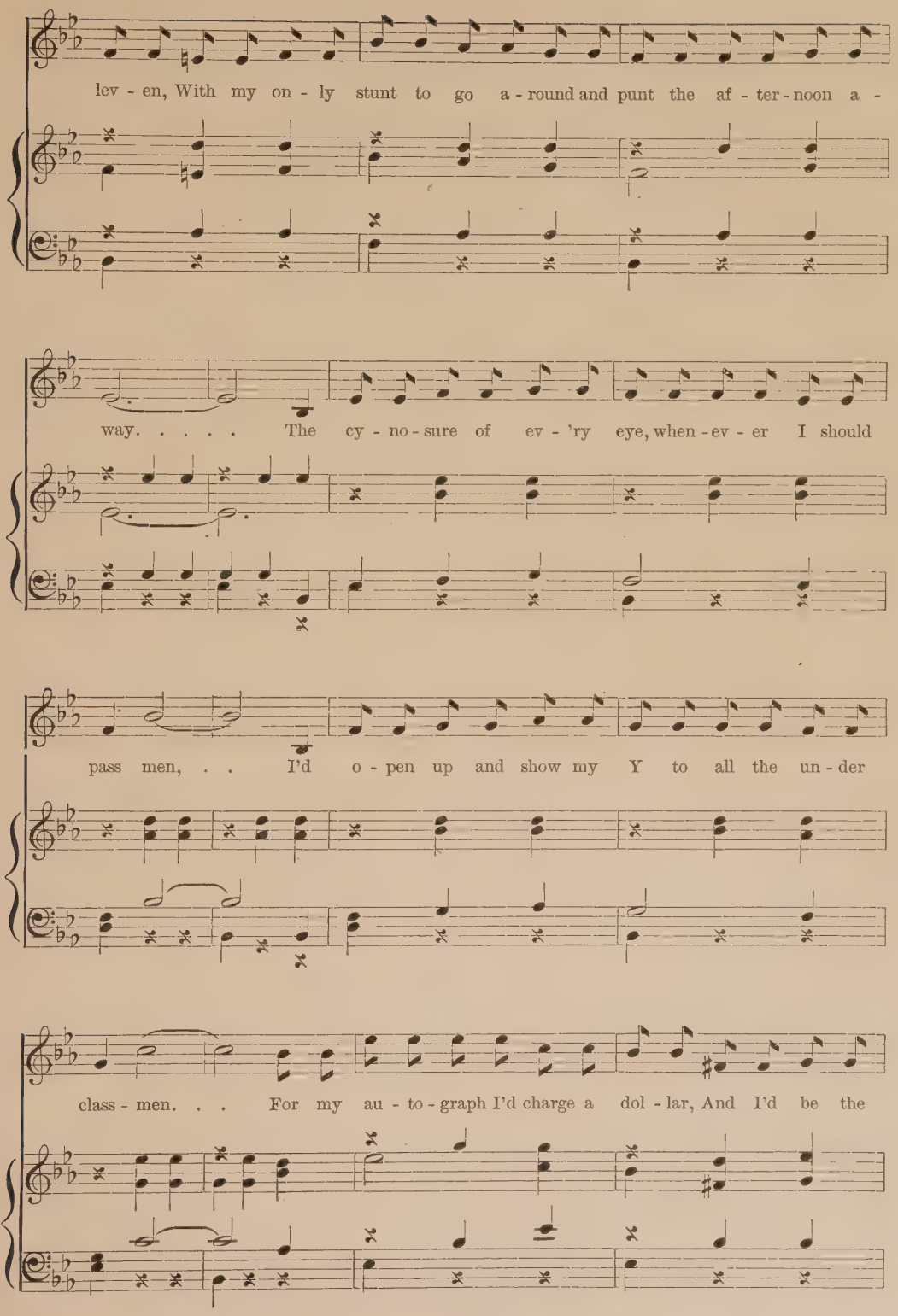
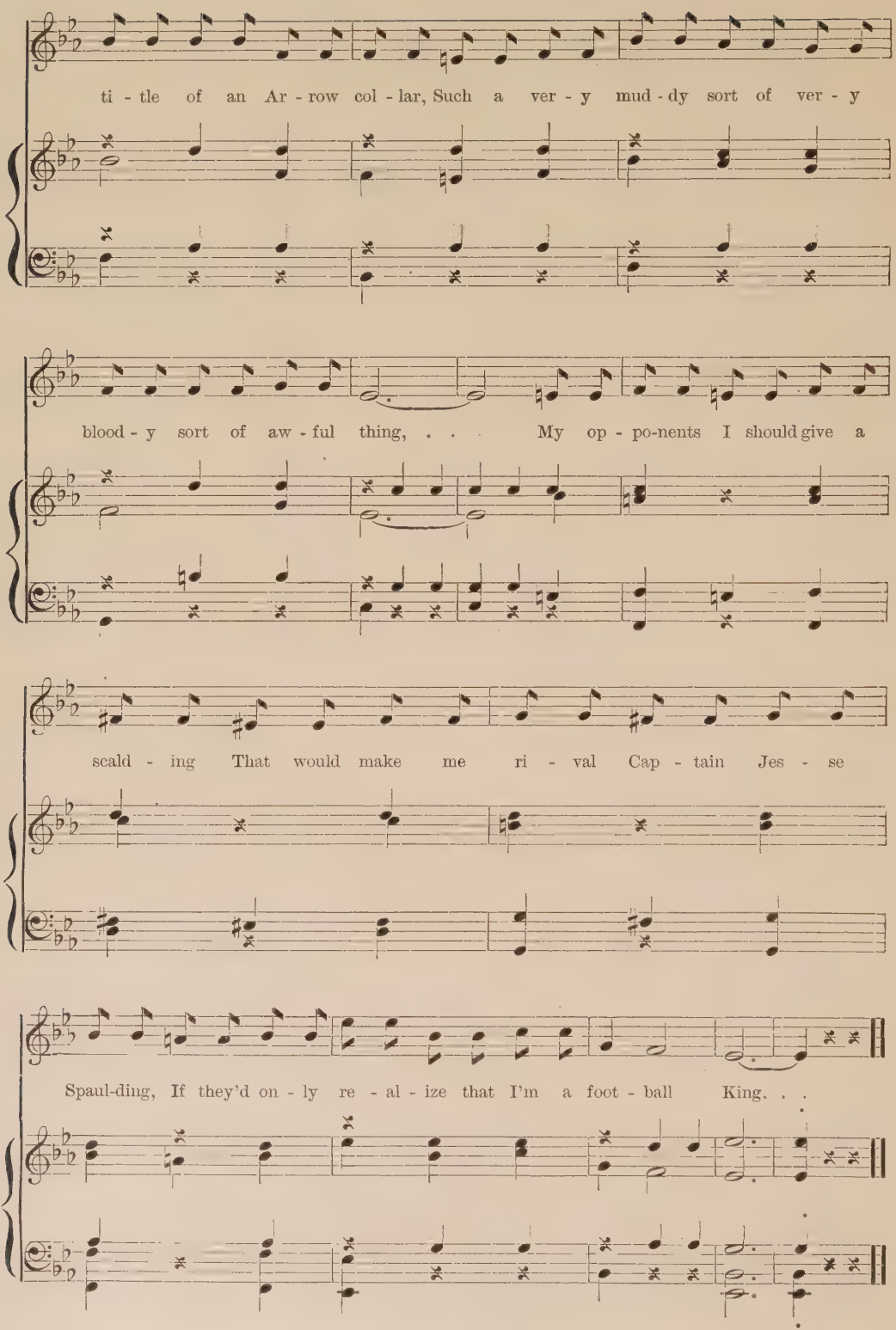

say, I'd like to shine in a phys - i - cal way.
He'd say he'd like to
If
La, la la la (etc.)
shine in a phys - i - cal way! La la (etc.)
La la la (etc.)
I were on - ly a foot - ball King, I'd go pant - ing a - round all
day, ... Of ev - er - y eye the ap - ple; . . When wear - ing my

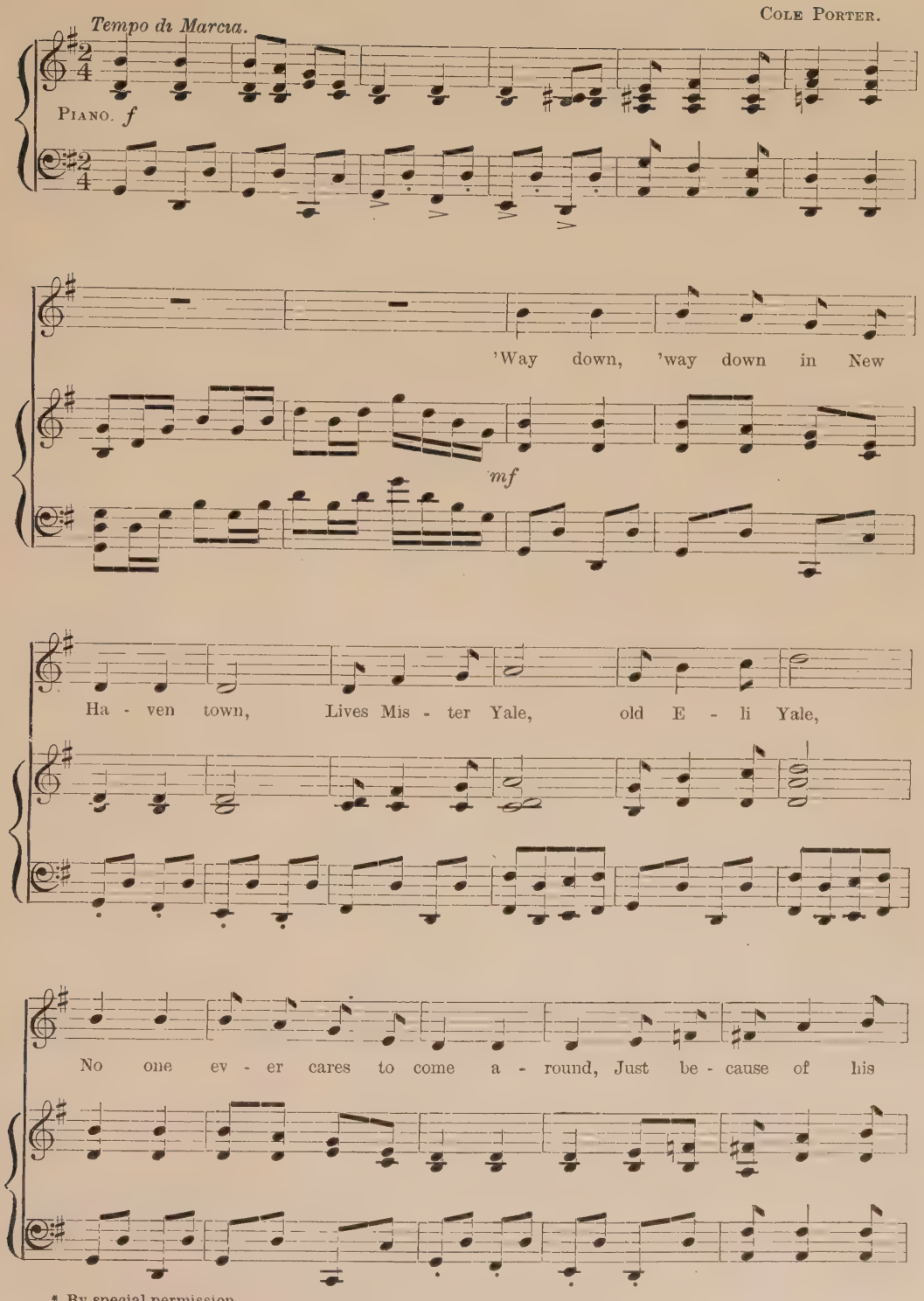

Y to chap - el, . . The girls would write for my au - to - graph, And
all of that sort of thing, ... Were I an o - rac - u - lar,
Ver - y spec - tac - u - lar, Reg - u - lar foot - ball king. . . . . Now I'm
sure that I should find it Heav - en, If I had a chance to make the Yale e -


lev - en, With my on - ly stunt to go a - round and punt the af - ter - noon a -
way. . . . . The cy - no - sure of ev - 'ry eye, when - ev - er I should
pass men, . . I'd o - pen up and show my Y to all the un - der
class - men. . . For my au - to - graph I'd charge a dol - lar, And I'd be the


ti - tle of an Ar - row col - lar, Such a ver - y mud - dy sort of ver - y
blood - y sort of aw - ful thing, . . . My op - po-nents I should give a
scald - ing That would make me ri - val Cap - tain Jes - se
Spaul-ding, If they'd on - ly re - al - ize that I'm a foot - ball King. . .

BULL-DOG.*

COLE PORTER.


Tempo di Marcia.
PIANO. f
'Way down, 'way down in New
mf
Ha - ven town, Lives Mis - ter Yale, old E - li Yale,
No one ev - er cares to come a - round, Just be - cause of his

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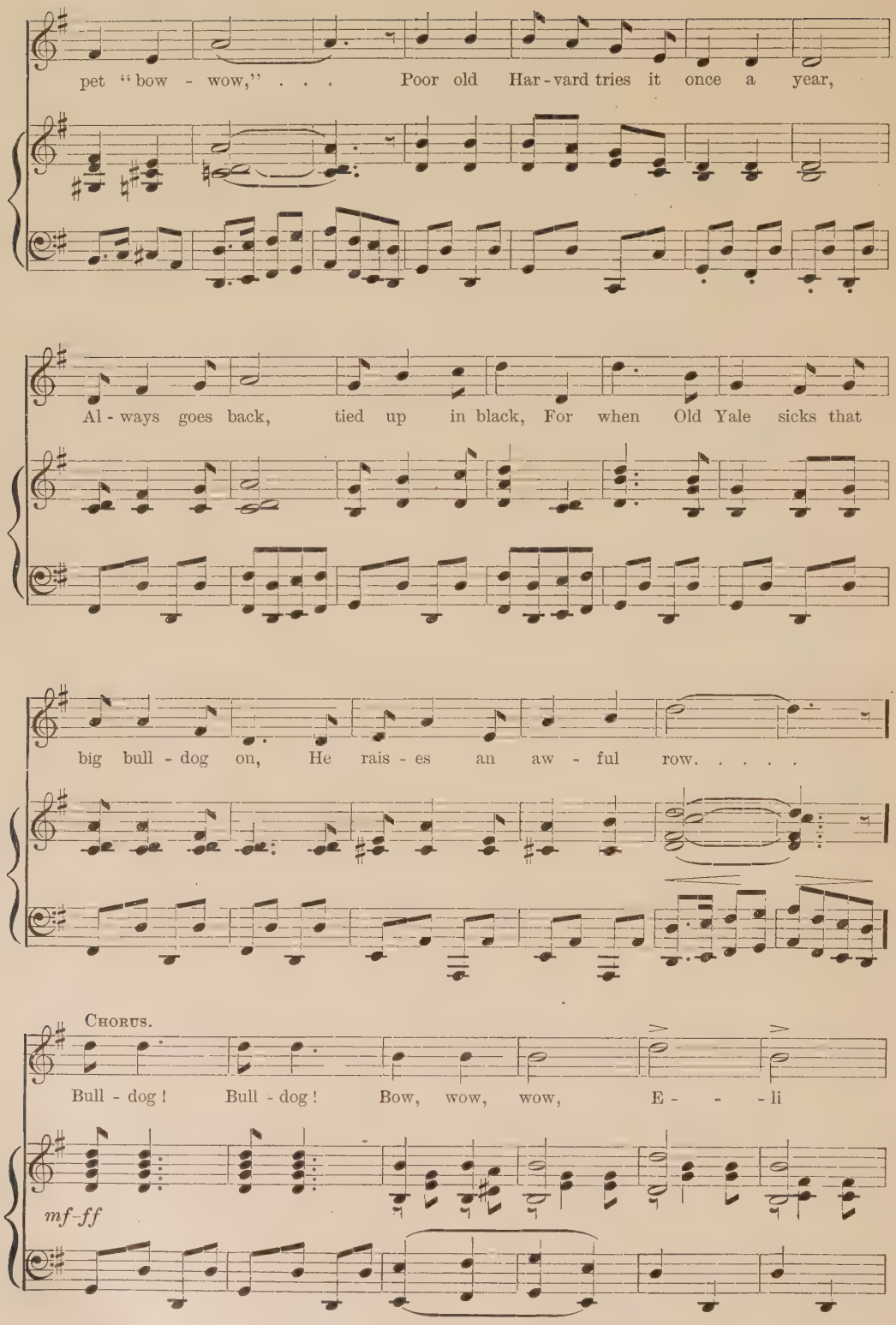
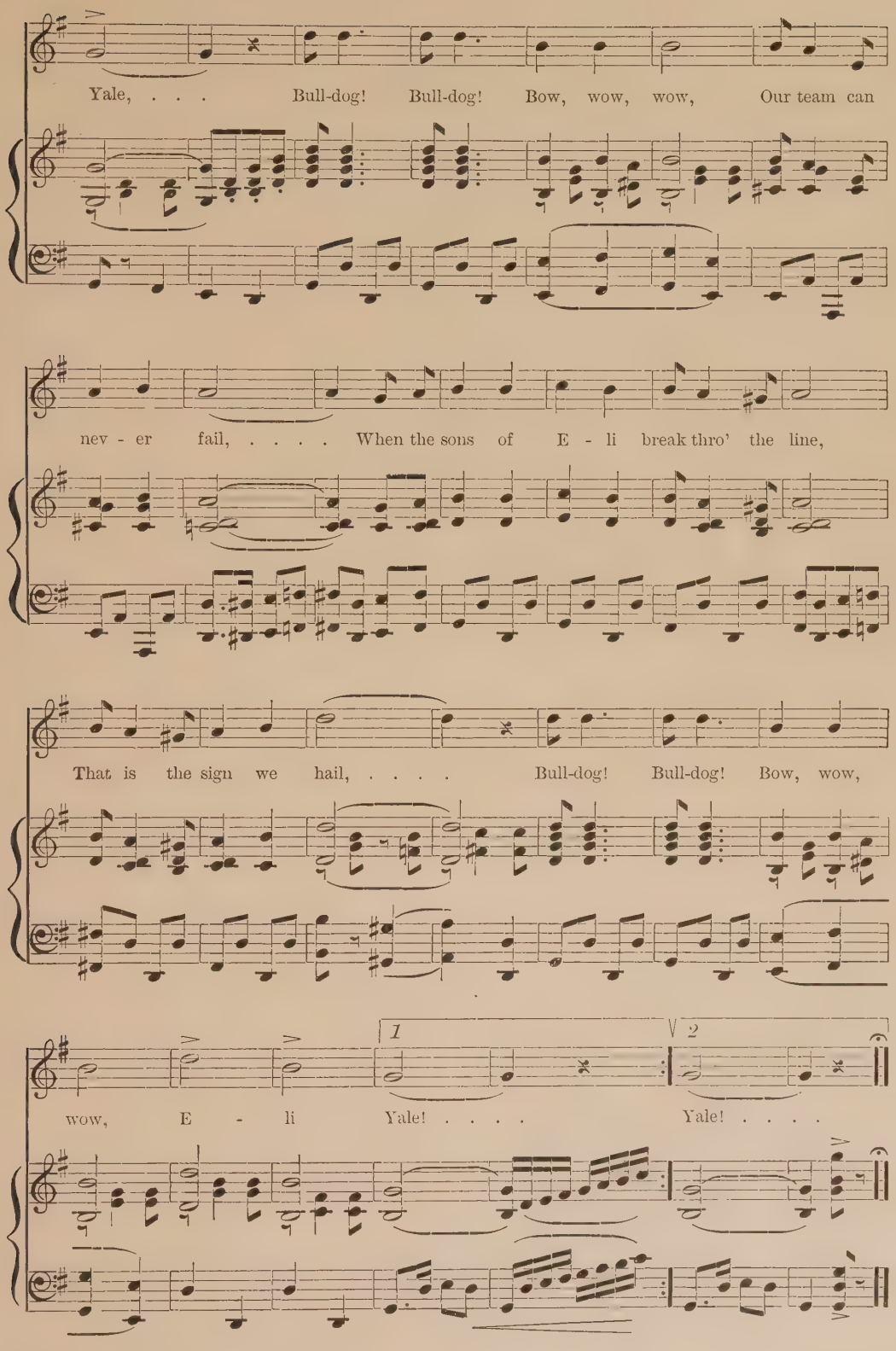
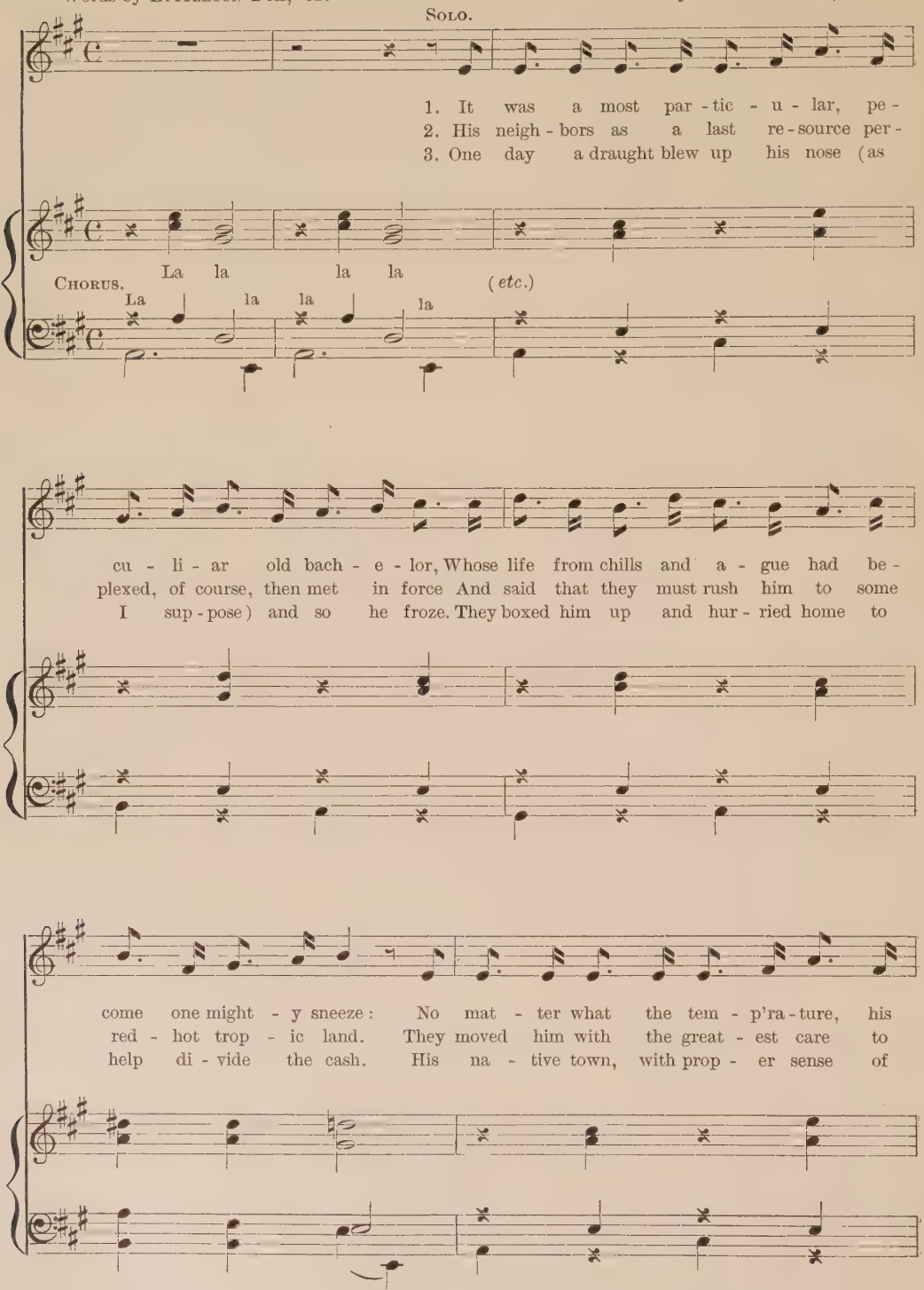

pet "bow - wow," . . . Poor old Har - vard tries it once a year,
Al - ways goes back, tied up in black, For when Old Yale sicks that
big bull - dog on, He rais - es an aw - ful row. . . . .
Chorus.
Bull - dog! Bull - dog! Bow, wow, wow, E - - - li
mf-ff


Yale, . . . Bull-dog! Bull-dog! Bow, wow, wow, Our team can
nev - er fail, ... When the sons of E - li break thro' the line,
That is the sign we hail, ... Bull-dog! Bull-dog! Bow, wow,
1
2
wow, E - li Yale! . . . . Yale! . . . .

SHUT THAT DOOR!

Words by Lyttleton Fox, '02. Music by Porter Steele, '02.


Solo.
1. It was a most par - tic - u - lar, pe -
2. His neigh - bors as a last re - source per -
3. One day a draught blew up his nose (as
Chorus.
La la la la
(etc.)
La la la la la
cu - li - ar old bach - e - lor, Whose life from chills and a - gue had be -
plexed, of course, then met in force And said that they must rush him to some
I sup - pose) and so he froze. They boxed him up and hur - ried home to
come one might - y sneeze: No mat - ter what the tem - p'ra - ture, his
red - hot trop - ic land. They moved him with the great - est care to
help di - vide the cash. His na - tive town, with prop - er sense of

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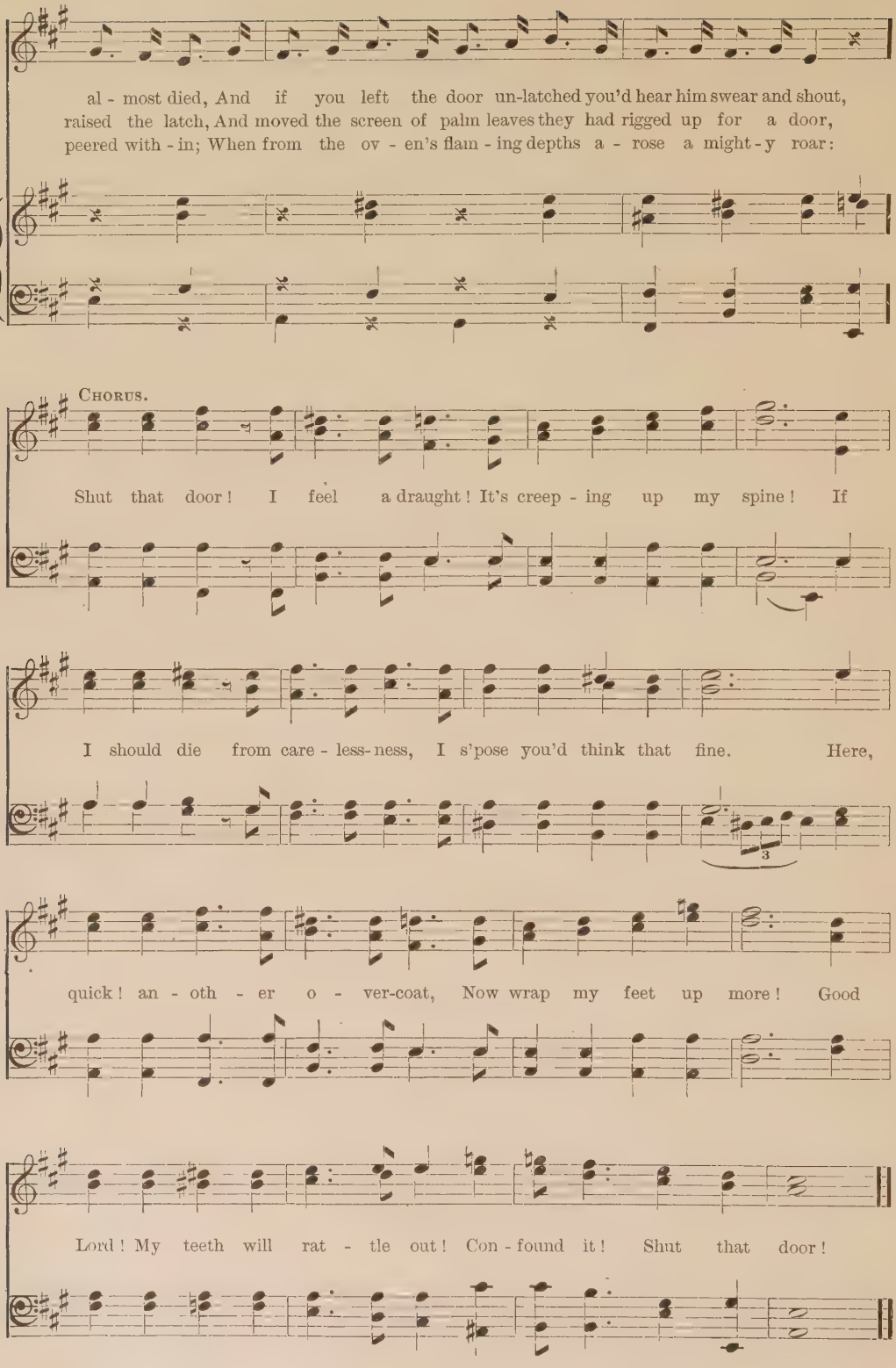
rel - a - tives were nev - er sure In spite of all that they could do, he
Poo - chi - loo - kee Is - land, where The e - qua - to - rial sun will fry an
grief in - tense, at great ex - pense, En - gaged the cre - ma - to - ry man to
would - n't up and freeze. They brought hot bricks to warm his toes (in
egg up - on the sand. They heat - ed up his chair with steam (tho'
burn him to an ash. They shut him in the ov - en tight, And
case they froze), thick un - der-clothes, Hot Scotch to warm him up with - in, fur
this may seem a bit ex-treme); They ca - bled for more o - ver - coats and
like a kite, the Fah - ren - heit Went soar - ing up un - til it passed the
o - ver-coats with-out; And yet, in spite of all they tried, he'd shiv - er till he
un - der-clothes ga-lore. Yet e - ven in his hut of thatch he'd yell, if some one
mil - lion mark or more; At last his neph - ew with a grin un-locked the door and

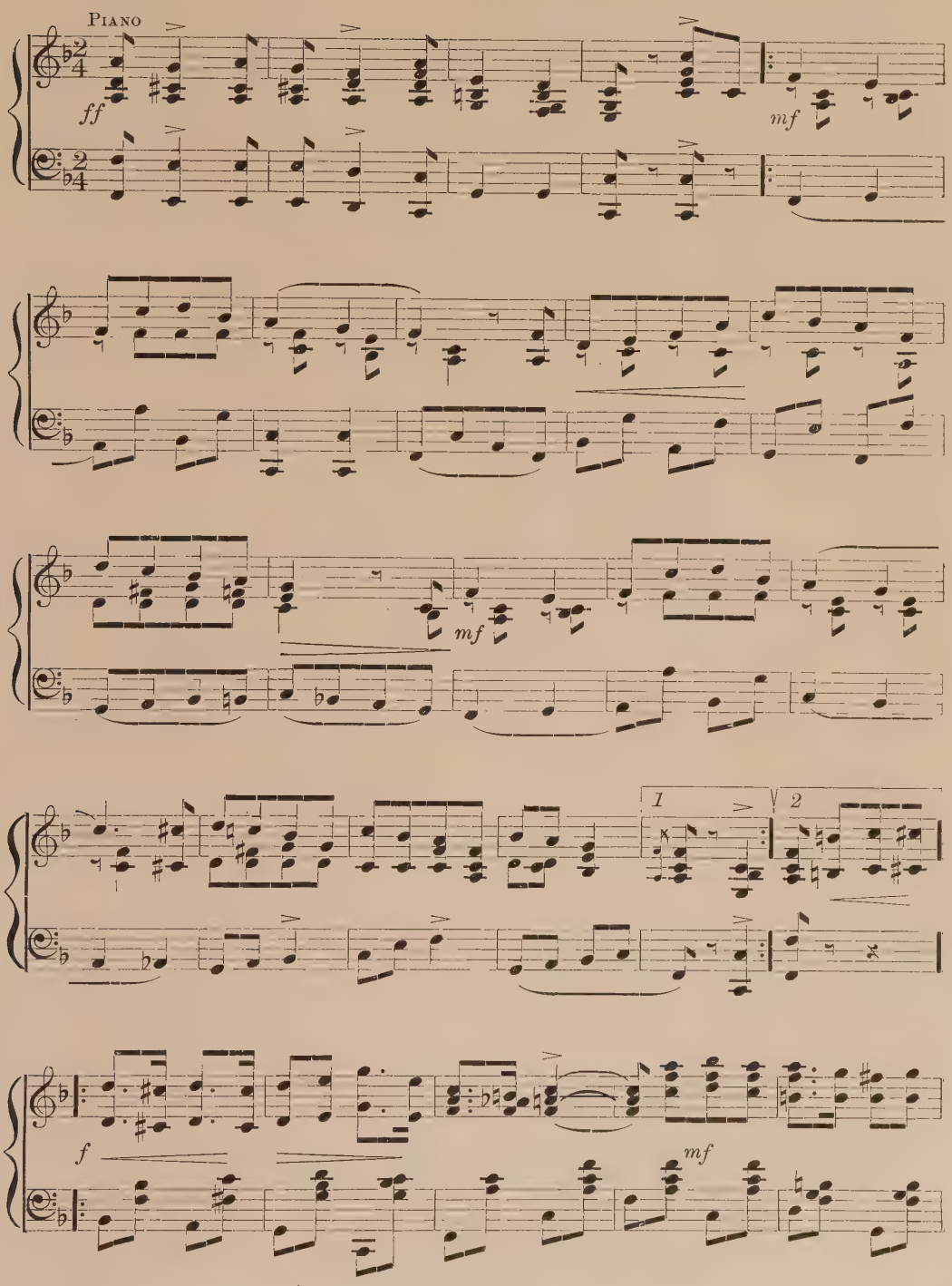

al - most died, And if you left the door un-latched you'd hear him swear and shout,
raised the latch, And moved the screen of palm leaves they had rigged up for a door,
peered with - in; When from the ov - en's flam - ing depths a - rose a might - y roar:
Chorus.
Shut that door! I feel a draught! It's creep - ing up my spine! If
I should die from care - less - ness, I s'pose you'd think that fine. Here,
quick! an - oth - er o - ver-coat, Now wrap my feet up more! Good
Lord! My teeth will rat - tle out! Con - found it! Shut that door!

BATTELL CHAPEL

DOWN THE FIELD.

MARCH.

Words by C. W. O'Connor. Music by Stanleigh P. Friedman.



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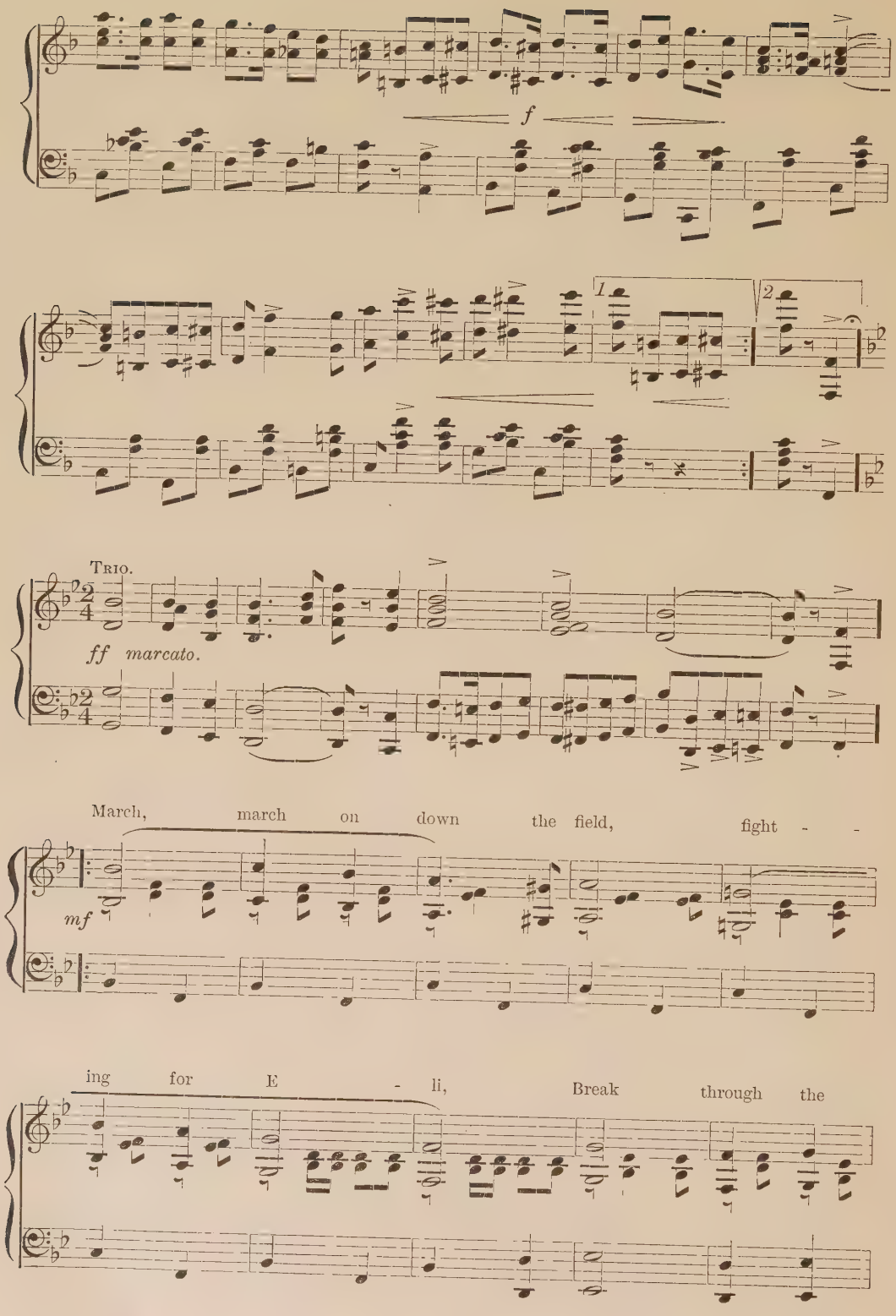
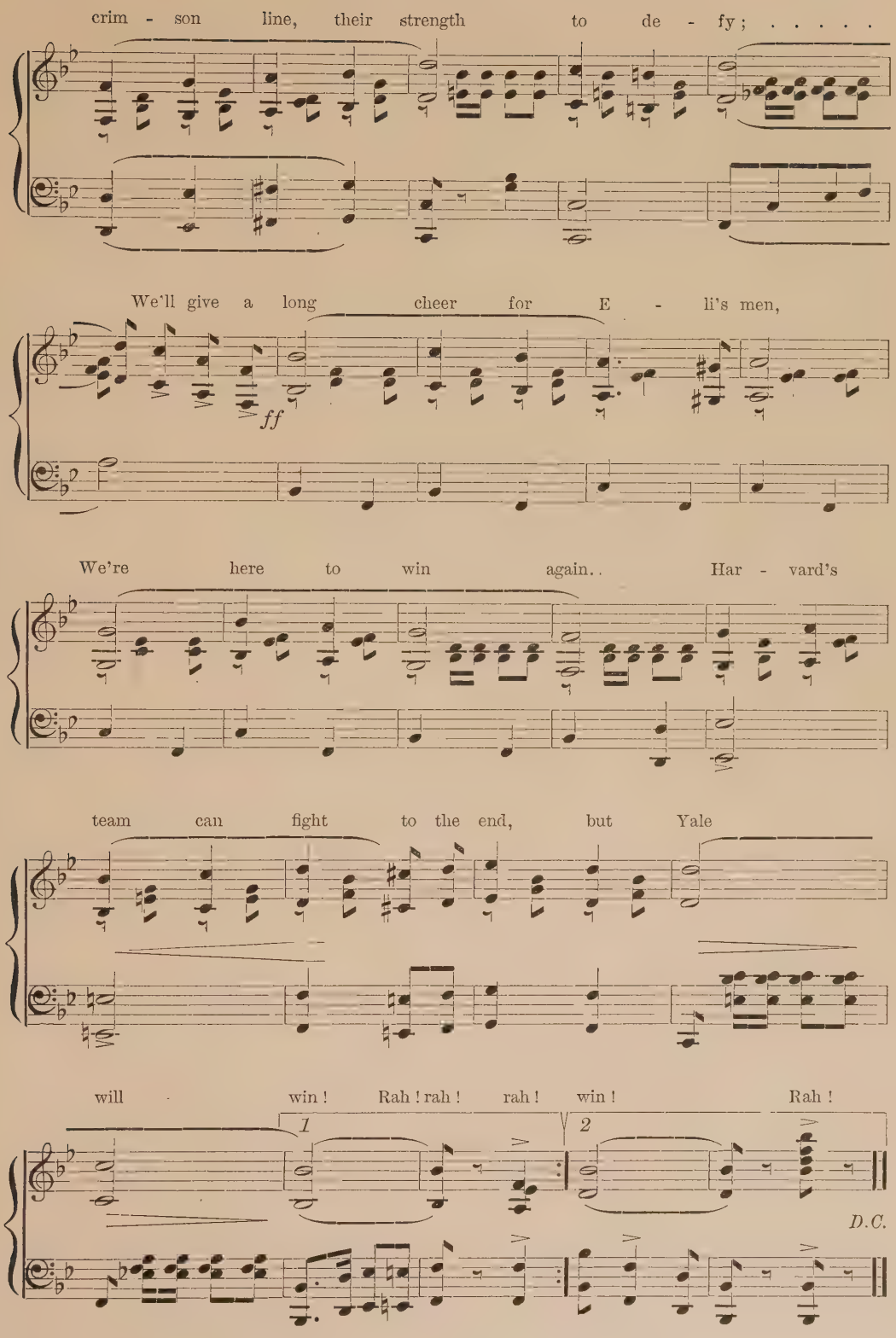

f
1
2
Trio.
ff marcato.
March, march on down the field, fight - -
mf
ing for E - li, Break through the


crim - son line, their strength to de - fy; . . . . .
We'll give a long cheer for E - li's men,
ff
We're here to win again.. Har - vard's
team can fight to the end, but Yale
will win! Rah! rah! rah! win! Rah!
1
2
D.C.

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FEB 22 1939

W7-CXJ-760